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LIBRARY
MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL
COLLEGE.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

APRIL

The Countess of Picpus
by Maurice Hewlett

How to Help the Blind
by Helen Keller

"The Great Duke": Wellington

Americans in London

Literature and Statesmanship
by Lord Goschen

Fogazzaro and "The Saint"

1907

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A Magazine of Literature, Art and Life

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From a photograph by Bassano

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT

See page 36

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART AND LIFE

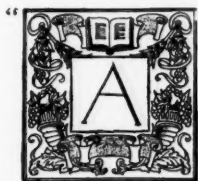
VOL. II

APRIL, 1907

NO. 1

THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY AND ITS LIBRARIAN

BY MABEL McILVAINE



AND where, may I ask, is your library home?"

"In the oldest library in the world—the Laurentian Library of Florence."

"Where the books are chained to their places?"

"Like prisoners in cells! By the way, they tell me that your library in Chicago has one of the old chains from my library?"

"It is one of our most valued possessions. When you come to Chicago I will show it you."

"And when you come to Florence I will show you its fellows."

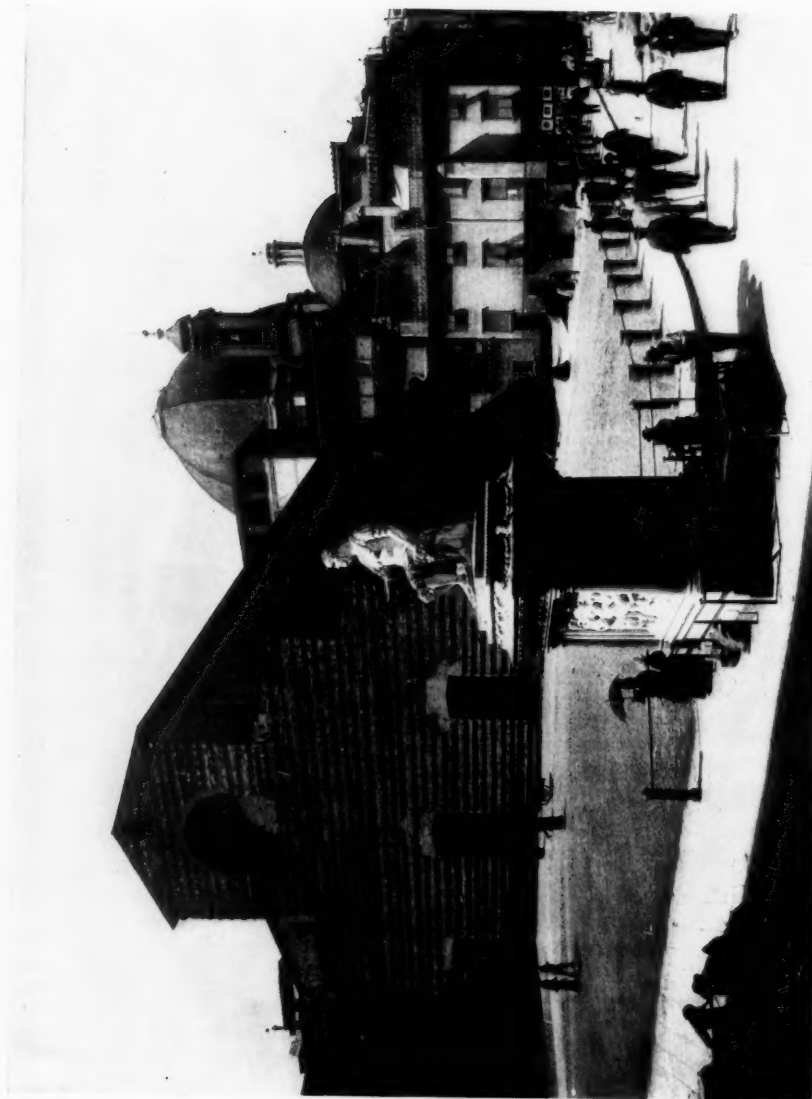
It was in the Hall of Congresses at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. A session of the American Library Association attended by many notable foreign delegates had just adjourned. In the next room Helen Keller, the wonderful blind girl, was addressing an audience which overflowed into the corridors. Awaiting an opportunity of egress from the former meeting, a dignified foreign gentleman of middle age and a young American lady, both wearing the library insignia, were brought together at the door, where the foregoing conversation took place.

Such was the prologue of our little drama. What happened in the in-

terval—how Chicago was visited by the dignified foreign delegate (none other than Professor Doctor Guido Biagi, Librarian of the famous library of the Renaissance, the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana)—how the young American librarian (whom we will call Bibliophilia) showed him the old chain and a small collection of rare books of which she was custodian—how he discoursed delightfully of these and of rarer ones in his own library, and then sailed away for Europe, renewing his invitation to Bibliophilia to come and study at the Laurentian—how at the end of two years came the opportunity for the trip abroad—all these things combined to make the *intermezzo* while the curtain was down.

It rises two years later on a scene in Florence. In the background is the gray old pile of San Lorenzo,—church, monastery, and library in one, with the Medici arms on its great iron doors. In the foreground "cramped with booths, buzzing, and blaze," is the wide piazza where Browning bought the pamphlet described in "The Ring and the Book." All around are ancient palaces of the old Florentine nobility. Above the roofs rise the dome of the Cathedral and the shaft of the Campanile.

Time: Morning of a July day in the twentieth century.



EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, WITH ENTRANCE TO THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY AT THE LEFT



TERRA-COTTA RELIEF OF ST. STEPHEN AND ST. LAWRENCE BY DONATELLO,
IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO

Enter : Dr. Guido Biagi and Bibliophilia.

As unreal as any stage-setting was the scene to the young woman, late arrived from the stern realities of her restless city. Walking as in a dream, like Dante lead by Virgil, she followed her guide across the threshold, not of the Inferno, but of the Booklover's Paradise. Nothing could be more impressive than the approach to the Laurentian Library by way of the church, rather than through the usual entrance in the angle of the square. Drawing aside the heavy curtains in the church door, one steps from the glare of the piazza suddenly into the cool depths of the basilica, founded in 390 A.D. and rebuilt by Brunelleschi in the *quattrocento*. Down the great nave they walked while the grave but kindly *maestro* explained that the classic decorations of the interior façade were by Michael Angelo, the terra-cotta reliefs over the doors and the bronze pulpits on either side by Donatello, that Savonarola had sometimes preached here, that here the Medici came to be married and here to be entombed. Approaching the high altar he paused and silently pointed to a circular tablet in the floor inscribed:

COSMUS MEDICES

HIC SITUS EST

DECRETO PUBLICO

PATER PATRIAE. . .

Bibliophilia's foot involuntarily drew back from treading upon the last resting-place of the father of Florentine glory.

Turning to the left they entered the Old Sacristy containing the beautiful sarcophagus of his sons, Piero and Giovanni, wrought in bronze and porphyry by Verrocchio. Beyond, in the "New" Sacristy, lie Lorenzo the Magnificent and the princes of his line under the immortal marbles of Angelo. Passing from the Old Sacristy just as the black-gowned choir was issuing thence, they paused in the Martelli chapel, with

its pathetic cradle-tomb carved by Donatello and its exquisite Annunciation painted by Filippo Lippi. Then, opening a little door at the rear, they stepped out into the cloister.

Inexpressibly grateful to the young stranger was the transition from the gloom of the church, weighted with the presence of the mighty dead into this sunny enclosure, roofed by the blue sky, against which like a tall lily hangs the top of Giotto's tower. The long corridors, built by Brunelleschi, look down upon a little garden, formerly planted with dismal cypresses but now radiant with roses—an innovation of the present librarian. Passing the smiling statue of Paulo Jovio the historian, and mounting an old stone stairway, they again find themselves under a stately roof. It is the vestibule of the library, designed by Michael Angelo and of almost solemn dignity. The stairway, which by an artful gradation in the width of the steps produces an illusory impression of height, is divided into three sections—"For the *Signore* and his suite," as Dr. Biagi smilingly explained, ascending the broad central *scala* with a somewhat stately tread. The young Chicago librarian was quite content with the narrower side-stairs, trodden by the feet of so many poets and scholars who followed in the train of the great lords of long ago.

At the top of the staircase lies the great hall of the library—the *Sala di Michelangiolo*, designed even to the pattern of the dark wood ceiling by the great architect. The height of this beautiful ceiling, carved by Tasso and Carota, and the perfect proportions of the walls, divided by stone pilasters and broken by exquisite windows, prevent one from realizing at first the immense size of this noble room. It is about one hundred and fifty feet long and nearly one hundred feet in width. The windows were the work of Giovanni da Udine in 1582; in the midst of graceful arabesques they bear the arms of Pope Clement VII (Giulio de Medici). The pattern

of the floor, done in white graffito on old red tiles, is the work of Santi Buglioni, called Tribolo, and corresponds in motif with the ceiling. Along the sides of this room, like pews in a church, stand benches, eighty-eight in number, each provided with a reading-desk, upon the inclined surface of which lie the books. These are the famous *plutei*, designed by Michael Angelo, richly carven in black oak, and known among librarians as a rare survival of mediæval library fittings. Approaching one of these, Dr. Biagi lifted from the book-rest an ancient volume, clad in cow-hide, with brazen corners and clasps. Bibliophilia reached out her hand to take it, and behold, it was chained!—chained to its place by a fetter similar to the one she knew so well, and moving to right or left only by the slipping of a ring at one end of the chain along an iron rod attached to the desk. Glancing at the other books, she saw that they all were chained. Here she was at last, face to face with antiquity! Here had these books stood, or rather lain on their broad sides, more than four hundred years, since the day when librarians were monks, and when books were too valuable to be trusted in private hands; from the time of the Medici, of Luther, of Savonarola, of Columbus, of Aldus, from the period of re-awakened interest in the literature of Greece and Rome—from the very beginning of the “new birth” in Europe! Dr. Biagi explained that the original collection was begun by Cosimo de’ Medici (*Pater Patriæ*) before the invention of printing, that it passed on his death, in 1464, to his sons, and with the Medici sense of family responsibility was continued by his nephews and grandsons, especially by Lorenzo il Magnifico and Cosimo I. Thus were secured for Florence the monuments of the classical Renaissance, as well as the first florescence of her own Golden Age. Divers vicissitudes had befallen the collection, such as its sale to Savonarola and the monks of St. Mark’s, its repurchase and transportation to

Rome by Pope Leo X (Giovanni de Medici), and its final re-establishment in Florence by Clement VII, who in 1521 commissioned Michael Angelo to build the library.

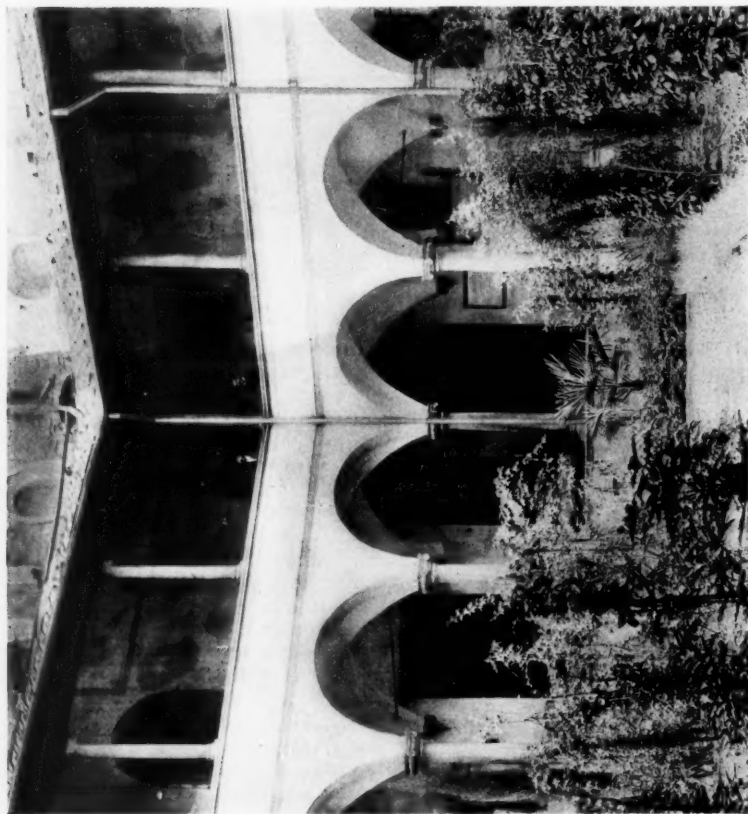
Opening the book in hand, Bibliophilia beheld a fourteenth-century transcription of Dante’s “*Divina Commedia*”; of six hundred copies extant, there are one hundred and sixty in this library. All of the three thousand books in this great room are, in fact, manuscripts, the library containing in all ten thousand handwritten texts. Across the aisle was a copy of Petrarch’s “*Sonnets*,” with the famous miniature portraits of Petrarch and Laura attributed to Simone Memmi. Boccaccio is near by in the text to which all other texts must be referred.

Think of the gatherings which must have occurred in this room—picture the scene when some new poem had been written, or some unpublished tale was to be read; when not only the poet and the novelist were “immortals,” but even the audience, the stray occupants of these very benches, were men the sound of whose names still causes us to tremble, the great nobles, the princes, nay, the “citizen-kings” of Florence when Florence was the flower of the world!

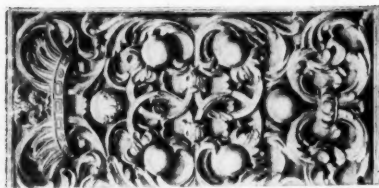
Coming to the centre of the room, the librarian and his guest looked into a circular chamber, called the *Tribuna*, in which are kept the printed books, going back to the very genesis of the art of printing in Europe. Along the passage leading to this room are some of the most notable manuscripts in the world, such as the Medicean Virgil and the Code of Justinian. The Virgil is the earliest known text of the Latin poet, containing nearly his complete works written in Roman capitals of probably the second or third century A.D. Contended for by popes and kings, it was purchased by Francesco I de’ Medici for the Laurentian Library, was carried off by Napoleon, and restored by Metternich, under a special article in the Treaty of Vienna. On the occasion of its



MEDICEAN ARMS ON FRONT
DOOR OF LAURENTIAN
LIBRARY



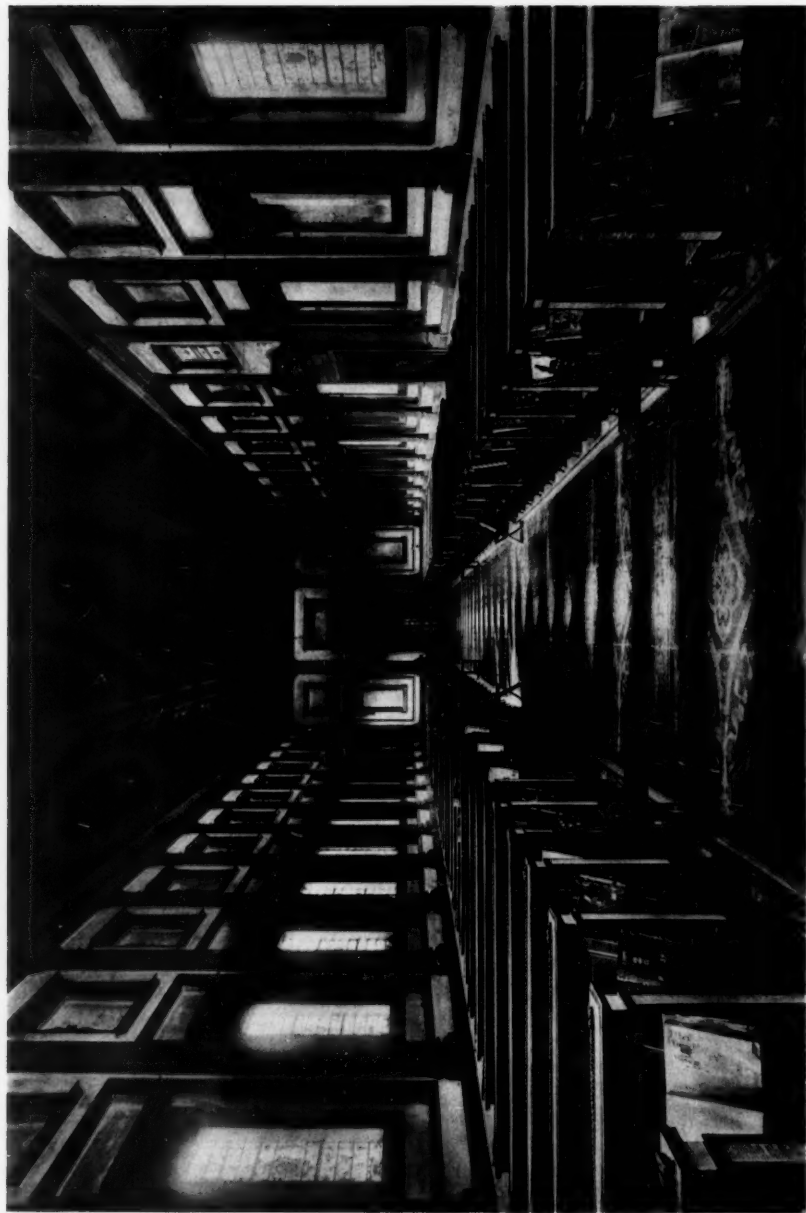
CLOISTER OF THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, SHOWING PRESENT GARDEN AND DOOR-
WAY LEADING TO THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY



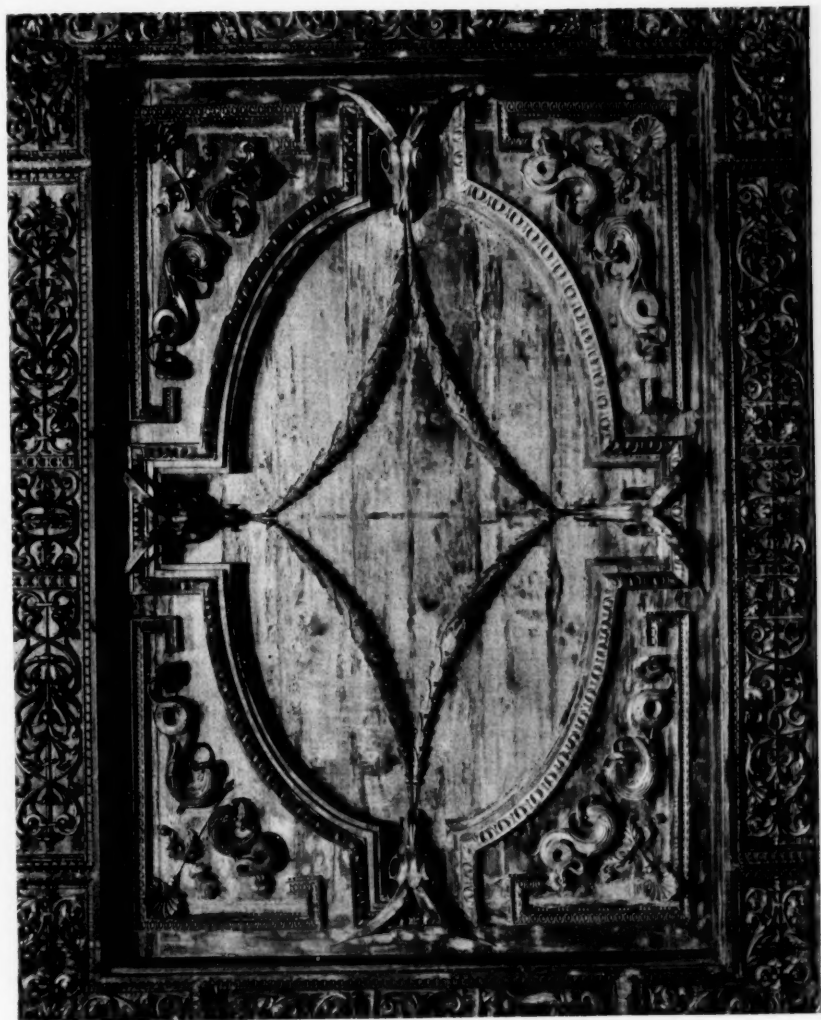
MEDICEAN ARMS ON FRONT
DOOR OF LAURENTIAN
LIBRARY



VESTIBULE OF THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY



GREAT HALL OF THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, DESIGNED BY MICHAEL ANGELO



DETAIL OF CEILING IN THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY CARVED BY TASSO AND CAROTA
FROM DESIGNS OF MICHAEL ANGELO

restoration a solemn festival was held in the library, to give the Florentines an opportunity of paying court to their treasure—a ceremony worthy of this royal library and hardly possible in any other country.

The Pandects of Justinian of the sixth century, being the earliest surviving text of the world's greatest code of Roman laws, forms as it were the foundation-stone of modern jurisprudence. The ninth and tenth-century texts of Tacitus, the tenth-century Plutarch, and the archetype texts of Sophocles and Æschylus, are pillars in the temple of learning reared and maintained by these noble Florentines who worship genius with something akin to idolatry.

Very modestly the librarian then told of his efforts to have these and other texts photographically reproduced for the benefit of scholars elsewhere and to ensure their preservation by a sufficient number of copies. At last he obtained the permission of the government and an appropriation sufficient to issue the texts of Justinian and of Tacitus, while Æschylus and Sophocles have been privately published, and others await the needed support of scholars, universities, and libraries of other countries before they can be brought out. In several instances the task of editing these great codes has been entrusted by Dr. Biagi to the learned palæographer, Enrico Rostagno, formerly Professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Rome, now keeper of manuscripts at the Laurentian Library. Under Dr. Rostagno, Bibliophila began later some studies in Latin palæography which she is happy to be able to continue in America by means of these marvellous facsimiles.

Walking to the other end of the great hall, our young enthusiast was introduced to a room which, in the richness both of its contents and their setting, surpassed the most gorgeous picturings of her maddest moments. The *Sala degli Arazzi*, or Hall of Tapestries, was arranged under the direction of the present librarian, who has placed here in glass-covered

cases the choicest of the illuminated manuscripts, and has hung the walls with mediæval tapestry worthy of the books. Here he showed the identical Amatine Bible brought to Rome by Ceolfridus, Abbot of Wearmouth in Northumberland, in the year 716 (as narrated by the venerable Bede), its illuminations still showing, in their strange convolution, the distinctive ornament of the Celtic style. Near by are the Gospels in Syriac of the sixth century, and other rare texts oriental in their origin and ornamentation.

More human in every sense is the Horace, with annotations in Petrarch's small, neat hand; the letters of Dante transcribed by Boccaccio; manuscript poems of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with illustrations ascribed to Botticelli; not to mention the great choir-books from the Duomo, illuminated by Francesco d'Antonio and Zanobi Strozzi, and those from the convent of the Angioli, ablaze with the gold and jewel-work of Lorenzo Monaco and Attavante.

A connection singularly close exists between the circumstances of Dr. Biagi's early life and his later career. Born the son of a Florentine painter in an ancient house, the Palazzo dei della Vacca—standing close "behind the bells of San Lorenzo," as they say in Florence,—his earliest recollection is looking out of the rear windows at the slender campanile of the old church and at the Medici chapel which adjoins it. One can easily picture the child when old enough to play in the bright piazza in front of the church, sometimes wearying of sunshine and peering shyly into the cool, vaulted vestibule of the library, little dreaming that he was one day to ascend its broad steps as Librarian-in-Chief. One can even imagine him fingering the great balls (or "pills") carved in high relief upon the doors as part of the Medici arms, thinking perhaps what excellent playthings they would make if detached, little surmising that under this emblem he was to perform his life-work—a sort of spiritual descendant of these great conservers of art and letters.

Graduating in 1878 from the Institut dei Studi Superiori of Florence, with the degree of Ph. D., *cum laude*, and a fellowship won under such masters as Villari, Bartoli and Comparetti, his thesis was the "Storia Esterno del Testo del Novellino." After a post-graduate course he became an apostle of the new gospel of renaissance in Italian literature, of which those men were the prophets. With four other young men he published *I Nuovi Goliardi*, a review severely attacked because of its rebellion against the prevailing pedantry in literature and science. At this time he was writing verses under the pen-name of "Edmondo Guidi" and was intimately associated in literary circles with Carducci, who wrote for the paper. Later he became Secretary of the *Rassegna settimanale* founded by Sonnino, the Italian Premier; edited, in conjunction with Martini, the *Giornale per i bambini*; and collaborated upon *Fanfulla*, *Capitan Fracassa*, *Corriere della sera*, *Don Chisciotte*, and *Le Livre*. Among his Italian literary essays are "Tullio d'Aragona," "La Vita privata dei Fiorentini," "Giuseppe Giusti: Vita e pensieri," and "Gli Anecdote letterario," etc.

In 1880 an order was issued by the Government for a general renovation of the libraries of Italy, and Dr. Biagi was appointed an assistant of the first class in the Victor Emanuele Library at Rome. Here he invented a new form of catalogue composed of loose leaves through which pass removable pegs forming little albums known as *staderini*. He also translated, for the use of Italian librarians, the chief cataloguing codes of America and England (Cutter and Jewett), and later Petzholdt's "Manual du Bibliothécaire." Italy owes to him also the founding of her chief library journal—*La Rivista delle biblioteche*. This progressive spirit being felt, Dr. Biagi was next appointed vice-librarian of manuscripts in the Biblioteca Nazionale of Florence, but in 1883 he returned to Rome as one of the head librarians.

When Ferdinando Martini was secretary of Public Instruction, in 1884-6, Dr. Biagi was chief of his cabinet, a position which he again held in 1892-3 when Martini became Minister. Intimately associated with this powerful statesman, brought in contact with the foremost political men of his day, a nature less true to itself might have sought to be diverted from its real destiny. In 1886, however, Dr. Biagi was appointed librarian of the Marucellian Library of Florence and here he completed the enormous task of indexing the *Maremagnum*, consisting of one hundred and eleven volumes of invaluable bibliographical manuscripts left by Francesco Marucelli.

Not until 1889 did Dr. Biagi come into his real birthright—the librarianship of the Laurentian Library. From the mediæval character of the library one might suppose that its librarian would be somewhat removed from present-day interests. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the first place, Florence still maintains her position as a centre of culture. Here come the artists and the men-of-letters of all lands seeking inspiration. Here along the Arno lived the Brownings, some of whose poetry Dr. Biagi has successfully translated. Here at the high tide of his genius came Shelley with his friends—and the dramatic death and fearful obsequies of the poet have been described, with documentary evidence, by Dr. Biagi in his "Last Days of Shelley." The romantic story of George Eliot's life in Florence while writing "Romola" has also been told by Dr. Biagi, with the accompaniment of authentic photographs and documents, in the preface to an edition of the novel which an American publisher has just issued. For his purely bibliographical articles we must refer to the leading reviews of the world, too numerous to quote here.

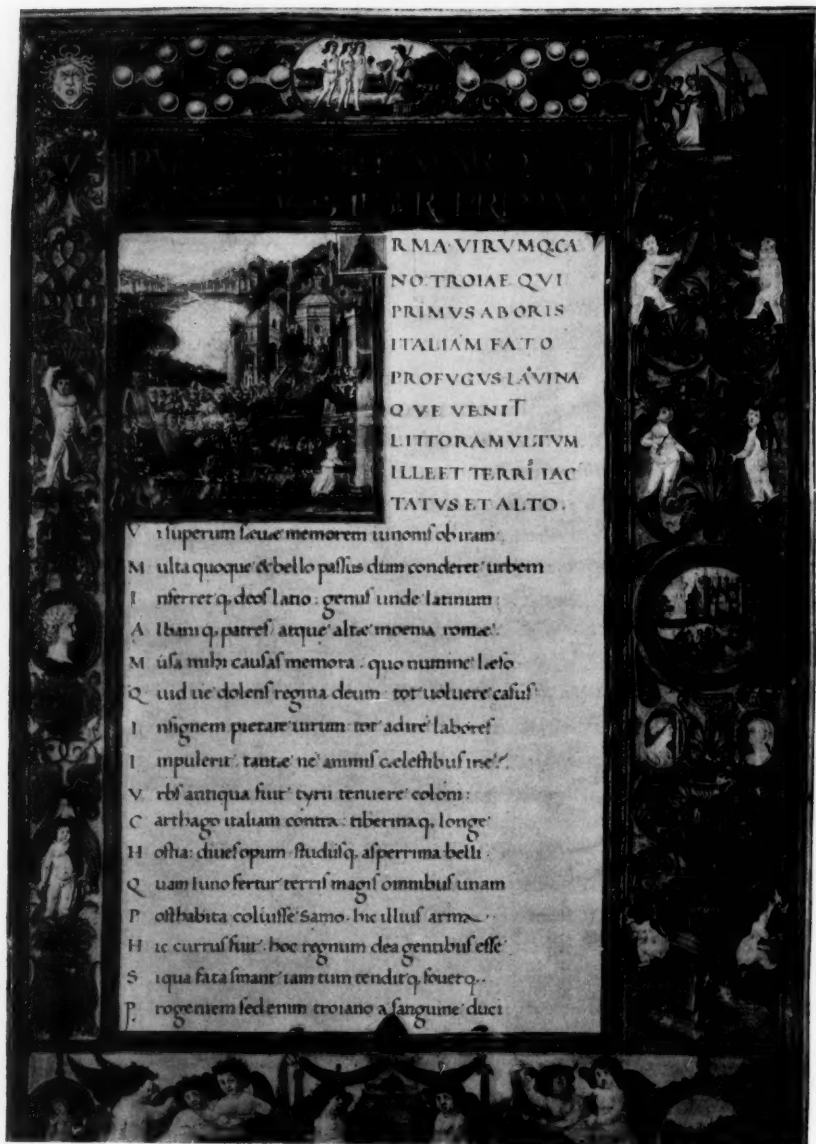
An original enterprise of his, outlined before the Conference of the American Library Association and described in the *Library Journal* for October 1904, is the preparation,



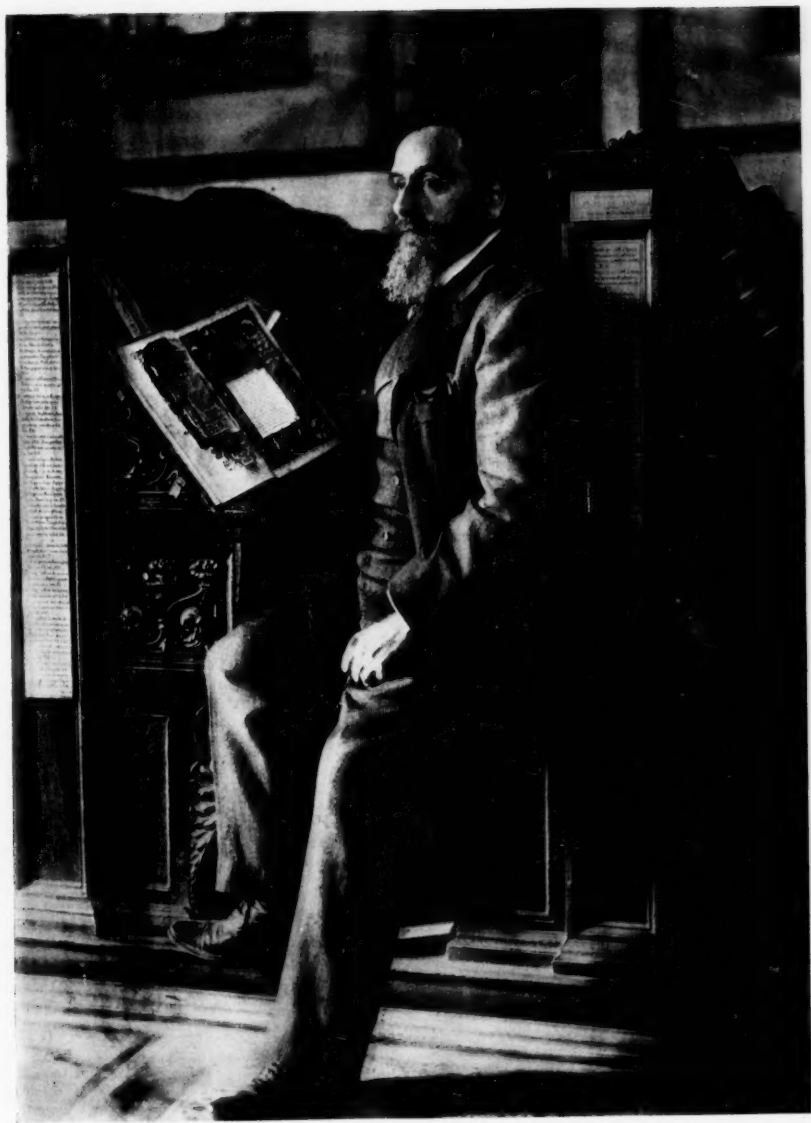
TRIBUNE OF THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY, IN WHICH ARE KEPT THE PRINTED BOOKS. THIS
 "TRIBUNA," ADDED BY POCCIANI IN 1841, IS NOT IN PERFECT HARMONY
 WITH THE OLD STYLE



HALL OF TAPESTRIES IN THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY



15TH CENTURY TEXT OF VIRGIL SHOWING CHARACTERISTIC ILLUMINATIONS
ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY



PORTRAIT OF DR. BIAGI SEATED AT ONE OF THE "FLUTEI"

under his own supervision, of phonographic records of the voices of famous people, beginning with the royal family and including the great singers, actors, and writers of Italy. The records are to be preserved in the library for the delight of future generations. Librarians laughed a little, at St. Louis, when Dr. Biagi said that the library of the future would consist not only of books but of voices. This prediction is beginning to be realized, however, and we may actually expect that the modern "Divine Comedy" (if such there be) will be read, not from dull books by differing critics, but in the very voice of the Dante of the day!

Speaking of Dante recalls another department of our librarian's activity. In Florence, the birthplace of the Poet, the Società Dantesca, which seeks to perpetuate his memory, was without a proper place of meeting. Dr. Biagi became treasurer of the Society, and secured for it funds with which to purchase the quaint *quattrocento* tower of the Arte della Lana—one of those greater guilds which ruled Florence in the days when art was power. This building was restored, with all its old frescoes intact; an addition was built; and, for a façade, an ancient "tabernacle" associated with the memory of Dante was obtained. In the church of Or San Michele across the way, reached by a bridge from the old tower, lies the lecture hall of the society, fitted even as to the pattern of its chairs in the style of the great poet's time. Here are given those great readings of Dante, occupying six years for the series, attended by the *élite* of Florence, and participated in by only the foremost Dante scholars. Among his many decorations there is none which Dr. Biagi prizes more highly than the little bronze medal cast for the readers of the first series, of which he was one. He is also, in conjunction with Count Passerini, editor of that monumental work, the "Codice Diplomatico Dantesco."

Italy is a country of exhibitions. How much of her artistic achievement may we not credit to this tendency of

the country to display and admire the work of her gifted children? Dr. Biagi has been particularly successful in arranging several of these national expositions, such as the one illustrating the history of medicine held during the International Congress of Medicine in Rome in 1894; the Tasso exhibit, during the Tasso centennial at Rome; an exhibit of rare maps and documents relating to America, in 1898; a collection of plates illustrating the history of printing, prepared for the Paris Exposition of 1900; and the great Alfieri exhibit of 1903, held in the Laurentian Library with Dr. Biagi as speaker of the day.

It is not out of place to mention here that Dr. Biagi is also Librarian of the Riccardian Library, itself a sort of permanent exhibit, occupying as it does the original palace of the Medici, and containing intact a nobleman's library of the eighteenth century, that of Francesco Riccardi, its later owner. A fifteenth-century manuscript of Virgil in one of its cases shows the front of the palace as it looked when it was the real seat of power in Florence. Near it lies Savonarola's Bible, with his own manuscript notes, as he left it when he went to the stake for the cause of Florentine liberty and righteousness. Much as the Medici have done for art and letters in Florence, in this their ancient dwelling, one is inclined to reflect on some of the blots in the history of that dark race of merchant princes, whose master in the art of governing was Machiavelli.

But returning to the Laurentian, let us follow Dr. Biagi and Bibliophilia into the Librarian's office, a true *sanctum sanctorum* wherein he keeps his most priceless treasures. When in America he had mentioned a prayer-book of Lorenzo the Magnificent, locked in a certain drawer of which he always carried the key. Going now to a central cabinet he unlocked the door and took out—was it a book, or a casket of jewels? Human hand cannot make a fairer thing than that little volume, of

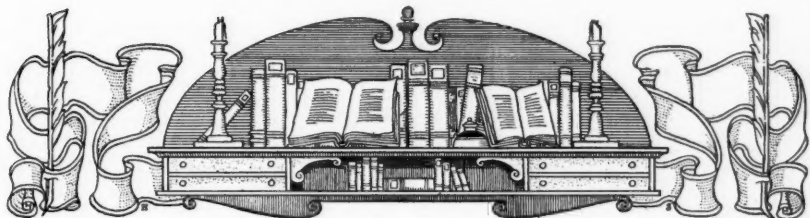
which every page is a masterpiece. With faultless taste, the unknown illuminator has employed throughout for the initials only lapis-lazuli blue mingled with green and gold, but about the borders of the full-page illuminations he has crowded, without confusion, the uttermost wealth of decorative motifs—flaming candlesticks, garlands of fruit and flowers, tawny leopards, masks, sphinxes, and an innumerable host of tiny cupids—while the miniatures of sacred scenes which they enframe are finer than the unaided eye can fully appreciate.

Bibliophilia was breathless; but a more solemn moment was yet to come. Passing to the other side of the cabinet, Dr. Biagi produced from its depths a heavy volume, remarking not without gravity, "Come and touch Michael Angelo."

And there, bound together in a book, over which she passed her trembling fingers, were the manuscript poems written by the hand that chiselled the divine David, painted the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and built the greatest of the world's cathedrals! As a great French critic said of those Sonnets to Vittoria Colonna, "the man of four souls had poured out one of them upon these pages." This same Frenchman,

the Vicomte de Vogüé, had likewise seen them here. Perhaps we can close our little drama with no more fitting epilogue than his words, translated from the "Rappel des ombres."

The other day at the Laurentian in Florence, my friend Guido Biagi showed me his treasures. Happy man, this sage, rich in real wealth! . . . Only think, that ill luck might have condemned Biagi, like so many others, to be a scullery-boy in a kitchen, or errand-boy in an office, or to be shut up in a cage of money-changers, or bureaucrats, or deputies! Gracious fortune has elected him Librarian of the Laurentian. His office opens upon the green trees and the porticos of the little cloister wherein a grand horizon of dreams is enclosed. . . . He has under his hand the precious collections of the Medici—beautiful ideas sumptuously arrayed, texts and pictures, manuscripts brought from the Orient, first editions of Italy, Greek books full of grace and wisdom, annotated and surcharged by the most powerful geniuses of the Renaissance. In his vast halls he reigns supreme, master of all, and arranges at his pleasure the jewels vainly coveted by the millionaires of New York or Chicago: he hears perpetually the murmur of the very sources whence our Occident has relearned reason, beauty, and the joy of living



THE GREAT DUKE: WELLINGTON

By GEORGE S. STREET



MY concern with the Duke of Wellington is not as he moved in battle or the council chamber, but in drawing-rooms and dining-rooms and the public street; as he appeared to his friends and others who sought him in Apsley House, or to the world at large as he rode or walked in Piccadilly; I am concerned to picture him, if I may, in his habit as he lived familiarly. Even so, I might well be fearful that the range of my local theme had brought me to a point where I had best make a silent reverence and pass on. The weight of so forceful a tradition as this lies heavy on one still. This man has stood to England as a very incarnation of eminence and greatness, and in truth he was, in character as in achievement, emphatically and beyond question a great man.

O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

But who am I that I should gossip of him in conversational prose? Well, he comes into the subject I have chosen, and would have been the last man living to be patient with me if I stood niggling before it. I can say that, whether or no I interest my readers in my view, at least I am profoundly interested myself.

One word of the background. The first known occupant of the site of Apsley House was, appropriately enough, an old soldier, named Allen, to whom (so tradition goes) George the Second gave a piece of ground at Hyde Park Corner, having recognized

him as an old acquaintance of Dettingen, of which battle George was not unreasonably proud. Allen's wife kept a stall here, and when Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards Lord Bathurst, started building in 1771 (from designs by the Adams) she brought an action against him and forced him to compensate her handsomely. It was unkindly said to be a suit between two old women. That is all the pre-Wellington history of Apsley House. The Duke enlarged it and cased the old house, which was of red brick, with Bathstone. I will not cavil at his taste: it was characteristic of him to be enchanted with his possessions and his opinion of this result was extremely high. At any rate he could hardly have had his dwelling on a more delightful spot, parked on two sides, and in his day with a much more open run than now, to Kensington. "Number 1, London," was then an appropriate description of it.

Let us first look hard at the Duke in the mind's eye. Happily in this case the light is good, for we have portraits and minute descriptions and the memory of living men. The late Duke of Argyll, who went to call on him at Apsley House in 1847, tells us that "what struck one most in his appearance was not his high aquiline nose, which is so prominent in all the pictures, but his splendid eyes. They were blue in color and very round and very large, . . . the eyelids cutting across them very high up, but not leaving them uncovered. They arrested all one's attention in a moment. One thought no more of the beaky nose or of the small and firm mouth. . . ." I do not remember any other description that insists so exclusively on his

eyes, but with a copy of the engraving after Lawrence before me as I write I can well believe in it. Splendid,

The eyebrows straight and thick, but not bushy, the forehead almost low, but broad and square: the mouth



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

forthright, well-opened eyes they are, with the fine prominence of their own quality, not at all protruding. "Blue," simply says the Duke of Argyll; "a dark violet blue, or grey," says Mr. Gleig, his biographer; exact agreement about eyes is rare to find, but a deep blue we may take them to have been. Then of course there is the aquiline nose; "beaky," even too beaky, on a mean face, but merely giving point and command to his

small, a little tight at the corners; the jaw strong, the chin prominent and firm. A grave expression habitually, a winning smile on occasion.

He was five feet nine inches high, very erect, at least until his latter years, when observers differ; probably he bore himself like a soldier still by instinct and drooped in inattention. He was broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with finely made hands and feet.

Then you must regard his dress. Probably Thackeray—in "Pendennis," you remember, when he stops to speak to the Major walking with Pen—describes him as he was most familiar to Londoners, "in a blue frock-coat and spotless white duck trousers, in a white stock, with a shining buckle behind."

Mr. Gleig adds to this, as his civilian dress in summer, a low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat and a white waistcoat. In winter the hat and stock and frock-coat remained the same, but the trousers were blue, and blue or red the waistcoat. Sir William Fraser tells us that the hat had a very clean lining of pale yellow leather: I like to think of Sir William taking it up in the hall and making his note on it. He confuses us a little about the trousers—surely this does not bore you?—with the statement that they were of "Oxford mixture," except on the first of May, when they were white. I believe he is wrong, but forgive him for the knowledge that the Duke always carried two cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

You are watching the Duke in Piccadilly, and you are to add to your observation the curiosity and deep respect with which all his fellow-citizens regarded him in passing. Pen, for example, on the occasion I have quoted, was in ecstasy over the encounter. "The

Duke gave the elder Pendennis a finger of a pipe-clayed glove to shake,

which the Major embraced with great veneration; and all Pen's blood tingled, as he found himself in actual communication, as it were, with this famous man (for Pen had possession of the Major's left arm, whilst that gentleman's other wing was engaged with his Grace's right); and he wished all Grey Friars School, all Oxbridge University, all Paternoster Row and the Temple, and Laura and his mother at Fair-oaks, could be standing on each side of the street, to see the meeting between him and his uncle, and the most famous duke in Christen-



CARICATURE OF THE GREAT DUKE

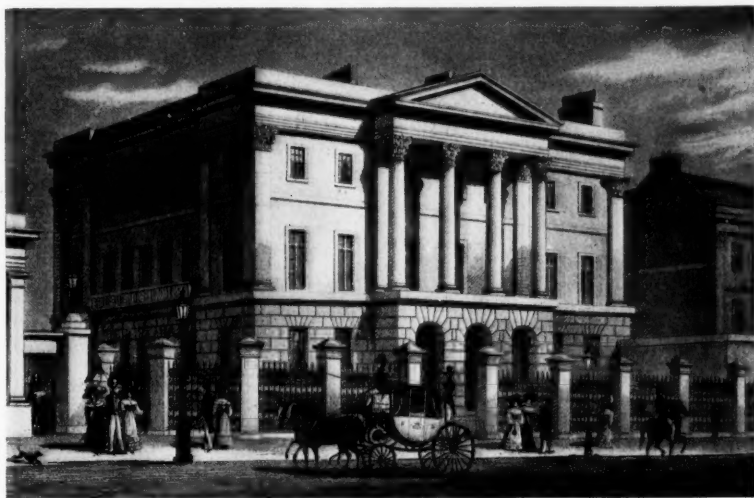
dom." A friend of mine remembers seeing the Duke in 1851, the year of the Exhibition, and the year before his death, cantering along Piccadilly on a small white cob, upright in the saddle, with his cane held to his hat in salute and the people uncovering as to Royalty.

Even the late Duke of Argyll felt diffident and nervous, when as a young man he went to ask a favor of the venerable hero. He takes us with him, by the way, into Apsley House, into "a large room on the ground floor, to the eastern side of the Piccadilly front. It was full of articles in much confusion—of writing-tables with blue-books, of articles of clothing hung on screens, and of furniture with no definite arrange-

ment. The Duke presently entered by a side door. . . ."

And what manner of man, truly

immense prestige of him from Waterloo onwards, we still must think there was something of superficial coldness



APSLEY HOUSE, HYDE PARK CORNER, LONDON

Presented by the British Government to the Duke of Wellington and still occupied by his family

and intimately, was it behind the white stock and the blue frock-coat? Had we been present invisible at this interview we should have heard him putting his nervous visitor at ease, giving sound advice on the matter in question, readily promising his aid. Yes, but the Duke of Argyll was of his own class and society. It is certain that he lived by choice, almost exclusively, in that class. Even his biographer—Mr. Gleig again—admits that "the circle in which he chiefly moved was that of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, who pressed themselves upon him." It is said that he liked their flattery, which is true to some extent, no doubt, and it is hinted that he was something approaching to a snob, which is ridiculous. He was born in that class, he had a strong sense of caste, which in his time was a reality, and he was most at home in it: that is all. But it is curious to note the different reports of him from those in and outside it. When we have allowed for the

and aloofness in his personality to leave so much awe in the minds of those who merely spoke with him as it were at a distance. And then turn for contrast to his letters to "Dearest Georgy"—the late Lady de Ros, who died a nonagenarian and was one of his girl favorites—about the romping at Mont St. Martin, the men harnessed and dragging the ladies about on rugs: "The night before, the ladies drew me the *petty* tour, and afterwards Lord Hill the *grand* tour, but the 'fat, fair, and forty' and M. were so knocked up that some of us were obliged to go into the harness, although we had already run many stages." Or follow him through Lady Granville's letters: "The Duke as merry as a grig," "the bonhomie and adorable qualities of the Duke," the Duke acting in charades, or "the poor Beau," his significant nickname, "is much hurried, being considered to go along with favors and cakes when a Tory marries," and so forth. And

then my mind goes back to Haydon's account of him at Walmer, reading the paper after dinner, while the painter sat gazing at his gray head in silent reverence, admiring him as something near divine.

Again: the popular tradition of him, much supported by evidence, is of a stern man, something hard, curt, a foe to emotion. Even some of those who knew him more or less familiarly report him blunt, matter-of-fact, and if not unfeeling, certainly this side of sensibility. There is Thomas Creevey's interview with him in Brussels, immediately after Waterloo. "He made a variety of observations in his short, natural, blunt way, but with the greatest gravity all the time, and without the least approach to anything like triumph or joy. "It has been a damned serious business," he said. "Blücher and I have lost 30,000 men. It has been a damned nice thing—the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life. . . . By God! I don't think it would have done if I had not been there." That is not exactly unfeeling, and it is thoroughly of his nation and class in its sporting metaphor and its plain statement. One admires the absence of personal triumphing on the one side, of false modesty on the other. But one misses the imaginative feeling for the horror of all that slaughter. Well, it merely was not for Mr. Creevey. We know from Raikes that when, at this same time, the Duke went to the rooms of his niece, Lady FitzRoy Somerset, he burst into a flood of tears. When Mrs. Arbuthnot, his most intimate friend among women, died, he was called unfeeling because, as Charles Greville says, "he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect." But we know how he could feel the death of a friend: he who sat with the tears streaming down his cheeks at the funeral service for Arbuthnot. We know too from Gleig how when that friend's fatal illness was told to him, he seized the doctor's hand and pro-

tested brokenly, "No, no, he's not very ill, not very bad—he'll get better, he'll not die."

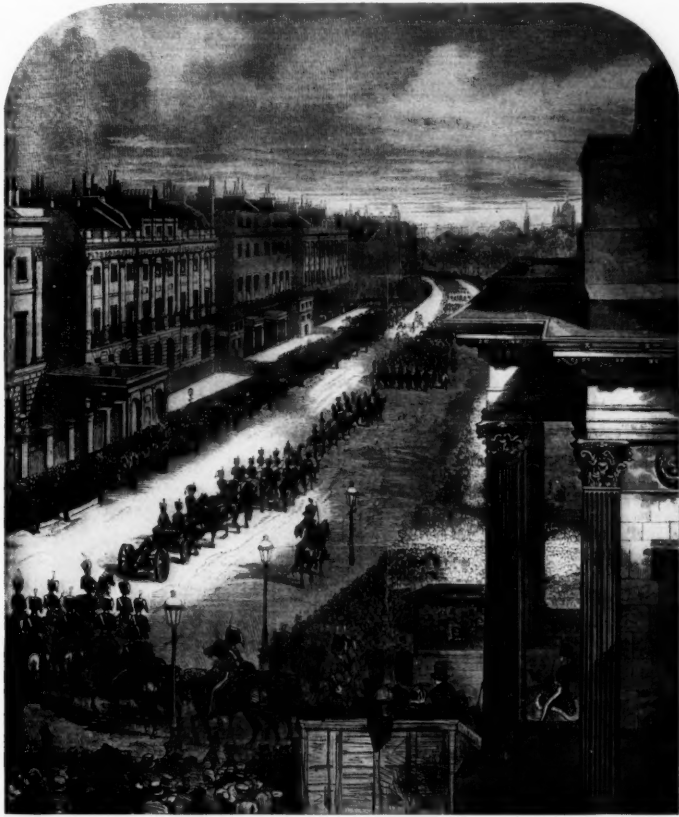
One remembers these and many stories like them, and one looks at the portrait and one sees surely that those eyes and that mouth are not of an unfeeling man. Very greatly otherwise. It is no wild guess that this was a man who felt both strongly and readily, and, living in high places with curious eyes ever on him, had the habit of cloaking his feelings as best he might. Many appeals to feeling were not for him, of course. He was blind to art and books. Also—that too is in the eyes—he was proud and by nature contemptuous of what to him was little. Those were intellectual limitations to feeling: when the passage was clear there was no hard substance of nature to check it.

And if one thinks of his pride of class, of his contempt for the mob, one should remember some facts about him and it. All his life he had done his duty to his country single-heartedly, with immense personal success, to be sure, but also with much hardship and strain of energies and in the teeth of calumny. In 1831 he was honestly opposed to Reform. The King was to dissolve Parliament, but the Duke could not go to the House of Lords, because his wife was dying in Apsley House. She died as the guns in the Park began to fire. And presently came a yelling crowd before Apsley House and in a while stones crashing through the windows, breaking them in pieces and destroying pictures within. What wonder that he kept the iron shutters to his windows to the day of his death? Twelve years later an immense mob, cheering this time, followed him up Constitution Hill. The Duke took no notice whatever, but trotted leisurely to Apsley House: then he stopped at the gate, pointed to those iron shutters, bowed to the mob and silently rode into the court. He was not a democratic politician.

Remember also that if he despised the common man he was punctiliously courteous to him. No great

man ever took so much trouble about small men as he. Those innumerable autograph letters beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents

Duke of Wellington. The Duke recommends her, failing another application, to place the matter in the hands of a respectable solicitor." In



The Illustrated London News, 27 Nov., 1852

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE DUKE PASSING APSLEY HOUSE, 18 NOVEMBER, 1852

(Only a portion of Apsley House is shown, at extreme left)

his compliments to" Mr. Buggins or Master Brown or what not! His peculiar humor, half playful, half grim, no doubt made him sometimes rejoice in his answers. "Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received a letter from Mr. Tomkins, stating that the Marquess of Douro is in debt to his mother, Mrs. Tomkins. The Duke of Wellington is not the Marquess of Douro. The Duke regrets to find that his eldest son has not paid his washerwoman's bill. Mrs. Tomkins has no claim upon the

this case he was hoaxed: Mr. Tomkins, the distressed washerwoman's son, was a collector of autographs. And of course he was often hoaxed over his charities, which were large and incessant: he admitted once that an officer of the Mendicity Society had given him the severest scolding he had ever had in his life.

If he despised common people he never pandered to great personages. It was to the credit of George the Fourth that he always had a great respect for the Duke, whom he called

"Arthur": it is not much to the discredit of the Duke that he had little or no respect for George the Fourth, of whom he once told Cree-

Duke?" asked some fool at a dinner. "No," with his charming smile; "but I am now."

And now I come to what, after all,



From an engraving by H. T. Ryall from the painting by E. T. Parris

THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY

vey—condemning the Regent's bulk, and swearing in pretty forcible language of his own—that he was ashamed to enter a room with him. And he told Lady de Ros that when George and Charles X were together, George, with "his flourish and display, might have passed for the valet." I must not repeat stories at large, but if the reader has not heard it, this one—it is irrelevant, I know—helps to fix the Duke's manner and humor: "Were you surprised at Waterloo,

is most to the purpose in my sketch of the Duke in his social side—his relations with women. He was susceptible, as it used to be called, in an extreme degree; and like most susceptible people he was inconstant. His marriage was finely characteristic. The lady's family disapproved of the engagement, and he, serving abroad, had not seen her for years. She suffered disfigurement from the smallpox and wrote to release him. Whatever the sentimental traditions

of romance might require, I fancy that most men, given the circumstances, would have acquiesced in their freedom. But though another person might release Arthur Wellesley from a promise, he could not release himself; he returned to England and married the lady and they lived unhappily, more or less, ever after. I hope that this conduct may balance, in my moralizing reader's mind, something at least of conduct he will condemn. I believe that most of the Duke's intimacies with women were "innocent": he was soft about them, was amused by them, liked to indulge them. But there is no use in pretending that he thought much of chastity, or that his life was chaste. We will not pursue an argument which might annoy the reader and to me would be stupid and tiresome. As we study great men of the active and commanding sort in history, we find that most of them seem not to have been naturally monogamous; if we must judge, we should judge comparatively; our modern habit of reticence and silence has induced a false perspective: that is all I feel disposed to say. The great Duke got himself into little scrapes, no doubt whatever. He never escaped the consequences of a fault by committing what he would have considered a greater one. We know the famous answer to the threat of exposure: "Publish and be damned!"

In the year 1825 there were published the memoirs of Harriet Wilson, a celebrated courtesan. Walter Scott notes the occurrence in his journal, and says it had "kept the gay world in hot water." He recollects having met Miss Wilson, and congratulates himself that her memory was not so good as his. It is, I must confess, a most amusing book, written really, I suppose, by some hack of letters from Harriet's confidences and suggestions, but its attempts at pathos and sentiment are exceedingly nauseous. The Duke figures largely in it. In 1816 Lady Frances Webster, Byron's old friend, was accused by one Baldwin of misconduct with the

Duke; she prosecuted for libel and got £2000 damages, but I fear the world must have smiled. There were other scrapes, but I am sure it was softness and kindness, not libertinism, which most often involved him. Lady Caroline Lamb, also Byron's old friend, set her cap at him in 1815. "Nothing is *agissant*," writes Lady Granville from Paris, "but Caroline William in a purple riding habit, tormenting everybody, but I am convinced ready primed for an attack upon the Duke of Wellington, and I have no doubt but that she will to a certain extent succeed, as no dose of flattery is too strong for him to swallow or her to administer." There it was, you see: he had this reputation for softness and accessibility to women. Once when he left Woburn prematurely, on the plea of Cabinet business in London, the indignant Duchess of Bedford wrote after him: "Dear Duke!—For 'Cabinet,' read 'boudoir.' Yours, G. B." Yes, I fear he had this reputation. Charles Greville, who knew him well and whose brother Algernon was his secretary for thirty-five years, writing about his intimacy with Madame Grassini adds that "these habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted." A pity, perhaps, that he so wasted valuable time, but I do not think there was much harm in it all.

And what return did women make him for all this interest and devotion? One of low degree made "copy" out of him, as we have seen. Another, of high degree, according to Sir William Fraser—but then Sir William was wrong about the trousers,—threatened him with an action. But on the good side? "I suppose, Duke," said a woman to him once, "you have inspired a great deal of admiration and enthusiasm among women during your life?" "Oh, yes, plenty of that! plenty of that! But no woman ever loved me: never in my whole life." It is a sad commentary on all the stories and scandals. Likely as

not, he spoke the truth. For the Duke's nature was above all things masculine, of which that very softness about women is an indication; and masculine men, when they achieve great things before the world, have, as he said, admiration and enthusiasm from women in plenty: but women are fond of men most commonly, as I believe, for weaknesses they understand and share. I may be wrong, and I rather fear to pursue the analysis; let us hope the Duke was deceived. "I was the only thing he ever loved," said the complacent Lady Jersey after his death. Let us hope that somewhere or other lived a woman who might have said the converse.

So we see the great Duke as he was for his chosen friends, gay, affectionate, generous, loving a simple joke, loving flattery a little overmuch, loving women a few too many. We

may fancy him in his dining-room at Apsley House, courteous, talking freely, without the least preoccupation with his own reputation or position, downright, prejudiced, and to the best of his understanding just. We may follow him in his daily habits, methodical, simple, temperate, and withal hearty. We may imagine him with strangers and slight acquaintances, punctilious, humorous, a little oddly blunt and grim at times. And thanks to painted and written records we see him vividly all the time.

And so we part with him, but Piccadilly has a memory of him other than of the living man: a great memory of one of the two great funeral processions of our time: a vast and reverent crowd, the strains of the Dead March, and, more solemn than all else, the silent tramp, tramp of his soldiers.

FOGAZZARO AND "THE SAINT"

By RAFFAELE SIMBOLI

Translated by ELISE LATHROP



IL SANTO was the most eagerly awaited, and has been the most discussed, of modern Italian novels. Of its gifted author Fogazzaro, critics have expressed the strangest and most contradictory opinions. To some of them he is a genius, to others a lunatic, an idealist who lives on smoke and illusions. All because his book deals with a delicate religious topic, and because the author is an upright man who lives and fights for his opinions, without troubling himself as to whether his name becomes popular or not. In art, as in his private life, he is a lonely man, a philosopher who thinks, works, and dreams. He is a Catholic and believes in a future life, but is no bigot; neither

does he believe in the work of a false, deceitful clergy. Where there is indifference, there too is death; therefore a new life of active propaganda must be begun,—the clergy must be spurred on to fresh activity. More tolerance, good sense, greater honesty are needed; great luminaries of the Church must not burn dimly: God does not will it. Fogazzaro thus confronts the boldest questions, and often puts his finger on the sore spot; hence it is not to be wondered at if, at this importunate contact, wails are heard on all sides; and since his observations, though crude, are never partisan, he is often assailed by both clericals and liberals. In him there is too little of the one as well as of the other. His position appears uncertain, equivocal; and criticism falls like rain upon his head. Fortunately he does not fear tempests,

and braves them in silence; in dignified silence, with the strength of one who is sure of himself, and respects the public.

day, after some months, I wished to take up the second chapter of "Il Santo" to copy it, but I found myself lost in a wilderness of corrections, words written on top



BELVEDERE OF SACRO SPECO

Fogazzaro does not improvise his works. He waited months to publish "Il Santo." The second half was written almost entirely in Rome, during a period of poetic inspiration; but the first part cost him much fatigue.

I worked very conscientiously [he confided to friends]. There are chapters which I have re-written I know not how many times. It is impossible for me to correct my work, to make my scrawls intelligible; I prefer to re-write them. One

of other words, changes, arabesques, a veritable disaster. Searching in the drawers of my writing desk, I found a copy of the famous chapter, re-written some months before. Ah, what joy! That day I seemed truly happy, as in my youth, when I was allowed to devote myself to literature.

Fogazzaro studied law, and was for some time a practising lawyer, although this was never his vocation. At that time he had not much imagination, but studied everything and

every one. He was born a poet, and his father became persuaded of this after reading "Miranda," a melancholy poem, which made this new author

Fogazzaro published the "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" ("The Sinner"), one of the strongest novels of modern times. Then came "Il Santo."



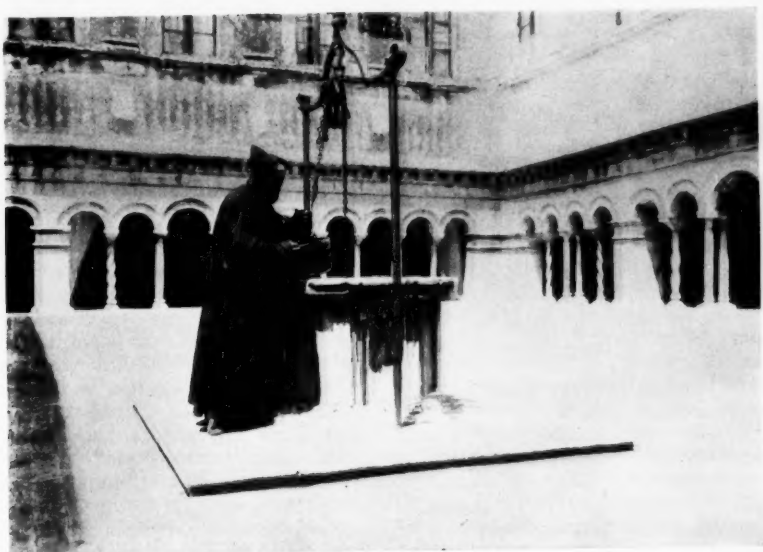
CHARACTERISTIC ALTAR UNDER THE ROCK AT SACRO SPECO

known to the public. A volume of lyrics followed, inspired in great part by his quiet, native countryside; then came "Malombra," a romance somewhat uncertain in touch, but full of original situations; and next, "Daniele Cortis," of which every one spoke, for in it figured a proud fighter, humble before God, but rebellious towards mankind, and of a quite special morality. After "The Mystery of a Poet," a philosophical romance,

Critics stormed against it. "Was there need of a saint?" said one. "No, for no one wants one. And how is it possible to reconcile the ideas of this saint, always a mediæval penitent, with the ideas of modern democracy? What signification can the cave of a saint have to-day? What stage of progress can it signify in the life of religious sentiment? What influence can it have upon the world?" In "Il Santo" mention is



THE BROTHERS' WALK



A CLOISTER IN THE MONASTERY OF SANTA SCHOLASTICA

made of a visit to the Vatican, to a Pope who receives visitors by the light of a modest kerosene lamp. The actual Pope has his study bathed

seek worldly fame. His work has a special stamp of distinction, his bald head is that of a venerable man who has dedicated his life to art and to the



MEDIEVAL BRIDGE OF ST. FRANCIS

in electric lights, reads the book, is bent to the wills of those surrounding him, and places "Il Santo" on the index. Naturally the sale of the book is doubled at once, since it is forbidden fruit. Fogazzaro humbly submits to the Pope's will, but the book is translated into many languages. Students become agitated because Fogazzaro is a member of the Superior Council of the Ministry of Public Instruction. "In such a position," they say, "there should not be a clerical," and so they whistle, hiss; there are noisy demonstrations, disorders; universities are closed. But Fogazzaro does not resign; then the hurricane ceases. Thoughtful people begin to cry: "Enough! Enough! Respect him. He is an honest writer, a sincere man. One of those few for whom it is necessary nowadays to search with the lantern of Diogenes. Fogazzaro does not ask a livelihood of his pen, does not

ideal. Let us salute this cavalier of the spirit!"

Gradually the best minds in Italy have reacted against the violent criticisms of his adversaries, testifying publicly to their sincere admiration for the brave poet. "Il Santo" may not be a book especially suitable for the young, but it contains treasures of art, which cannot be demolished by a stroke of the pen. Fogazzaro in addition possesses the advantage of feeling intensely, and knowing how to make others feel, the beauties of scenery. This is so true that last year there was a true pilgrimage to Subiaco, a veritable little bit of Switzerland, which few Italians know as yet.

Subiaco was built upon three artificial lakes which no longer exist, but which were designed by Claudius and Nero, who dammed with massive dykes the river Aniene. Nero sought to regain his strength, wrecked by

vice, in his villa of Sublacensis, of which considerable ruins still remain after eighteen centuries. The construction of the walls and the colossal aqueducts, which consumed eleven years, was carried on, according to Pliny, by thirty thousand slaves. In the convent of Santa Scholastica are preserved two superb columns of porphyry, precious marbles, fragments of reticulated walls, and a splendid arch of very hard stone, modelled with sober elegance. Higher up are no longer sumptuous villas, with baths and *ninfei*, but an enormous convent, the proto-monastery of Santa Scholastica. Here in these valleys, in these solitudes which have the breath of mysticism, is the land of hermits, where for some time lived Francis of Assisi. St. Benedict, in the sixth century, built in this locality his first monastery, many times destroyed by the barbarians. Later Benedict VI rebuilt it with elegance, dedicating it to Santa Scholastica, sister of Benedict, who, after having done penance in a cave, followed her brother to Monte Cassini, where she died as abbess.

At Santa Scholastica—a national monument,—besides the three superb cloisters—one of which represents the first attempts at the Gothic style—the library deserves special attention. In this monastery was printed the first book published in Italy. Two Germans, Conrad and Arnold Pannarz, who had come to Italy to seek their fortunes, found a warm reception in the convent. The monks furnished them with the necessary funds, and the first Italian printing-press was at once inaugurated with the printing of three hundred copies of Donatus. There are preserved very old books which the monks diligently transcribed; rare manuscripts on parchment, adorned with beautiful miniatures, now a lost art. The gold of these is so bright that one might fancy they had but recently been decorated.

To the special attractions of the monastery has recently been added another—Don Clemente, a tall, hand-

some, vigorous monk, whom Fogazzaro has made figure in "Il Santo." Many visitors would renounce a sight of all the artistic treasures of the monastery to see, even through an iron grating, the profile of Don Clemente. Distant a kilometre from Santa Scholastica, at the top of a stony path, is to be seen, crouching on the rock, in the shadow of oak trees, the monastery of San Benedetto; "while there they too, on the pathway of souls agitated by divine love, seem writhing with an inward ascetic fervor, a frenzied desire to be uprooted from earth that they may stretch out their arms to heaven." Tradition would have it that these trees were bowed down at the passing of the saint.

Having arrived at Sacro Speco without meeting a single soul, one sees on the wall of the gloomy corridor the word which so impressed Jeanne—"Silentium!" Near the altar a mystic light falls from above. There is nothing more characteristic than this sanctuary excavated from the rock. St. Benedict established his order after having lived three long years in a cave overhanging an abyss. In 1503 he began to build the monastery, which was finished later on by order of Pope John V. This monastery is considered a wonder of engineering, for it was necessary to follow the irregularities of the rock, constructing many arches to sustain it, and thus three churches were built, one above the other. On one side is seen a wall decorated with frescoes and superb paintings; on the other the bare rock, the gloomy grotto; the altars are built into the rock. From the last church one passes to the famous briar patch watered by St. Francis, where, according to the legend, St. Benedict threw himself down by night, to vanquish sensual desires. On the terrace of the monastery three great ravens gaze at the visitor in alarm; the saint tamed many of these birds, and passed long hours with them, but these which the monks show to visitors have their wings clipped. If not they would fly away

to the inaccessible heights of the neighboring mountains.

Down in the depths of the valley, quite covered with forests, gleams the road which leads to Genne, following the course of the Aniene. Genne is a shepherd's settlement—four houses and an oven clustered at the top of a mountain. Coming down the stony slope may perhaps be seen a group of charcoal-burners, returning to their cabins with difficulty; a huge mule descends s'owly, slowly, choosing the path between the innumerable shrubs. On his back, clinging warily, are two women, not at all preoccupied as to their uncomfortable position; they are going to Subiaco, to market.

Subiaco is an aristocratic summer resort, both a city and a village, with

more of the distinctive features of the former than of the latter. Its inhabitants are vigorous, hard-working and frugal. The river Aniene forms one of the most picturesque valleys in Italy, for which reason Subiaco is visited by many strangers. The surrounding country is permeated with poesy. From the rustic fountains the young women fill their copper pitchers with freshest water; outside the stone houses some women are knitting stockings, while others winnow grain. The old women with their wrinkled faces, their hands cracked like soil burned by the sun, spin on the steep stone steps.

Fogazzaro depicts in "Il Santo" these simple but suggestive scenes of rural life.

SONG OF THE BRIDGE

By HENRY CHADWICK

TESTED and true I stand,
Fit for the mogul's wheel;
Monarch of strength and span,—
I am a Bridge of Steel.

Wrung from the soil of the northern states that border the Great Fresh Seas,
Shovelled and chuted to cavernous boats that carry their tons with ease,
Hurried and harried from ship unto train, the ore came thundering down,—
Thus they brought my members in embryo to smoke-soiled Pittsburg town.

*I hear the wrath of the river's voice as it bursts its sheath in the Spring—
Then the logs are linked in the jam of the ice where the rapids rage and fling;
While, piercing the opening, endless sky, the north-bound geese go honking high,
And over the forest's dun expanse falls the first faint veil of green.*

Born of the furnace, my billets and blooms were shaped by the rumbling rolls,
My bars were forged from the fiercest flame and annealed on the dying coals,
My posts and chords were punched and sheared, were trued in the jaws of the
press,
And thousands of rivets were heated and homed to fashion me firm for the
stress.

*Now falls the heat of the summer sun, and I stretch my gaunt steel limbs;
I hear the wind awake in the night composing rude forest hymns.
The thunder voices the lightning's lore to the hushed and waiting land
And I see the sloping ranks of the storm, and the rainbow's seven-barred band.*

Matched and marked from the paper plans, and approved by the engineers,
I was sorted and shipped on a hundred cars, to the place where the granite piers
Loomed gray 'mid the maze of the false-work spans, whose timbered towers
were stayed

To bear the weight of my massive chords till my braces and floors were laid.

*I span a river of indigo waves, all crested with lines of white,
While the forest is lit by the flames of the Fall from shore to mountain height;
But soon the leaf-legions will rustle to rest, at the call of the elves of cold,
And the notes of the north will be heard in the wind when the frost has tightened
the mould.*

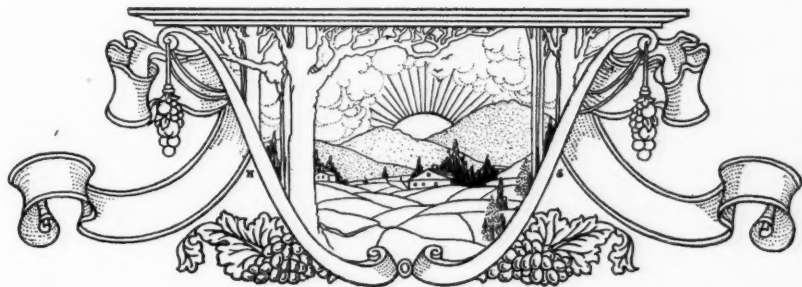
Then derricks were rigged with four-fold falls and booms of Oregon pine;
Their heel-blocks creaked under wearying weights till my trusses stood true
to the line.

My splices were made, red rivets driven, and my pins were piloted home—
The ties were clamped and the rails were laid that the Coursers of Commerce
might come.

*Now the sun sweeps low on his southern arc and the shadows at noon are long;
Now Sirius swings his radiant torch, the guard of Orion's throng.
The Great White Wars are waged in the air, their hosts have rushed o'er the pastures
bare—*

They have chained the waters and pierced my frame with a sword of icy sheen.

Tuned to the earth I stand—
O'er me the heavens reel;
They smite my bars with a song,—
I am a Harp of Steel.



THE COUNTESS OF PICPUS*

A ROMANCE

By MAURICE HEWLETT

I

THE STAG AT BORDEAUX



IN the month of May, the singing month, and year 1428, Captain Brazenhead, "late of Burgundy, formerly of Milan," or, as he chose to describe himself just then, Captain Salomon, *Franc Routier*, having seen to the bringing up of the pink *Bonne Espérance* to a buoy in the swirling river Gironde, having sworn in three languages at the master and his mariners, who knew but two apiece, and having forced the tears into his eyes more than once by the violent twist he had given his moustachios—said finally, "It is well," and had himself pulled ashore into the King of England's good town of Bordeaux.

The hour was early, marking that silver pause of time ere the sun first kindles vane and turret, and scandal of Aurora and old Tithonus can once more be talked by the classically inclined. Save for a few tousled and sprawling malefactors, a stevedore or two, a musing sailor, a sentry, and a friar minor raking over garbage, Captain Salomon headed for a city of dead men; and yet, as he sat facing towers and battlements, stately astern, he were a spectacle for Bordeaux to wonder at, had not Bordeaux been so deeply abed. Arrayed in a blood-colored cloak, his sword upon his knee, one keen eye of him, the bony and red ridge of his nose and the ends of his mous-

tachios only to be seen—all the rest steel bonnet and blood—he might have been a duke regnant homing to his faithful duchy, an Admiral of Venice returning with the spoils of Eastern warfare. To some few eyes, anxious and watchful on the quay, he did appear as a portent. And yet it is the fact that there was not a rascal there, purposing to help himself by helping this impending arrival, who had less idea of how he was going to do it than Captain Salomon himself had of what he was going to do when he landed. He surveyed the tide, he marked the shipping. There, fast moored and empty now, lay the galleons which had of late brought men and treasure crowding to the war; and he swore to himself as his boat brought up against the stairs, "If fate must have it that I fight in this good land of France, let it be for France that I draw my sword. England, England!" he cried, "thou who hast forsworn me, be thou of me forsworn!" No matter now what was his grief against our country and his—though that tale be fruitful. He strikes, thus at the outset, a tragic note, which the experienced will mark and record.

Boarding the quay briskly, he set off as one whose errand is cut and dried. This was due, not to an errand, for he had none, but to a maxim of his which said, Do, if you would think. And another also said, Seem to be busy if you would be so. He rejected all offers of guidance, with a wave of the hand and a snorting "Si je connois Bordeaux—Ha, Dieu!" which were decisive; and he was merciless to the friendly salutes

of such ladies as he encountered: "Beauty avoid! Here is a tempered blade." If he knew not where to find what he sought, and it is probable that he did not, seeing that he had never in his life set foot in Bordeaux before, he knew how to place himself within an ace of it. He struck boldly up the Rue de la Ferronière, and, Providence directing, the very first person he jostled cried an acquaintance. "Comrade, all hail! What, little drinker, is it thou?" It was pretty to see how he embraced the man. "Save thee, old companion, 'tis never thou!" Both cheeks were kissed, back and breast were petted, both shoulders were held, and their owner swayed to and fro like a loosened post; and all this without the remotest notion in Captain Salomon's head how the devil this old friend might be called. "That botch on the chops I know, and do believe that I gave him the broken jaw it signified. That drooping eyelid, that nick in it—is it possible I sliced him there? Very possible, by Cock!" He knew the man, he knew the man, but could not give him a name. What of that? The man invited him to drink a cup at The Stag; then the man was honest—and, "if I take to him," thought Captain Brazenhead, "as kindly as I take to this his proposal, I'll have the name out of him before we come to 'Host, another of your best.'" Without more ado, he crooked his arm to accommodate the man of the drooping eyelid.

Tongues ruled high and easy in the kitchen of The Stag. The mistress of the house sent the turnspit out to play, lest he should become wise before the time; for the reminiscences of these two eminent men spared neither age nor sex. As for the maids, one of them set foot over the threshold with the morning's bread, and was in the room for just so long as it takes to put a batch in the oven. She entered religion in the afternoon of the same day in the Ursuline Convent, and broke the heart of the scrivener's apprentice who loved her. But she said that it

must be so, for that she had never known until that moment what men were or women could be. This is very much of a piece with Captain Brazenhead's report of himself, that when, upon his return from the Lombardy wars, he made his confession in the Church of Allhallows at Barkington, the priest who shrove him died in the night, howling like a wolf. And yet the conversation which furnishes me with this anecdote was but so much opening music: it was not until the sun was reddening the roofs of Bordeaux and, reflecting from a window, struck into the filmy eye and drooping eyelid of Captain Salomon's friend, that any serious effort was made by my hero to come to what you might call terms with the man.

But then he hinted—the man hinted—at proper business, men's business of iron and hard knocks, which had called him to Bordeaux and out of the snuggest quarters that ever soldier had, to traverse France from end to end, to slink by the mountains of Navarre, and enter Guienne under cover of night lest he might be caught by the French and taken out of his lawful quarrel to enter into one with which he had no concern. By "lawful quarrel" he was easily understood to mean that for which he was paid. Burgundy and England were his friends, he said, and France was his enemy, since France had designs precisely where he had. Burgundy he had approached; he had been to Dijon, thence to Besançon, and there had seen the Duke's Chancellor. Burgundy said him not nay; Burgundy would advise. And now he was at Bordeaux with messages for the Regent of England and the Earl of Salisbury, but the one was in Paris and the other before Orleans—and meantime he had met "his friend here."

It was now apparent to our listener that his mysterious acquaintance was as completely ignorant of his name, as he himself was of the speaker's. Being a good judge of physiognomy, he could not doubt that an excellent

villainy was afoot; of which, however, he must know more before he committed himself. He was careful in his approach, therefore, not disguising for a moment the truth that he was for hire, but affecting a squeamishness which he was far from feeling as to what manner of service he would take. He dandled his foot, he looked about, clacked his tongue over the wine. "A cold vintage this Bordelais, ha? Not a wine that stays by you, ha? No, no, old marksman, give me the rich vats of Volnay! Or Hermitage seven years in cellar. You are right, you are right, chevalier; Burgundy is the friend of honest men. Hey, the golden slopes, the dark blue water, the cradling women of Beaujolais! Ever lovely to me! Well, if your quarrel is just, it is enough for me. It should be, to have led you so far. But for me, companion, for me—I play the great game. I have played it too long and, I say it, too stoutly to relish another. Your cattle-lifting, your taking of toll from merchants and pedlars, your petticoat-work, your piracy, your fly-by-night, password, privy-post work—nay, nay! I set princes on their thrones, I link duchy to duchy; by me kings reign, and queens' dowries are made fatter. Why, gamester, you should know me better! Where is your border warfare then?"

It is to be judged that Captain Salomon was boasting. So he was, but with design. He wished to provoke the truth out of his friend, and he did provoke some of it. Very earnestly regarding him out of his unhindered eye, that friend put a hand upon his knee. "A duchy is concerned in my errand," he said, "and a county, also. The most nobly made lady in Provence is touched upon her honor, and a most reverend prelate offended. I recruit you, chieftain; chivalry calls you—and this token, which is earnest of more." He drew out of his breast a purse; out of that he chose two rose nobles. With one he chinked for the score, and paid it, the other he

handed to his friend, who bit it and was satisfied. Both gentlemen rose; the man of money put his hand upon the shoulder of the man of wiles. "We need you, my lord," he said; "we need your sword-arm; come with us. I depart within a few days, having done my errand. I was bidden levy a troop—and I have levied you! A troop! I have in you an army for the field. Make this your quarters, free lodging and entertainment are yours. You will hear of me when you will, at all hours. Till our next meeting—remember Jack Pym."

Pym! If he remembered Jack Pym! The Captain slapped a peck of dust out of his thigh as he entirely failed to remember him. He raked into the drabdest depths of his memory, explored a history which had been more happily forgotten, and expanded an ingenuity which had been better employed. He did not remember Jack Pym; of that he was clear, and clear he was also that he did not like him. "A very paltry, sententious dog, this Pym," he considered, "with an eyelid like a guttering candle. I fancy the man as little as I fancy a boiled fish, and I doubt his business here. Yet he has money"—he looked at a fine coin in his hand which men give not to men for nothing—"and while he has money it might be well"—he pocketed the coin—"to see much more of Pym."

He stood, considering Pym and his capacities, in the doorway of The Stag, looking out upon the Rue de la Ferronière; and—see how things fall out for heroes and rogues alike! A girl was before him, trundling a mop, a girl in a green stuff petticoat and bodice of pink. She was comely, with dusty gold hair and gray eyes; and either her shape, which was very pleasant, on the side of plumpness, or a demure yet provocative look which she had, arrested his attention. It arrested the progress of his thoughts, for he stopped them, withdrew them from Pym, stroked his chin, took a turn up the street, stopped and again stroked his chin, returned upon his steps, cleared

his throat, flicked upwards his moustachios, looked at the flawless blue of the sky, and all of a sudden burst into melody of the most ear-piercing kind—melody which awoke the echoes of Bordeaux, set all the donkeys braying, and the guards running about to find the disturber of the king's peace:

*O dear, my love, my Pericles,
Thus soft Aspasia she did sigh,
If so you play in companies,
How would you do when none were by?
Come, chuck, quod he, come out and try.*

You should chorus the last line; but none chorussed it in Bordeaux. As for the girl who had evoked it, she stood finger in mouth, elbow to mop, wondering upon the fine florid singer.

While she wondered he was gone—but not far. He had crossed the street and entered a narrow alley, the Tournant Bercy, at the end of which a patch of fine color—the flower market—had caught his eye. Before she had had time to twirl her mop a dozen times he was back, crossing the Rue de la Ferronière on tiptoe, a propitiating smile upon his face, one hand extended forwards, in that hand a flower; one backward, and in that the folds of his blood-colored cloak. In another moment he was at close quarters; the flower, a clove carnation, was under her chin, its stalk in her clasp.

"For the fairest," said Captain Brazenhead, and looked at her out of one eye. The other was closed.

"Oh, sir," she said—and the stalk of the flower went into her mouth, and thence the flower itself dangled, while the conversation, if such it can be called, became fluent and intimate.

She told him, in reply to questions, that her name was Nicole la Grace-de-Dieu, and that she came from Nogent-le-Rotrou in the Orleannais, or as good as in it—in, that is, when the French were in fettle, and out again when the English came up. She was one of the maids in the kitchen of The Stag, hired by the year for one hundred sols and a new gown at

Lady Day. She was affectionately disposed towards Simon Muschamp, who was one of the singing-men in the Church of Saint-Michel-le-Grand, and a great musician. He had promised to marry her when her year was up, and she believed that he would keep his word. She liked flowers as much as other girls did, but of course she had to be careful—and she was his humble servant.

"It is otherwise, far otherwise, beautiful Nicole," said Captain Brazenhead. "Listen now to me." Whereupon he told her as many surprising things about himself as he could remember or invent upon the spur of the moment. As for instance, he said that he was the seventh child of a seventh child, perilously born in the seventh month; that previously to his birth, his mother, a distant relative of the Sophy, had dreamed of basilisks at play in a flowery mead—a thing which had never happened to her before any of his six brothers saw the light; that he had been bred to arms from his youth up and had done feats on horseback and afoot which he hesitated to relate because of her youth and inexperience. He did, however, give her to understand that ladies had sighed for him, not always in vain; that perfumed gloves, for instance, had been wont to fall at his feet as he walked the streets of nights particularly in Italy, which he knew well. Ladders too, of silk, and of remarkable lightness and pliancy, had unfolded themselves from leafy balconies and invited him to romantic adventure more times than he could afford to remember. He had twice been to Avignon and saluted the Pope, once as vassal to lord, once—"but then he had affronted me, I own"—as man to man. The Court was no more strange to him than camp or bower. "Sir John Falstaff was my friend. I shared Harry with him, our late king whom God assail. The king that now is—royal imp of Windsor—how many times he hath jogged upon this knee I care not to say; more times than thou art years

old, maiden, belike." He clapped his hand to his heart, and opened his second eye upon the girl. "Battered, indifferent, wicked, hardy, deep in craft and counsel, unwearied in adventure—what I have been is all one. What I may be is before you, lady. Fortune calls; I see the white road of honor winding like a ribbon among the stony rocks. I go, I go, Fortune; for so it is decreed of all the Brazenheads. But I should be a recreant to the blood I boast did I either of two things—turn my back upon peril or my eyes away from a beauteous maid. I have touched you I see!" He had, it is true. Nicole wore a becoming blush and suffered an unquiet breast. "Ha!" he cried, "and a singing mouse seeks you to be his. Oh, bleater of anthems, beware of the soldier!" A little more of such eloquence was enough. With a promise from Nicole that she would wait upon him at supper, "if her mistress would permit her," Captain Brazenhead went blithely on his errands, if errands he had, in this good town of Bordeaux.

II

VI ET ARMIS

SIMON MUSCHAMP, the singing-man of Saint-Michel-le-Grand, proved to be a *rusé* youth of a pale and narrow cast of features, who said little, twiddled his thumbs, and watched that irritating and endless procession of them with moody satisfaction. He was a native of Brabant, out of place at Bordeaux, very much in the Captain's way when he chose to make an inconvenient appearance at the supper-table at which the fair Nicole had been invited to wait, and he had not. He drank the Captain's wine and (so to put it) did not allow the Captain to do more than hold his to the light. He was thus the cause of considerable constraint; for the lady was very prudent, and though prudence carried up to a point in affairs of gallantry is very *piquant*, carried beyond it, it's the

deuce. The Captain—spectacle of a good man struggling with calamity—did his best to bear off the thing with a high hand; he called Nicole his charmer and a Rose of Sharon, kissed her hand a dozen times; he was affable to Simon, asked for a specimen of his music, enquired into his affairs and promised to use his interest, hoped that he kept his health, and that his aged mother kept hers, was shocked to find that she was no more, and so on—nevertheless he found that Simon had a cold and critical eye, frequently upon him and always with disapproval, and a way of turning down the corners of his mouth, when the tale took a higher flight than usual, which tended to shut Nicole's rosy lips—wonderfully open before—to a kind of judicial primness, and, in short, "took the brine" out of our man like a flood of cold water.

Brine was a very necessary concomitant in the Brazenhead mixture. "I'm a savory ham, and that's a fact," he was accustomed to say, "but you might as well eat an egg without salt as souse the devil out before you enjoy me." A narrow rivalry irked him; he was by no means jealous, would have shared such favors as might be allotted and welcome; but he was not to be scared off by a singing-man, and when he reflected that in a day or so's time Pym might claim him for the road and Simon be left in serene possession, he felt prickles at the back of his neck, which meant that his hair in those parts was standing up, and was a bad sign.

He had found out in the course of an adventurous life that it was a mistake to deny yourself what was to be had for trouble, and was not long in coming at a short way of dealing with Simon. He intended him no bodily hurt at the moment, but was firmly of opinion that, for the sake of his own dignity, if Nicole was not to be his, neither might she be Simon's. "That upon which Brazenhead casts a favoring eye must be Brazenhead's or God's. If so be that I must

take the road along with my friend, warlike Pym, Simon must take it with me, and Nicole the veil. I am sorry for the girl, who struck my fancy, but she will not be the first to be scorched in my flame—ah, and shrivelled, the pretty moth! Alack that it should be so! But Cupid is a cruel god, as all poets know, whose way is over splintered rocks—and where is the lover that is not a poet? Not here”—he struck his chest—“no, not here, by Cock!”

Meditating these necessities, which, or some of which, are common to our nature, his surprise was high when Simon Muschamp waited upon him on a morning, and in the course of private conversation opened to him similar proposals. Simon was empowered to offer to his friend—if he might say so, and the Captain said that he might for the moment—a share in an adventure of peril to which he himself was bound; and he did so, he said, in the sure persuasion that Captain Brazenhead was one of those untiring champions of honor who would sooner refuse the sacrament than the chance of death in the open. When he had added that death was one alternative and life on a competence the other, he believed that all was said.

Captain Salomon, who had listened open-mouthed to this extraordinary preface, exclaimed here that all was by no means said. “As thus,—” he went on—“where are we for, little man?”

“With horse and arms, dear sir,” replied Simon, “into Provence.”

“And what do we do with our horses and arms in Provence?”

“We assist, under God, a lady of nobility and easy fortune in these parts—the Lady Sanchia des Baux, who is ward of the Bishop of Agde.”

“We go to Agde! We go to the South! And what is the grief of the Lady Sanchia, and what the grief of his lordship the Bishop?”

“That,” said Simon. “I am not yet allowed to tell you; but I may add that we go in armed strength into the Duchy of Savoy.”

Captain Brazenhead was confounded, nay, he was shocked. This singing-man would go armed into Savoy, levying war! His narrow eye would peer into the fleshless orbs of Death! Into the bitten eyes of dead and ruined men! Into the scared eyes of dead women! This throstle-pipe would leave “Jesu, dulcis memoria,” and try a trumpet-stave of “Ha, Saint Denis!” or “Ha, Mont-joie!”

He was stern with the singing-man. “Look you, Simon, I doubt your tale, and your mountains of Savoy. Pale weed, I have seen the Alps: white death there, Simon, and ice in the marrow of stouter men than thou! No, no. To the quire with thee, boy; prick songs, or souls, Simon, and leave the pricking of spears to thy betters!” His moustachios speared towards heaven, his eyebrows bent to meet them on the way. “And so much for thee, Simon,” said Captain Brazenhead, thinking so indeed; but the singing-man gently persisted.

“My tale is none the less true, sir. Soon we must depart.” The Captain threw up his head.

“And where do we go so soon?”

“We go to Agde, sir. To the castle of the Lord Bishop.”

“Your authority?” He snapped his words.

“My authority, sir, is a gentleman-at-arms.”

“Let me see this gentleman.”

“You shall, sir,” said Simon, and went out, and returned with Pym—Pym of the drooping eyelid. Captain Brazenhead was again confounded, and for the time capitulated. There was nothing more to be said. He was Pym’s, and Simon was Pym’s, and Nicole might take the veil as soon as she must. Thus the high Gods, wielding the world, wielded him and his along with it; but what had confounded a not easily confounded soldier was that Simon Muschamp had settled with Pym on his own account that very thing which was to have been settled for him. This sort of thing was outside experience,

and should have given a hint of this gentleman's quality.

Now, so free was Pym of his rose nobles, so efficient were his preparations that in a few days' time a respectable troop had been collected, mounted, armed, licked into a discipline of a kind, and was declared by Captain Brazenhead to be ready for the field. By "discipline" he meant that they would, none of them, run away so long as you were looking at them: no more. And "respectable" is, or may be, an adjective of number, and is so used here: in no other sense could it be applied to the force about to march to the assistance of the Bishop of Agde. "You have here, my Pym," the Captain had said frankly, "a score of the sorriest scoundrels in this broken realm of France. You have a coin-clipper, two Jews, three Andalusian half-castes, an unfrocked priest, and two men condemned to the hulks for robbing children on their way to church. If that pock-marked fellow on the bay is not a deserter from the English, then I don't know a horse from a mule; and as for your Gascons, let widows weep. They will talk themselves off this earth in four-and-twenty hours. Then your Simon. What do you make of Simon and his narrow face? Modesty! Too circumspect for me, and too careful of the way we are going. I have a thought that he knows it backwards and intends to test his knowledge. Several things incline me to think that Simon and I are to try a fall of wits together."

This was upon the road, some few leagues from Bordeaux, whence they had departed at the dawn of a fine summer's day, watched by the fair Nicole la Grace-de-Dieu. She, the cause of much that was to come, had stood upon the wall as they defiled through the landward gate; in her mouth the clove carnation of her wooing was twisting upon his stalk. And "Farewell, thou bright disaster!" Captain Brazenhead had cried to her—for he judged that much her due and his duty; and had waved his

hand. She had kissed hers for answer; but whether to the Captain or to Simon Muschamp nobody can say. It is certain that Simon scowled.

It would seem that the pretty figure she made up there—"like a wilding flower"—on the wall, with the sun on her face and hair, persisted and gave thoughts; for the Captain led the conversation to women and fond lovers more than once, and while he did not himself refer to Nicole he was careful that others should. All he ever said about her was in answer to some eulogy of Pym's: "She had a taking shape—that's all I know," was his commentary, and a fit of profound meditation the result of that. But it was from the moment when she kissed her hand, and Simon scowled, that the Captain began to keep the young man in his eye, and he soon saw that the youth's proceedings were not such as a man makes who has a week's journey in front of him. Nor were they those of a man who is out for a known stage of leagues, and sure of a night's rest for himself and his beast. Simon spared his horse, travelled light, and was careful of landmarks. He paused at the tops of hills, enquired into the names of villages, and refused entirely to accompany Captain Brazenhead in the pursuit of certain mallards with a goshawk. All these circumspect arrangements of the narrow-faced clerk did his rival mark and ponder.

But other serious matters claimed a part of his attention. Mr. Pym, free of Bordeaux, opened the whole of his commission, which, however little it is part of mine, I must summarise for the reader's convenience.

If the Lady Sanchia des Baux were a person of consequence, as, being heiress of a seigniori and last of a long, wicked and very noble line, she could hardly fail to be, she was, said Pym, rendered doubly consequential by the fact of her betrothal to a certain Prince, no other than the Count Philibert of Savoy, and trebly so, in his eyes, by her tutelage under the famous Bishop Stephen of Agde,

in whose service Pym was proud to acknowledge himself and proud to have enlisted his momentous friend. Such a lady then was the Lady Sanchia, who, waiting at her ripe age of sixteen years and a half until it should please Count Philibert to marry her, was stolen out of her rocky demesne by the red Count of Picpus and taken a prisoner God knows whither, to the scandal of all Christendom, the contempt of Holy Church, and the vexation of everybody in the world except Count Philibert. "Now he," said Pym, "being a man of forty years old and passably vicious—"

An interruption from Captain Brazenhead shows his knowledge of the world, of men, and of manners: "No, no, Pym," he said, with lifted hand, "you are wrong. I know the Prince; I met him in Milan before this century was begun. His vices are perfectly agreeable to his degree. He is of a reigning house, brother to a sovereign—ay, to a monarch. What in you might be deplorable, my poor Pym, or in me noteworthy, in Count Philibert, I assure you, is hardly remarkable." Pym was annoyed, and sawed the air to show that he was. "The thing is of no moment," continued his friend, "but yet—" "Of moment or not," cried Pym, "it is woundily inconvenient to condone a man's vices when I am about to tell you of his lady's perfections." "That is so," said Captain Brazenhead; "advance, my Pym."

The deed of dread was done, the young lady neatly, expeditiously, and immitigably ravished, said Pym; and Gernulf de Salas, Red Count of Picpus, was suspected of it. If Madame Sanchia was not in his stronghold of Picpus in Savoy, then many persons were liars, and some were fools. A priest, an old priest of Beaucaire, who served the Red Count for chaplain, had her tale in confession, had broken the faith he owed his master, and given himself the trouble to come down to Agde to warn the Bishop thereof. Now we were at the point. The Bishop, a warlike prelate, was

about to levy war upon Picpus; Pym, then serving him in an honorable capacity, was sent first to Burgundy, then to the English. From Burgundy he had had promises, from the English curses; but from the English, nevertheless (he rubbed his hands), he had got a jewel of price, when he got Captain Salomon Brazenhead, sometimes called The Great.

Captain Brazenhead, as he listened carefully to this tale, was not so sure that Pym had got him, as Pym seemed to be. There was much to be weighed in the adventure—and what interested him mostly in it, that to which he found his mind recurring again and again, was what was the present state of Les Baux itself, that fair seigniory, one of the noblest in Provence? Sat Picpus there in possession? He could hardly suppose so. Had he yet, as no doubt he intended, married Sanchia? If he had not—if he had not—The red blood rose singing up from Captain Brazenhead's heart and made his head spin round. So soon as he was recovered from his vertigo he interrogated Pym.

"This is a fine tale you tell me here," he said. "I should be hard shifted to better it. And so we are for Les Baux?"

"No, no," says Pym; "we go to Agde."

"*Peste!* But we take the road of Marseille, I suppose?"

"We do not," says Pym. "We take the road of Perpignan. Thence we ship. If you, an Englishman, are in a hurry for Heaven, you will enter the French King's country as soon as you can. In that case your road lies yonder. I am in no such hurry. I go to Orthez, thence to Pau in Béarn, and thence by the mountains, which are any man's land, into the country of the Count of Foix. Thence I ship for Agde."

"Doubtless you are right," said Captain Brazenhead; "but now tell me this. From Agde we go, as I suppose, to Picpus? Or are we perhaps too late? Is it possible that Picpus has possessed himself of the

Lady Sanchia—I mean by marriage? Or, again—”

“You ask too many questions,” said Pym testily. “From Agde we by no means go to Picpus, but to Coneo in Savoy, to the Count Philibert. Do you think that Lords, Bishops, and Princes in alliance levy war like little pirates—so that the first declaration of hostilities you have is the slitting of your windpipe? If the Lord Bishop of Agde has been ten years learning of the tale, may he not be as many months righting of the wrong, in a nobleman’s manner? Friend, you know better.”

“Maybe that I do,” said Brazenhead calmly, “yet there is much to be said for the more ancient plan.”

“When the Count and the Bishop have joined forces, a summons of outlawry will be sent to Picpus with heralds and a papal nuncio. Protocols will be exchanged, ambassadors accredited; there will be a conference—”

“In the meantime, the Count of Picpus will have a Countess of Picpus, and the Seigniory of Les Baux, and, I should say, a young Count of Picpus in arms ready to be weaned.”

“You judge by the staple of ordinary Christians,” said Pym, “but not so are princes to be measured. The Count of Picpus has gone to Rome to sue for a divorce from the Lady Blanchmains, his wife. It is very seldom that a gentleman of his degree can be wedded at a moment’s notice. He has had three wives already.”

“Has he so indeed?” says Brazenhead, and asked no more questions. Indeed, he fell into a fit of musing which lasted him until the halt for dinner was sounded upon the horn.

But for all this and that, he never failed to keep one eye upon the dubious proceedings of Simon Muschamp, the pale singing-man, whose narrow face seemed too anxious for the steel sallet which adorned it.

III

HUE AND CRY AFTER SIMON

THAT desolate country of salt marsh, swamp, and cranes, which begins soon after you leave Bordeaux, delighted Captain Brazenhead when he had shaken off the effects of the tale he had heard. It afforded him abundant opportunities for the flying of his goshawk, in which he was aided by such of his companions as he found to his taste. Simon Muschamp would never have been one of these, but, had he been, he would have declined the sport. That circumspect young man was ever at the tail of the company, walking his horse and spying at the set of the country, until within a league or two of the monastery of Belinles-Fossés, when its tall belfry could be seen reddening to the western sun. Then indeed he pricked forward to the van, and was observed to be in close and intimate conversation with Pym—“old tallow-eye,” as Captain Brazenhead called him in allusion to his infirmity.

The upshot of this dangerous commerce with a narrow-faced man was as painful to Pym as it was expected by his friend. The monks had been hospitable, the supper abundant, the wine beyond reproach. Captain Brazenhead, having seen to the bedding of his horse, was about to consider his own: in fact, he was as good as asleep, when he was aroused by a most dreadful howling—as of a hound with uplifted head pouring forth his complaint to the full moon. Even this would not have hurt the Captain; “Damn the dog,” would have settled him off again,—but there was more. His blanket was plucked off him, his shoulder was gripped as by claws of steel. “Lady of Graces!” he cried, and sat up. There, by the light of the swinging lantern, he saw Pym before him, Pym with his gray locks flying wild, Pym with his unhampered eye a-stare, and his other under its sheath glimmering whitely.

“Help me! They rob! Pillage!

To the thief! To the thief!" These were Pym's words, roared blankly into the vague—and his actions suited them. He seemed not to know what he was doing with his arms. Captain Brazenhead rose up and girt on his sword.

"Simon Muschamp?" he asked, and needed no answer. "Then I have him," said he, and went down the ladder.

As he was saddling, Pym told him all. Simon had been absent from supper, but so good had been the cheer that no one had observed it. "You are wrong, man. I noticed it," said Brazenhead, and then asked, "He has your treasure?"

"He has it all."

"Why did you entrust him with it, my friend?" Pym hung his head.

"I will tell you the whole of my infatuation, Captain," said he, full of shame. "That close rogue led me to believe that you had designs upon it—"

"Damn him, and he was right," said the Captain to himself.

"—and that it would be safe only with him, since you knew him for a declared enemy, and you would never touch him."

"And there," said the Captain, "Simon was wrong. Touch him! I'll eat him!"

The Convent bell sounded. "Mamins," said Brazenhead—"an hour past midnight—" He opened the stable door—"and three hours moon to come. Pym!" he said, "your hand. Expect me at Perpignan. I know my road." Pym was in tears.

"God will reward you, noble Salomon."

"That is my confident expectation," said the Captain. "All turns out for the best. Farewell." And he rode out of the monastery gates and took the road to Bordeaux. His horse, pricking up his ears, was well content that it should be so. He went through the sand on a light and easy canter which was a delight to his rider. Captain Brazenhead began to sing.

No need to trace his steps, nor

listen to his music. He entered Bordeaux one of the first, and joyfully hailed the warder of the gate as an old acquaintance. Hardly a soul was in the streets, hardly a chimney smoked; the watchmen sat in their boxes deeply asleep, and the lanterns, still alight, swung garishly upon their chains. He went at walking pace down the Rue de la Ferrière: no signs of life there. He turned into the stable yard, dismounted there, and, going to pick the lock of the stable with the point of his sword, found that job already done for him. "Oho! run aground, Simon!" said he: and it was so. In the stable, all in a muck of lather and sweat, stood a roan horse. "Now by Cock and his Father!" said the Captain, "there's a sorry knave to be trusted with a horse. O Simon, Simon, if thou art not soon even as this good beast, may it go hard with me at the Last Day!" He was careful to rub down his own animal: he even went the length of covering Simon's with a blanket before he thought of his coming happiness. These things done, he went into the house, his boots in his hand.

All outer windows were shuttered, but within, a light directed him towards the kitchen. That light shone, as he knew very well, through a window which opened upon a passage. It was used as a buttery hatch in the daytime. Standing in the passage in the dark suited the Captain very well; for he could see and not be seen. He put down his boots, crept up to the window, peered cautiously round the corner, being careful that the candle should throw no shadow of him on the wall—and saw what he saw.

Simon sat at ease by the table, the remains of a meal before him; leg-bones of chickens, a knuckle of ham, chewed artichoke, crumbs of cheese, an onion, and a crust of bread. A jug stood there, a glass half full. By his side was a leather bag tied with a lace. His sword was off, his doublet was unfastened, his feet were on a stool, he leaned against the

wall and picked his teeth. His countenance expressed complacency and indifference to suffering; a smile hovered over his lips, his eyebrows lifted up and down. When he was not engaged with his toothpick he whistled, and when he did not whistle he fell again to his excavations. Before him, in a drooping attitude, stood, or rather, hung, Nicole the fair—Nicole la Grace-de-Dieu—her face between her hands; and by the sudden motion of her shoulders it was to be seen that she was crying. All else about her betrayed a hasty summons from her bed; her slippers were on bare feet, or partly on, her hair was stuck up with one hairpin, her petticoat was awry, her bodice a shift. But the Captain had no eye for such things; the sight of a girl in tears sent the blood to his head. Before he knew what he was about, he had swung open the window with a blow of his fist, vaulted through the opening, and clasped Nicole in his arms. The maid shrieked, and Simon backed artfully to the wall. "Ha, dog and dog's son," said Captain Brazenhead, "if that wall could speak it would cry out against thee. But there is no need for testimony when Brazenhead is at hand. Fellow, prepare for thy last hour on earth."

He kissed Nicole's wet cheek, and set her down. Sword in hand he advanced to the miserable Simon. "Sir, sir," said that wretch, "let us reason together." And the Captain paused. He could reason as well as any man; but was this a time?

His sword was shaking in his hand as if he were meditating where he might best strike; but, as a truth, he was meditating no such matter. He was reflecting that Simón might be useful to him, and could not in any case be left in Bordeaux alive. The question then was, was it wise to maim a man whom you must take with you on an expedition of length and delicacy? Would it encourage Simon to be loyal and discreet? On the other hand, Simon had behaved to Nicole as no man

could be allowed to behave unscathed. Simon must therefore be chastised, but not, he thought, wounded with the sword. He returned the weapon to its sheath, and asked Nicole to get him some stout cords. When she was gone, he addressed his expectant victim as follows:

"Thou seest, singing-mouse, how dangerous it is to meddle in matters too high for thee. Happier hadst thou been quavering *Pange lingua* in thy tuneful minor than riding afield with Free Routiers and Companions of the Road. Yet since—to be very plain with thee, Simon—thou didst bring back my body to the place where I had left my heart, and spare me, moreover, the irksomeness of that burden of which it had been all along my intention to relieve old Tallow-Eye, I am content to spare thee what thou didst design as a buffet at me. Not for those things am I about to chastise thee, Simon, but for that thou didst without the Fear of God before thine eyes deal ungentlemanly with the fair Nicole, disturbing her slumbers, causing her to array her beauteous person negligently and slatternly, causing her to serve thy trifling meals, and to stand—she a courted maid of degree—while thou, singing-man, didst sit dallying with thy pronged fork at thy false teeth; ah, *proh pudor!* and causing her to weep upon my account with thy dastard's news of my death at thy ridiculous hands—the which last is a very abominable fact, and will enrol thy name in the company of Elymas the sorcerer, and of Judas Iscariot, that most false treasurer,—unless I sift thee as wheat, Simon,—unless I thoroughly purge thy floor,—unless I scorch and frizzle and fry the vice out of thee."

Nicole entering here with his needs, he thanked her and sent her away, lest, as he said, more shame was laid upon the man's shoulders than the man's shoulders could bear. She went, and Captain Brazenhead very heartily belabored Simon for near a quarter of an hour, tanning his hide and dusting his jacket at one

and the same time. That done, he trussed him like a turkey—his hands behind his back, his knees and ankles together; he gagged him with a napkin and bound him up in a tablecloth; he hoisted him on his shoulder and carried him up into the loft, where he laid him away upon a shelf as if he had been so much kitchen stuff put by until the winter—a side of pork or a half sheep salted. "Move, Simon, my son," he said, "and thou fallest, and thy neck must break. Move not, and thou mayest sleep at ease. At nightfall I will come for thee, and thou shalt take

the road again—this time in a gentleman's service." Returning to the house, he put the bag of rose nobles inside his doublet and buttoned it up. It bulged at his side like a serious wen, and was not comfortable, but, as he said, there were ways of easing that which would be used soon enough. It was a far cry, he knew, from Bordeaux to Les Baux, and that was where his fancy led him.

Meantime he sought the chambers of the house, and, finding one empty, lay upon the bed, and slept like any patriarch of Ephesus.

(To be continued)

AMERICANS IN LONDON

By HESTER RITCHIE



Men in all ages have ever loved to compare, to discuss, and to analyze the differences existing between foreign countries and their own, and criticism if legitimate should interest people in one another instead of alienating them by dwelling upon divergencies.

"When the mind is really critical, it enjoys the greatest number of things," has been said, and true criticism ought to enable us to discover reasons for concord and agreement, although it must be confessed that the prevalent tendency of modern thought is to disintegrate and to exaggerate points of difference.

However, the task before me does not require that we should fortify ourselves with considerations of philosophical standards as to how neighbors should judge each other, nor happily for the writer is it necessary to discuss the industrial and political situations of England and the United States. My little article has

to do with American visitors to London, who, as far as I can see, bring with them a certain amount of antecedent sympathy, so that my difficulties are simplified, and it becomes both easy and interesting to write of those who come from the United States to visit us in our island.

It certainly would seem natural that English and Americans, these two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, should be friends in intellectual sympathies and interests—we have many meeting grounds, and many links which bind us, and though politicians may not admit it, these do constitute a bond.

Americans have not only become our welcome visitors, but so many English go to America that the information they bring back tends to increase our understanding of what the United States is really like. And besides these accounts, the impressions that we derive over here from our American friends are, I am convinced, true to the inner characteristics of the nation, and this perhaps does not make it quite so presumptuous of me who have never

been to the United States to write of Americans.

It is encouraging to all who are hoping to make the journey now, to remember how great an event crossing the Atlantic was thought to be only fifty years ago. At that time any one going over was looked upon as daringly enterprising, and was considered by his friends to be about to plunge into the unknown; and the traveller himself did not disguise his feelings of responsibility on venturing to the new world, so far away and so different from all that was familiar. Not only was America unknown, but so also its inhabitants, so much so that it was necessary for Dickens to explain in "Martin Chuzzlewit" that La Fayette Kettle, Hannibal Chollop, General Cyrus Choke, etc., therein depicted, were not to be considered as types of the nation, but were to be looked upon as what Mr. Pecksniff and Chevy Slyme are to the English—single, erratic individuals, not characteristic of the race. The controversy this raised is now dead, but it is amusing to observe that the more intellectual of our middle-life school of critics complain of the want of moral dignity in Dickens's presentation of Mr. Pickwick.

The reason for going abroad and leaving that customary fireside to which the words of the poet might be applied,

With all thy faults I love thee still,

is a difficult one to find. According to Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," where much amusing and cynical speculation on the ethics of travelling is given, Inquisitiveness and Curiosity are the cause of all pleasure-journeying and seeing the world.

At the first start this may be true, but it does not carry us very far. Inquisitiveness and curiosity, if they do not lead to sympathetic understanding and respect, end logically in opposite feelings, and no one would go a second time to a strange country and stop there longer than was necessary, for the sake of in-

dulging in sentiments of critical dislike. Every country which attracts visitors from afar must feel the tacit compliment that is paid to it.

The Englishman, though he may not think it, is (like the Chinese) ruled by the ancient traditions and customs of his country, from which he never really frees himself, and by which he is always more or less influenced. The American, on the other hand, who is not bound down by such inheritances, obtains a greater freedom and power of action, which give him strength as well as independence, and it is impossible not to acknowledge this power of youth and liberty. M. Brunetière, in an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, describes a visit he paid to the United States. He exclaims over the beauties and advantages of a new civilization, and says:

Ayant plus de jeunesse en Amerique, la civilisation, le pays, le climat même y étant plus neufs, on respire plus largement, on se meut plus librement, on vit plus indépendamment qu'ailleurs. C'est un privilege de l'age; l'avenir dira s'il peut se transformer en un caractère de race!

When Americans come over to England one cannot but be struck by their ease and absence of all self-consciousness. In their manner one also finds more cordiality, simplicity and frankness than is customary with us, as well as less reserve. Artificial prejudice and arbitrary convention do not oblige them to hide their powers and disguise their thoughts, and this sincerity certainly gives great charm to intercourse with them.

Americans, superficial or otherwise, possess the art of conversation to a very remarkable degree; they know how to express themselves and to give form and shape to their thoughts. Their knowledge of our Europe puts us to shame—how well they know their Paris, their Rome, their Berlin!

"Your London is so immense,

"your country so small," was the happy description of England given the other day over a teacup by an American visitor lately arrived, who then recounted how on landing at Liverpool the traveller is whirled by train to the metropolis, passing in rapid succession through a variety of classic places, and important towns, to arrive in the capital to find a huge, enormous city with each of its different quarters separated by vast distances which could only be reached by driving and driving. London has been well described by Oliver Wendell Holmes, as "a nation of something like four million inhabitants."

This immenseness is perhaps one of London's chief charms, for above all things it appeals to the imagination and the traveller is bound to feel baffled if he arrives with a preconceived idea of what it is like, as a whole, though parts no doubt will correspond to his expectations. London has to make itself felt, its vastness renders it beyond description, and what is true for instance of the Tower Hamlets, would have no truth in connection with Mayfair. London has no scheme, no settled plan, it is gloriously erratic, "the dreadful, delightful city," as Henry James somewhere writes of it.

An American friend told me the other day that in London she felt more at home than in any of the other capitals of Europe. She interested me by dwelling as a specially characteristic feature upon the many front doors which meet the eye, and she said these helped to produce a sense of friendliness and welcome. In the cities of the United States the front door does not, according to my friend, play such a prominent part; and in London the feeling of comfort and of home life, which these streets of dwelling-houses suggest, is made all the stronger by the contrast to the roaring thoroughfares and to the apparently almost inhuman jostling of the people hurrying by, intent upon their work.

James Russell Lowell, who for

years was American Minister to England, compares the flow of life in the streets to the tides of the sea, and says this gives him an agreeable stimulus, even if it prompts to nothing. He writes: "I love to stand in the middle of the park and forget myself in that dull roar of ever-circulating life which bears a burden to the song of the thrush I am listening to. It is far more impressive than Niagara, which has nothing else to do, and can't help itself. In this vast torrent all the drops are men."

In another letter, Lowell says:—"London I like beyond measure; the wonderful movement of life acts as a constant stimulus. The climate also suits me better than any I ever lived in. I have only to walk a hundred yards from my door to see green grass and hear the thrushes sing all the winter long. These are a constant delight, and I sometimes shudder to think of the poor dead weeds and grasses I have seen shivering in the cast-iron earth at home. But I shall come back to them, to comfort them out of my own store of warmth with as hearty a sympathy as ever."

Lowell describes also how from London he has learnt the advantage to be gained from having one great capital. "This," he says, "establishes one set of weights and measures, moral as well as intellectual, for the whole country." He is struck too, by English civilization, and remarks that in some respects he has seldom found so high a level; but that, on the other hand, "in plain living and high thinking," America has the advantage; and that he has never enjoyed such agreeable society, on the whole, as that which he met at the Saturday Club.

The greatest drawback to London is the fogs, which, during the winter months, have a way of suddenly descending and enveloping all in mist; they will range in colour from brilliant orange to the blackest black. A fog will last from one to three days, during which time artificial

light has to be kept burning more often than not all through the day, and the Londoner's existence, as can be imagined, is rendered far from agreeable. Not only is he unable to see for the gloom, but the nauseous fumes of the fog contaminate the air, so that breathing becomes disagreeable and the eyes smart and burn. Indeed, the prevalence of fogs during November and December sometimes justifies the epigram of the wit who declared that "London, on a fine day, was like looking up a chimney, and on a foul day, like looking down one."

Lowell is charitable to this curse of London, and writes in a letter: "To-day we are having a yellow fog, and that always enlivens me, it has such a knack of transfiguring things. It flatters one's self-esteem, too, in a recondite way, promoting one for the moment to that exclusive class which can afford to wrap itself in a golden seclusion. It is very picturesque also. Even the cabs are rimmed with a halo, and people across the way have all that possibility of suggestion which piques the fancy so in the figures of fading frescoes. Even the grey, even the black fogs make a new, unexplored world not displeasing to one who is getting palled with familiar landscapes."

English scenery is described by him in words that must be quoted: "I do love this unemphatic landscape, which suggests but never defines, in which so much license is left to conjecture and divination, as when one looks into the mysterious beyond." In this same letter he dwells with affection upon the haze, by which we natives are apt to be a little depressed, and comparing it to the clear atmosphere of America, he declares: "It softens and civilizes (perhaps I should say, artistically generalizes) all it touches, like the slower hand of time. It does in a moment what the other is too long about for the brevity of our lives."

Motley sums up the country near London in an epigram: "There is nothing in the world like the pastoral

scenery of English wood and dale and hill, the very perfection of commonplace."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, too, has his friendly word: "How thoroughly England is groomed!" he exclaims. "Our New England out-of-doors landscape often looks as if it had just got out of bed, and had not finished its toilet. The glowing green of everything strikes me—green hedges in place of our rail fences, always ugly, and our rude stone walls, which are not wanting in a certain look of fitness approaching to comeliness, and are really picturesque when lichen-coated, but poor features of landscape as compared to these universal hedges."

Hawthorne, on the contrary, is not favorably impressed. He gives vent to the belief that the English and Americans are antipathetic. "It is very queer," he says, "the resolute quizzing of our manners, when we are really and truly much better figures, and with much better capacity of polish for drawing-room or dining-room than they [the English] are. I had been struck on my arrival at Smithell's Hall by the very rough aspect of these John Bulls in their morning garb, their coarse frock-coats, gray hats, checked trousers and stout shoes. At dinner it was not at first easy to recognize the same individuals in their white waistcoats, muslin cravats, their black coats with silk facing, perhaps. But after awhile you see the same rough figure through all the finery, and become sensible that John Bull cannot make himself fine, whatever he may put on. He is a rough animal, and his female is well adapted to him."

Hawthorne is somewhat severe and arbitrary when, visiting Chester, he remarks, "an American must always have imagined a better cathedral than this!" About London his feelings are, that there never was a "dingier, uglier, less picturesque city"; but in the end he is somewhat mollified and does praise St. Paul's and some of our other prin-

cial buildings. The English painter Turner, against whom he has a special grudge, he finally allows to have merits "for those who can appreciate his genius."

However, one cannot help feeling some compassion, for in his journal Hawthorne chronicles one black fog after another, accompanying him on this visit; and it must also be mentioned that at moments he does become less severe. A bright event is when he meets Coventry Patmore, who, he says, "appeared to estimate highly his American fame, and also our general gift of quicker and more subtle recognition of genius than the English public."

Of the statue of Wellington, which formerly stood on a classical arch at Hyde Park Corner, but now embellishes Aldershot, Hawthorne speaks with respect, and remarks that it has "both a stately and imposing effect." Motley's amusing description of this same statue seems to me far more sympathetic. It is to be found in a letter to Mrs. Motley describing what dining-out in London is like, at the height of the season, and how the Duke of Wellington, mounted upon his horse, "a comical and colossal erection," always seems to him "to tower above Belgravia as the presiding genius of dinner parties, marshalling with his baton the way that so many thousands are to go to table."

Let us hope Hawthorne's antagonism to England is not the general feeling of Americans, and that they will save our blushes by charitably comparing it to Dr. Johnson's dislike of Scotland and the Scotch.

The list of the American friends of England, if the term is used in the sense of those who by their writing have influenced English character, would be a very long one. Who that has read "Huckleberry Finn" does not feel that Mark Twain is a friend, and a more welcome one because the things he tells us about are beyond the range of the personal experience of readers whose only idea of a river is the solemn Thames?

The great triumvirate, Emerson, Holmes and Lowell, must be mentioned. It is an amusing speculation whether, if Emerson had not been the inhabitant of a continent divided from us by the breadth of the Atlantic, his relations with Carlyle would not have been less serene than they were. Lowell and Holmes I seem in a way to have known, though the former I only saw, and listened to, and watched, as children do; while the latter I never even saw, but I have heard so much about them both from others, that I think of them partly as living persons, partly as heroes of legend. What these three wrote and said of England may well be a matter of pride to us, for they had personal knowledge of our character, and knowing and liking us, could justly criticise.

To know a thing one must care for it, one must be in sympathy with it, and then secrets and treasures will be revealed which the indifferent will never find out. This is true both of town and country in England; of the men and women in villages and in townlets, in cathedral closes, in its busy northern workshops, in its seaports and havens. And it is true also of the mysterious, reserved, diffident, self-conscious English character. It will generally be found that the Englishman's alleged harshness and inhospitality towards strangers is the complaint of those who have seen only enough to be unfavorably influenced by externals, and have not had opportunity to realize the essentials. No doubt there is a certain complacency in the excuses which the English make for themselves, but will not Americans think we are justified by the verdict of Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes? And this is, I imagine, the verdict also of those of their countrymen who know us. A very great proof of the esteem and real sympathy binding the two countries is to be seen by any one entering Westminster Abbey, where in the Poets' Corner among the monuments to England's greatest authors and poets, in a place

of honour, close to the monument of Dryden, is the life-size bust by Brock of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which was erected two years after his death as a tribute to the poet from his English admirers. Oliver Wendell Holmes, after a visit to the Abbey, writing of this, says that it was with a thrill of pleasure that he recognized "the features of his native fellow-countryman, in the Valhalla of his ancestral fellow-countrymen."

James Russell Lowell, also, is commemorated by us in the Abbey: in the gallery leading to the Chapter House are three very beautiful windows to his memory. The subjects of the glass are from his own poems, and the design is completed by the arms of England and America. Underneath is a tablet with a medallion of the poet, and by the side of it hangs a withered laurel wreath sent from America, which ever since the memorial was erected has hung in the same place; mention should also be made of a pile of cards deposited by Americans, who have visited the spot. The noble figure of Mr. Bayard is still present to the remembrance of those, among whom I had the good fortune to be, who were at the unveiling of the monument to Mr. Lowell, which owed its origin to the initiation of his English friends, men such as Lecky, Leslie Stephen, and George Meredith.

Lowell himself had been one of the original promoters of the Dean Stanley Memorial in the "incomparable" Chapter House,—six windows of painted glass representing various incidents connected with the history of the Abbey. The eastern window was presented by the late Queen Victoria and the south window by Americans as a token of their sympathy and esteem.

Close to the statue of Lord Shaftesbury, a tablet records the fact that the body of the American philanthropist, George Peabody, whose name is a household word,

lay there for a month "in state" before removal to America. The juxtaposition is appropriate, because Peabody, who did so much for the London poor, was helped and supported in his enterprise by Lord Shaftesbury, who had been indirectly concerned with the "Peabody gift" for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. This generous scheme took effect in 1864, and the first block of buildings was built in Spitalfields and was speedily followed by many others. We have expressed our gratitude and recognition of the great work of Peabody by erecting a life-size statue to him outside the northeast end of the Royal Exchange.

The "Roll Call of Westminster Abbey" records that it is to the researches and work of Colonel Samuel Chester, an American, that we are indebted for the printed registers of the Church, that is to say no one before him had done a much needed piece of work—namely, the putting in order, collecting and arranging the records of the baptisms, marriages, and burials celebrated within the Abbey and its precincts. It is strange that we English should have had to wait for this until thirty years ago, when Colonel Chester took the matter in hand and published his valuable volume—to which he added important genealogical and biographical notes. We read that Colonel Chester devoted his life and his fortune to this work, and died comparatively speaking poor and unknown in London, the book which bears his name being the only reward of his industry. A tablet to his memory was placed in the Abbey by Dean Bradley.

I cannot end my article better than with a sentiment from the much-loved Autocrat of the Breakfast Table: "Happy are those who go with unworn, unsatiated sensibilities from the New World to the Old; as happy, it may be, as those who come from the Old World to the New."

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI

A PIONEER AMONG WOMEN PHYSICIANS

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER



THE other day I read a letter of mine written in 1871—nearly thirty-six years ago—in which I vented a youthful resentment at what I thought an unappreciative public reference to a just published essay by a young American woman. I said that I had “great respect and considerable contempt” for the periodical in which the criticism appeared; and I added that I thought the article needed no defence, for it “was one of the ablest ever printed in an American magazine.”

I have just been looking again at that article; and, bearing in mind all the essays that have appeared in all the magazines which have sprung up, stayed up, and passed down since, and not being sure, either, whether or not all its conclusions will bear the test of time, I still am inclined to think that this same essay is “one of the ablest ever printed in an American magazine.” It was published in the old *Scribner's*, the predecessor of the *Century*, for August, 1871, and entitled “Some of the French Leaders: The Provisional Government of the Fourth of September.” The young woman who wrote it was “Mary C. Putnam, M.D.” It is hard to see how any one can read it without being impressed by its intellectual grasp; its clarity; its grim and elucidating wit. Of a certain all too literary statesman—an imitator of Lamartine,—the essayist remarks: “He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned

to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.” And again—delightfully—he “was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.” Of a prominent general she cuttingly declared: “A man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs”; note that she says rarely—not always. Then she adds, concerning the general: “It was . . . unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might at the most important moment find himself paralyzed by the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.” On a philosophic leader she tersely commented, “His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything.” Of her description of this same philosopher I must quote another characteristic passage:

“This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Royer-Collard; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism and Pantheism; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be

not only unshaken, but unshakable; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil; this reduction of faith to a social convention; this hatred of living ideas because of their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland."

The writing of this young woman seems to me more than brilliant. It has sterling qualities beneath the surface. Her story, "A Sermon at Notre Dame," published still earlier, in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for 1869, gives one the impression not merely of keen observation and clear and illuminating expression, but of the rarer trait of imagination.

If these and other writings of hers on subjects not medical thus impress the reader, is it not fair to infer that, had it not been for her stronger drawings in another direction, our literature might have been enriched by writings of great exactness and reach of thought; of wit that cut to the quick; and having traits of thorough scholarship, of imagination, of human sympathy?

While working in Paris at her medical studies, she received an invitation from her beloved father to send frequent articles to his magazine. Her answer showed that she felt in herself ample capacity for literary expression; and full ability to respond worthily to the trustful invitation; though not with the frequency which he at first desired. She had, by coincidence, at the very moment sent him an article which she wished to see published; and in answer to his letter she laid down a scheme for half a dozen important papers; a scheme which showed a most mature and advanced view of current tendencies of life and thought.

Though unflinchingly contemplating eighteen months of work in this direction, without interruption to her medical studies, her modesty induced her to express, along with her sufficient fondness for writing, her sense of lack of confidence in her own powers, and, what I find more significant, "a real dread of becoming a 'literary physician.'" Such men, said she in writing to her father, "are never worth anything for medicine or science."

Whether she was right or wrong about "literary physicians"—and perhaps she may have modified her opinion on this subject later, in view of certain apparent exceptions,—at any rate, notwithstanding her then desire and intention to write, and thus "supplement her income," she certainly was more strongly drawn to medicine than to letters; and we can only guess how much she might have attained if she had given her heart solely or largely to essay and fiction. Perhaps we lost an essayist of rank; perhaps a writer of American romance of the learning and high seriousness of George Eliot. This can never be known.

It is for others to say what were her attainments in her deliberately chosen field. Of this last I cannot expertly judge, though I may be able, as a layman, to detect some of the traits that marked her character—traits which showed in what she did actually perform in *belles-lettres*; traits which influenced her choice of her life-work, and which throughout distinguished her rare personality.

In reading some of her intimate letters to her family, as I have had the privilege of doing, and remembering her as I knew her, I recognize in Mary Putnam Jacobi—what those who knew her closest felt most deeply—a dedication to the work of helping her fellow-mortals. There was not a touch of sentimentality about her, and there was little or nothing of self-consciousness in this dedication; but her sentiment for humanity, I think, was her very life. Her kindness to individuals,—some of us know well

how deep, how patient, how thorough was that,—the helping hand to him who needed it then and there,—this was only a naturally recurring manifestation of the large, embracing helpfulness. She would help her neighbor, she would, according to her convictions, serve her sex, in the same spirit in which, with the glance of imagination, she would seek to help her race. And all these things she would do, in a womanly way, in the spirit of exact scholarship, in the method of science, quietly, persistently,—with intense and remorseless application.

It was not merely that she herself might have the solid basis for a scientific career that she braved the unknown dangers of a pioneer in the strange world of Paris.

In a letter to her "dearest little mother," written in January, 1868, she says: "How foolish to dream that man lives by anything but ideas! Where these are, everything is life; where they are absent, everything is monotony, ennui, and death. . . . I believe I told you of receiving a letter from an unknown lady, who expressed the greatest interest in my medical enterprise and desire to see me. I went, the other evening. She is a little artist, evidently poor, living with a charming elderly cousin in a disagreeable part of the city, evidently quite in the shady side of life. But an abstract idea like that of social reform by the superior education of women was like food and drink to her; she talked much and well; she rejoiced in seeing a person who was carrying out the idea, as in old times hidden scholars rejoiced in meeting each other by stealth and conferring on secrets unfit for the appreciation of the world."

And what a plucky, pathetic little figure it was—this new Jeanne d'Arc, fighting the battle not only of her own intellectual needs, but also the battle and the cause of the woman-physician, in the Paris of the late sixties of the nineteenth century. Here is what Clarence Cook wrote to the New York *Tribune* about it,—

mentioning no name, mark you, for he knew the girl too well:

"The first application was made to a certain Professor for permission to enter his dissecting room. The request, made through a friend, was granted. Miss — thought herself happy, when, lo! a letter comes saying that Professor S. had taken it for granted that Miss — would attend the classes in men's clothes. Down went the plucky little American heart to its owner's heels. Men's clothes! The thought had never entered her head. The next day she saw the Professor, or one she took for him, passing across the court. She walked up to him and introduced herself, saying that she understood he wished to speak to her."

The good Professor, it seemed, was thinking of the precedent of an English lady, an artist, who had wished to study anatomy, and had been admitted in men's attire. At this, the little American "lady looked up from her short five feet to his towering six, and, throwing out her arms, exclaimed: 'Why, Monsieur, look at my littleness! Men's clothes would only exaggerate it; I should never be taken for a man, and the objection to mixing with the students would be increased a hundred fold.' Struck by her earnestness and her simplicity, the good Professor—for the rest, a famous man—at once gave her the permission she demanded. Still, this was not the medical school, and that was her aim. What, then, was her delight when one day the same Professor said to her, 'But, why don't you enter the school?' 'But, Sir, that I am told is impossible!' 'By no means. Make your application. It will be granted.' And, for sequel, there she sits to-day, on the bench with two young men, passing the fourth examination, and sailing past her companions in the race, as if she were born to the water, and they were canary-birds."

How generously and delicately this brave girl-adventurer was treated by the students and the faculty

of those days,—let this never be forgotten, to the honor of all the Frenchmen who then studied and taught in this great school. Let this be remembered, along with the story of the scholarly triumphs of the earnest young creature herself; her winning of the highest commendations bestowed upon successful students. "Of course," she wrote to her mother, "I have met with opposition to going to some places, the lectures, and certain clinics at the largest hospitals. But wherever I have been received it has always been on the most agreeable footing. I receive a certain special treatment, composed of the frankness with which a physician generally treats his students, the deference and politeness due to a woman, and the consideration accorded to a rather small person in a very large place where he has to encounter many difficulties. I find this composite reception exceedingly charming." In the same letter, written in 1867, she spoke—and it is pleasant to preserve the record—of "the uninterrupted happiness" that had been granted to her

"for the first twenty-four years" of her life.

As I have said, she was doing it not for her own fame solely; not merely for the sake of the honorable name she bore; not with prescience of the other honorable name which later was to be linked with her own. She was, almost without knowing it, from the beginning, strengthened, sustained, inspired by that sentiment of altruism which grew with her years, and which was the profound motive of her entire career—a career as successful and renowned as it was generous and beautiful in spirit. Mary Putnam Jacobi—one of the nobilities, one of the ideals of our latter times; a name and a fame uniquely significant, but to be happily grouped in memory and honor with Alice Freeman Palmer, with Josephine Shaw Lowell, and the like of them living and dead; and, on the side of citizenship, with the name of him (the lifelong associate of her eminent companion), the great orator, leader, statesman, Carl Schurz,—who, but a little while before her, passed into the company of the immortals.

"ONE ROSE OF SONG"

IN MEMORY OF M. P. J.

ONE rose of song
For one sweet deed
On her grave I fling.
But, O, how can I sing
When she takes no heed!

My rose of song
For a fragrant deed
Though she takes no heed
Still I must bring.

Though she needs no praise,
Though she hears not my song
On her journey long
In the new strange ways,—
O still must I sing,
My rose I must fling,
Just to ease my heart
Of the sorrow and smart.

In a far-off land
She stretched forth her hand
To me and to mine.
And now, for a sign,
This song I sing
And this rose I bring.

Though she take no heed
On her journey long,
Yet a soul shall hear,
Some soul shall take heed,
And the rose and the deed,
They shall sow their seed.

R. W. GILDER.

JANUARY 7, 1907.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By JOSEPH V. QUARLES

FROM the volume of addresses by members of the Phantom Club from which we reprinted, last December, Mr. George R. Peck's paper, "The Kingdom of Light," we take, by permission of the author, Judge Quarles of Milwaukee, the following address on Abraham Lincoln. Prepared for delivery on Lincoln's birthday, it is equally timely and appropriate in the month of the great President's death. The author—like Mr. Peck—is a lawyer by profession. Since his retirement from the United States Senate, in 1905, he has held the post of Federal Judge for the Eastern District of Wisconsin.—THE EDITORS.



THE day of Lincoln's birth, so full of promise to the world, aroused no suspicion at the time that it would be memorable in the world's annals. The place where he was born was a lonesome clearing in Kentucky—the traditional "four corners and a blacksmith shop." There were no happy auguries, no Bethlehem star, no Wise Men from the East. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything more than a scant welcome awaited the child whose renown was destined to fill the world. The sun, looking down through the wintry clouds, revealed a wretched cabin that was doing its best to shelter the family of a luckless frontiersman whose life was a continuous struggle for existence. Such was the environment into which Abraham Lincoln was born.

After a few years this pioneer family, like Virgil's hero, "impelled by fate," literally drifted away on a raft of logs, to find a new home in the trackless woods of Indiana, where there was nothing in store for the boy but a cheerless childhood. He was twenty years old before he emerged from the forest that had shut him in like a prison. He came forth as

the pilot of a prairie-schooner. His badge of office was an ox-goad with which he belabored two yoke of cattle. By these means he was moving that migratory family, with all their worldly goods, to a new home in a new wilderness.

A giant in stature, he was as awkward as he was strong. His rustic appearance was enhanced by an ill-fitting suit of homespun. Thus at the head of the ox-team he made his *début* in the outer world, without means, without education, without influence. This may seem a sorry beginning, but let it be remembered that if on that day he had graduated from Harvard in a fashionable coat the gates of history would probably have been closed against him.

Mr. Lincoln's first business venture resulted in downright failure. He formed a partnership with one Berry, under the firm name of Berry & Lincoln, to carry on a grocery, for the purchase price of which the firm note was given. Berry was a jolly irresponsible soul, who was born thirsty, and who gave his undivided attention to that part of the stock known as "wet groceries." Mr. Lincoln, on the other hand, having a keen appetite, devoted himself to the crackers and cheese, smoked herrings, and other edibles at the dry end of the shop. This happy adjustment rivalled the

familiar case of Jack Sprat and his congenial spouse; but the meagre stock could not long withstand the inroads of hunger at the one end, and thirst at the other, and a crisis came which required the sale of the remnant stock. The purchaser defaulted, and Mr. Lincoln was left to pay all the liabilities—a task which plagued him for several years. Thereby he had impressed upon him a legal proposition that a partner is liable *in solido*.

It is related that Mr. Lincoln bought a barrel of a customer, in the bottom of which, among other rubbish, was found a copy of "Blackstone's Commentaries." This was a great find for the law student, but, as the books thereafter engrossed his attention, the grocery business collapsed. Thus ended the first lesson.

Mr. Lincoln also learned by numerous sad experiences that personal appearance has much to do with a young man's success in the first stages of his career. He was six feet four inches in height. His legs and arms seemed all too long. His ill-fitting clothes hung loosely on his lean, lank figure, and seemed to exaggerate his physical peculiarities. Being naturally diffident, he was painfully conscious of his grotesque appearance. This was another heavy handicap that fate imposed upon him.

The scene shifts, and this tall, awkward man is "riding the circuit" as a country lawyer across the sparsely settled prairies of Illinois. By his infinite good humor, droll stories, and strong common-sense, he became popular among the pioneers. If he lacked the training of the schools, he had at least escaped the vice of pedantry that too often afflicts educated men.

He was intensely human. He wore the hall-mark of sorrow on his face, but was keenly alive to human follies and frailties which furnished pith for his inimitable stories. He could cordially indorse the maxim of the old Roman, "*Homo sum et nihil humanum alienum est mihi.*" This broad sympathy with the brotherhood of man illumined his whole career and made

him the idol of the "plain people."

He was sent to the Legislature. Later on, he served one term in the lower house of Congress; but nothing worthy of note was achieved. By patient plodding he gained a respectable position at the Bar, which was a marvellous achievement in view of his lack of early training. But it was not as a lawyer that he was destined to shine as a star of the first magnitude. His career began when a masterful purpose took possession of his soul and set his genius aflame. He may be said to have been born again under happier auspices, and to have been christened as a child of the nation.

Mr. Lincoln had well-settled convictions regarding slavery. As early as 1838 he went on record in the Legislature as unalterably opposed to the institution, but still conceded that by virtue of the Constitution it had certain rights which all law-abiding citizens were bound to respect. At the same time, he condemned the inflammatory methods of the Abolitionists. For more than twenty years he meditated deeply on this subject, and often expressed his views in public. Among his writings are preserved many so-called "fragments on the slavery question" wherein he was studiously framing his arguments, even as the gladiator sharpens his weapons for an approaching combat.

Mr. Douglas, then at the acme of his career, was seeking a re-election to the Senate. He had taken the stump to advocate "squatter sovereignty" as a panacea for the impending troubles and as a substitute for the Missouri Compromise. It was a sorry makeshift — suggesting Mrs. Partington's mop; but in the hands of this brilliant statesman it was calculated to confuse, if not to captivate the people, and in some measure to atone for his having been *particeps criminis* to the repeal of the great compromise. It was a period of intense excitement. The Dred Scott decision, followed by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had shocked the people of the North. The Underground Railway was in active oper-

ation, ever increasing its facilities and the number of its dusky passengers. It operated as a powerful irritant, and a constant appeal to the sympathy of free men. The Southern people, stung by the loss of their errant property and by the gibes of the Northern press, were threatening to disrupt the Union, if necessary, to save "the divine institution." The Abolitionists, growing more numerous and more bold, inflamed both sides by denouncing slavery as "the sum of all villainies," urging open resistance to the fugitive slave law and the Dred Scott decision.

It was plain that the irrepressible conflict was on. The air vibrated with excitement as with heat-waves. The dullest man could scent the danger, but the wisest was unable to suggest an avenue of escape.

The people were eager for instruction, and a great clamor arose that somebody should meet Mr. Douglas on the hustings who could puncture his sophistries, simplify the pending questions, and adapt them to the comprehension of the common mind. A mighty political convulsion was imminent, out of which should spring the Republican party. Some one was needed who could prepare the way after the manner of John the Baptist.

No one appointed Mr. Lincoln to this task, but the popular demand for him was as imperative as a bugle-call. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting and preparing all these years. King David emerged from obscurity when he challenged a giant to single combat. In much the same way Mr. Lincoln leaped into prominence. It is true that Mr. Douglas was called the "Little Giant," but as a debater he was without doubt the Goliath of his day.

The debates that followed constituted the greatest intellectual duel since Webster crossed swords with Hayne in the Senate. Enthusiastic audiences greeted the distinguished speakers at every meeting. People made long pilgrimages to be present. Mr. Lincoln did for his day and gener-

ation what Mr. Webster had done in the earlier debate. It was a second exposition of the Constitution, calling for even greater skill because of the differences in situation. Webster addressed a group of statesmen in the historic Senate chamber; Lincoln had to adapt his arguments to promiscuous audiences of pioneers assembled in the open air. He was in no mood to descend to the blandishments of speech. He employed simple phrase and homely illustration, but with unerring logic he drove home the fundamental truths that were afterwards welded into axioms under the fierce heat of battle and were finally incorporated into the three great constitutional amendments.

Mr. Lincoln's speeches were extensively published and circulated, and furnished the only logical basis for his candidacy at Chicago. His phenomenal success in the convention may be largely attributed to a coterie of devoted friends who were astute politicians and able advocates. His campaign was managed with consummate skill. Throughout the East he was practically an unknown man. His nomination was a tremendous surprise to the country at large, and in some quarters a bitter disappointment. Mr. Seward was the idol of his party, a ripe scholar, an eminent lawyer, an experienced statesman and diplomat. The rejection by the convention of such a man at such a time for an awkward, uneducated "rail-splitter" from the wild and woolly West seemed to shake public confidence in popular government.

When Mr. Spencer wrote that a man is but the reflection of his environment, he laid down a general rule which admits of few exceptions; but some great souls break through human limitations and create an environment for themselves. At long intervals the world is startled by some man who rises above the dead level of the commonplace, like a pyramid in a sandy plain. The idea that all men are created equal is a fallacy. Men are as different and distant from each other as the planets.

Homer and Shakespeare furnish instances of abnormal achievement that puzzle the world. The genius of Homer has defied the Wolfian hypothesis. Shakespeare's fame has withstood the assaults of the Baconian theory. Neither can be discredited, nor yet fully understood. It is by means of these bright lights, that gleam from inaccessible heights, that the centuries salute each other across the waste of time, where the countless millions of mankind lie shrouded in the dreamless dust.

Critical study of the life of Abraham Lincoln in the calm spirit of history will strengthen the conviction that his career can never be accounted for along the lines of human experience. He stands out as a solitary figure, without intellectual ancestry—a prodigy whose genius could neither be traced nor transmitted. A mountain is a mystery: such was Abraham Lincoln. It is tall, rugged, isolated: so was he. It has seams and crevices that would disfigure the beauty of a hill, but constitute no blemish on such massive sublimity. Among its rugged crags are sheltered spots of rare beauty, where the sunshine loves to linger, where flowers bloom and cooling streams sparkle, where the rich coloring of nature delights the eye. But there are great patches of denuded rock which tell of the harsh attrition of the early glacier. The mists that veil its summit lend it an air of mystery and melancholy. Great storms beat up against it with tremendous fury. The lightning with its vivid flashes, and the quick responses of the deep-toned thunder, reveal the awful struggles waged around its lofty peak. The soothing influence of its cold face converts the angry clouds into gentle showers that it sends down to bless and beautify the fields below. Through storm and tempest it remains unmoved, as its sacred mission remains unchanged. The same God that made the mountain made the man. The Good Book says, "He doeth great things past finding out."

We are told that obstacles over-

come furnish the true test of greatness. Judged by this standard, Abraham Lincoln was, by all means, the greatest man of his age. Keeping in mind his woeful lack of early advantages, the repeated failures, sorrows, and disappointments of his early manhood, let us now recall the dangers and difficulties that beset him as he awaited his inauguration. Personally, he suffered great disparagement. No man in modern times was ever so cordially hated or for a time so little loved. He was an obscure man, comparatively unknown, content to remain in seclusion until the time was ripe. Mr. Lincoln preserved a dignified silence from the moment of his nomination. During this period his enemies had not been idle. His ungainly personal appearance furnished occasion for cruel caricature. He was advertised sometimes as a clown, sometimes as a gorilla, sometimes as a fanatic. He became the *bête-noire* of the Southern people, and had barely escaped assassination in Baltimore. The Abolitionists repudiated him because he dared to love the Constitution while professing to hate slavery. His own party friends were tortured by the awful fear lest the "rail-splitter," serviceable as a candidate, might not prove equal to the requirements of leadership in such a crisis.

Excitement was running high. The Democratic press, with boisterous solicitude for the Constitution, joined in the deafening cry against coercion as though it were a more deadly danger than secession. Civil war was imminent. The Confederacy, equipped with civil and military establishments, was an accomplished fact. The national treasury was bankrupt. There was nothing in it but an echo. The little remnant of army and navy was scattered to the four winds. Our forts and arsenals had been seized or plundered. Treason, unrebuked and unrepentant, held high carnival at Washington. The retiring chief magistrate proved an impotent commander and the sword fell from his nerveless hand.

His feeble protests betrayed his imbecility and furnished strong confirmation of the prevalent idea that Northern men were all cowards and compromisers. Somebody has sentimentously remarked that Mr. Buchanan in the White House was the bread-and-milk poultice to bring rebellion to a head. What was still more discouraging, public sentiment at the North was bewildered. Something like paralysis had laid hold upon it. Indignation struggled with fear and everywhere doubt held the mastery. This was largely because the boisterous threats and warlike preparations of the Southern States were not taken seriously. Secession was regarded as nothing more than a desperate bluff. Even the firing on the *Star of the West* in Charleston Harbor was, in those days of peace, looked upon as a bit of bravado rather than an act of war. The situation in the Border States was alarming. The fate of the nation was thought to hinge upon their decision whether to stand by the Union, or to cast in their lot with the Confederacy.

These were the grave and dismal circumstances in which the newly elected President appeared at the east door of the Capitol on the fourth day of March, 1861. Detectives were scattered through the great concourse; riflemen were posted at convenient places; and artillery frowned from the adjacent elevations. Such precautions were deemed necessary to insure the safety of the distinguished speaker. It was a dark day for loyal men, who had every reason to fear an immediate outbreak, and who seemed to have little recourse but their trust in God. In that bedlam of passion and frenzy of excitement, there was one man who stood calm and resolute. He regarded himself as a chosen instrument in the hands of Almighty God to save the Union. What a theme he had, and what inspiration filled his soul! He spoke as never man spoke before. It is doubtful if in all political history a discourse ever produced an effect so profound and so magical. His

address was in every sense a masterpiece. Its argument was strong and comprehensive. Its logic was unanswerable. Its keen analysis unmasked the fallacy of secession. At the same time, its temper was so kindly, even affectionate, that it seemed more like a winsome plea. The delicate skill displayed in its adaptation to the several sections of the Union was masterly. It roused the patriotism of the North without alienating the loyalty of the Border States. It accorded to slavery everything that slavery had a right to demand under the Constitution. It was as generous as it was just. It brought the fire-eater face to face with the proposition that the Union was unassailable except by open and wicked rebellion. Southern men, who had been led to expect a boorish tirade, were dismayed by the powerful, pacific appeal, while the Union men everywhere with one accord rejoiced that God had raised up for them a leader fully equal to the great emergency. Strong men wept with joy when this inaugural broke the painful silence. In it they recognized sentiments that they had felt but were not able to express. They hailed this message as the gospel of the Union and Abraham Lincoln as its saviour.

At one bound this country lawyer, without education or special training, stood forth the best-equipped man of his generation to assume a burden which can only be likened to that which mythology laid upon the bending shoulders of Atlas. With his face toward the approaching storm he stood undaunted, self-poised, like a divinely appointed leader. To employ his own language, "Without a name, without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest upon the 'Father of his Country.'" He became at once master of the situation. He was startled, at first blush, to realize his superiority in leadership to the able men who surrounded him, some of whom he had been taught to regard as demigods. He looked upon his

sacred trust, however, as essentially personal, not to be delegated or even subdivided, as Mr. Seward was delicately yet firmly admonished in the early days of the administration. It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Lincoln was by nature shy and diffident, but the decree of destiny seemed to change the whole current of his life. There was no longer any trace of provincialism, nor of that deference that the rustic instinctively pays to the man of culture and breeding. He rose to the dignity of the superior power of which, for the time being, he was possessed. Nothing short of a great inspiration could have so developed his intellectual resources, and he soon came to be justly recognized as a greater politician than Thurlow Weed, a more skilful diplomat than Seward, and a greater orator than Everett. His Gettysburg speech is a masterpiece of eloquence and pathos, and is cherished as a sacred American classic, while it has almost passed out of common recollection that on the same occasion Edward Everett had also spoken. Before the war closed, Mr. Lincoln became a strategist of acknowledged ability. He had wisdom without learning. Power never excited in his mind a flush of exultation, but rather deepened the shadow on his melancholy face.

He had one element of strength which was so rare as almost to differentiate him from other men. Many men, probably the majority, are honest as the world goes, but yet how few are entirely fair. Personal tastes, interests, and temperament almost warp the judgment. Abraham Lincoln could be absolutely fair because, when he approached a public question, his own personality seemed to sink out of sight, as though he had said with divine sanction, "Get thee behind me, self!" Neither pride of opinion nor personal prejudice seemed to invade the calm serenity of his official judgment. There no storms ever raged, no mist ever gathered.

Notwithstanding the abuse and

vituperation that were heaped upon him, you will look in vain for a sign of resentment. General McClellan suffered nothing by reason of his outrageous insolence to the Commander-in-Chief, because there were interests at stake that were vastly more important than military etiquette. Mr. Lincoln never hesitated to overlook a personal affront. There was one other man who suffered yet greater humiliation, and who interceded for his revilers: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" but that man was fortified by divine grace. Lincoln approached nearer to the divine ideal than any other mortal burdened with like responsibilities.

Abraham Lincoln hated slavery with all the intensity of his nature; but that sentiment never prejudiced the President in according to it its legal rights under existing laws. Nor did it inspire any official ill-will toward the slaveholder. Mr. Lincoln was anxious to make compensation for slaves while such course was likely to strengthen the Union cause, and he committed Congress to this broad policy. When the time for emancipation was ripe, he placed his immortal proclamation solely on the ground of military necessity. hateful to him as was the heresy of secession, it begot no personal animosity toward Southern men. He could appeal to them as brothers while they were denouncing him as a tyrant or a monster.

No matter how worn with the cares of his great office, the President was always ready to give patient hearing to the poor mother who was pleading for her son's life. Whatever of weakness inhered in his administration developed on the side of sympathy, for among the mysterious splendors of this man were the energy of a giant and the tenderness of a woman. Phillips Brooks once said, "In Lincoln was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness." Before the imperial tribunal of his judgment an avowed enemy might be sure of

exact justice, nothing less, while the obsequious friend could reckon on nothing more.

As an orator he belonged to no school. As a statesman he had no model. He towered above all predecessors in the blue ether of his own originality. His style had the simplicity of Bunyan, the rugged strength of Lord Brougham, and a pathos all his own. In his hands anecdote was as persuasive as argument, and droll wit as keen as a Damascus blade.

Mr. Seward, who was a ripe scholar and a master of diction, suggested a fine poetic sentiment to adorn the peroration of the first inaugural. Mr. Lincoln adopted it, but was able to add immeasurably to its beauty and polish, although he had never studied rhetoric in his life. During all the momentous events of his administration, he was like a great, presiding genius, with infinite patience brooding over all the various departments of government and over every battle-field and council chamber, directing all measures, adjusting all disputes, reconciling clashing ambitions, never for a moment losing his temper or relaxing his grasp. He was the dominating spirit of that heroic period.

At last, after the years of anxious waiting, the fond hopes of the war President were realized. The Union was safe. Its arch enemies, slavery and secession, were dead. Four million dusky beings raised their unfettered arms toward heaven and invoked a blessing on "Marse Lin-kum." In every Northern home, his name was cherished as a household word. The bronzed veterans who came and fought like demons at his call had returned to their homes at his command, bearing the sacred emblems of peace and victory. Triumph brought him joy but no exultation. His kind heart was already brimming over with tender sympathy for the Southern people who were sitting disconsolate among the ashes of their homes and hopes.

Buffeted, worn and weary, the time had come at last when he might

hope for rest and relaxation. His mission was accomplished. Already the sunshine was streaming through the dark clouds. How sweet to him was the prospect of serenity and peace!

This climacteric moment, however, proved the opportunity for the cruel assassin. No single bullet ever wounded so many hearts. So tolerant, so gentle, so unselfish, how could he inspire murder in any human breast? This tragic decree of fate must ever remain shrouded in the same mystery that envelops the cross around which all Christendom kneels.

What a pity that his majestic spirit, pure as the light of the stars, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," was not permitted to preside over the stormy period of reconstruction—the aftermath of the great war. Perhaps the prediction of the first inaugural might even then have been realized. Perhaps under his powerful enchantment the better angels of our natures might even then have touched "the mystic chords that reach from every battle-field to every hearthstone in this broad land," and the divine chorus of the Union might have softened the hearts of men, and averted the agony and discord that proved more intense than those the war itself had engendered.

The danger is that as the passing centuries increase the distance and obliterate the perspective, popular admiration may culminate in worship, and the tendency will be to idealize and deify this man. That would be to rob him of all the splendors of manhood. Human infirmities and limitations are the basis of all the mystery and glory of his career. The marvel is that upon the coarse, tattered fabric of humanity, such delicate embroidery is found.

To perpetuate the fame of Abraham Lincoln, bronze and marble have no office to perform. Monuments simply dwarf his colossal figure. He will take his place in history as the type of the truest Americanism. The pulpit, the platform, and the press

will from year to year proclaim anew his immortality. But there is another influence yet more potent and more constant. The American mother will gather her children about her knee, and, with an eloquence born of the mother-love, will tell the wonderful story of the poor boy who by his own unaided efforts became the saviour of a nation and the liberator of a race, and who then made the supreme sacrifice to the cause of

liberty. Thus will the way be open for his blessed influence to enter the lives of our own boys and surely and unconsciously as the red drops shall visit their brave hearts. And it follows, as the night the day, that if the patriotic spirit of Lincoln shall energize American youth in the future generations, then the "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall never perish from the earth.

ANIMAL MIND AND MORALITY

By RICHARD MEADE BACHE



NOTHING is more obvious in the writings of Mr. John Burroughs regarding the mentality and morality of the lower animals, than his intention to be fair. But intention is not, of course, always successful. There is one point as to which he is fundamentally wrong, and this necessarily vitiates conclusions from introduced facts which are wholly undisputed. This point is his belief that, because the lower animals are not gifted with language, they must have been heretofore, and must still be, incapable of deriving conceptions from perceptions. That the lower animals have no morality, he expresses himself as taking for granted. That they have but little mind must, he thinks, be the case, because they have no language. Such statements, legitimately in place at the end of any intended demonstration, pervading, as they do, his discussion of the subject of lower animal nature, constitute begging of both questions involved, and necessarily diminish the force of what he says on the subject. The lower animals are by him assumed to be simply perceptive, as moved in an automaton-like manner to their various actions. They are, according to him endowed, in

successive generations, with instinct, to which is moderately superadded, in the course of life, individual experience.

The formation of ideas, however, of which the basis is memory, is not dependent upon the possession of language. Although it is undeniable that, in certain ranges of thought, considerably lower than that applied to metaphysics, mathematics, and to other subjects, ideas are not represented by their highest structural form, yet an extensive range of them can be formed without language. Otherwise, whence came the birth and still comes the growth of language? At least passion and emotion must, as the very beginning of man's evolution, have inspired gradual formation of words, and the collocation of words is language. Its existence affords proof positive of ideas, but its absence no proof of their non-existence. Language is *reactively* productive by sublimation of ideas through higher and higher conceptions. Ideas having necessarily preceded language to express them; language, in turn, only reacts upon mind towards the expression and perfection of thought. Ideas, in a word, up to a certain point of elevation, are manifestly not dependent upon language, inasmuch as they must have existed before its formation, and are therefore not conditioned upon its existence.

Another error into which Mr. Burroughs and other writers of his school fall is that, whilst constantly insisting that their opponents shall not read into the minds of the lower animals their own psychical nature, they generally deny an interpretation of facts for the lower animals which they accept for human beings. Mr. Burroughs even goes so far as to charge his opponents with anthropomorphism. This is making a new application of the word, foreign to its intent and present usage. The word, it is true, implies more than its literal derivation signifies, but not at all the meaning to which he devotes it. The charge which the word has always hitherto conveyed is solely, that man's self-sufficiency has made him tend to represent deity after his own mental and moral image. But, surely, this tendency cannot rationally through the word anthropomorphism, be described as man's tendency to find what lies, or may lie, in the constitution of the confessedly lower animals in varying degrees of mental and moral being. It is a contradiction in conceptions, if not in literal terms, to speak of persons as anthropomorphic who argue that the attributes of creatures lower than themselves in the scale of creation are, or may be, higher in position than the place to which they are generally assigned.

According to the school to which Mr. Burroughs belongs the lower animals are simply unmoral, not immoral; they have no sense of morality at all; they are without conscience, incapable of shame. But, confining our attention to the dog, the Asiatic elephant, and to the highest of the quadrumanes, we find that the statement is not true. I limit myself almost exclusively to the question as related to the dog, my acquaintance with the Asiatic elephant being resolvable into having ridden one, and having shown his tribe attentions in peanuts, apples, and ginger-bread; and my most intimate knowledge of quadrumanes having been derived from acquaint-

ance with a chimpanzee, which, belonging to the gentler sex, wore skirts, and behaved with great decorum.

Mr. Burroughs, I repeat, thinks that the dog has not conscience, and is incapable of experiencing shame. Yet I have seen a dog come crouching along a wall in approaching a kind-hearted master, by way of informing him that he had done something wrong. If he had had no conscience, why did he reveal what might not have been discovered? Affection (excluding that for one's offspring, which may exist simply from the biological fact of parentage) is a noble trait. It reaches in the finest dogs the point of devotion and self-sacrifice. I have seen a dog greet with joy a master who had been absent for three years. The very fact that the dog, as a species, and markedly as the individual dog (for dogs differ in character as species, and within species), looks up to its master or mistress with respect and affection, proves that the animal is intellectually high in the scale of being, for it is only when intelligence reaches a certain height that superiority is recognized. Among human beings, one of the evidences constantly offered to observation as to lack of intelligence, is inappreciation of superiority in fellow-men.

That Boswell does not tell us that Dr. Johnson ever kept a dog is pretty conclusive that he never had one; negative evidence, in the case of this gossiping biographer, being as strong as positive evidence usually is. "Why, then, Sir," Boswell reports the Doctor as saying, "still he is like a dog, that snatches the piece next him. Did you never observe that dogs have not the power of comparing. A dog will take a small bit of meat as readily as a larger, when both are before him." This picture is quite untrue to nature. If a dog, with his platter filled, be unmolested, he eats as it pleases him best with reference to precedence of morsels; but let him be driven away in alarm from his meal, and he tries to snatch

the largest piece of meat to share his flight.

Mr. Burroughs, in his book entitled "Ways of Nature," and Dr. C. Lloyd Morgan, in "Animal Behavior," both profess to give their final conclusions, after many years' study of the subject here discussed. Mr. Burroughs even goes so far as to say in his Preface that, perhaps, he had previously accorded more intelligence than is due to the lower animals. The late Professor Edward D. Cope, distinguished biologist, geologist, and palæontologist, once remarked to me, that the dog is incapable of having more than one concept at a time and, therefore, that there can be no question of his combining ideas. This is substantially the opinion of the two other authors whom I have just mentioned by name.

These are respectable authorities, and yet my observation does not lead to their conclusions. Is it possible, I ask, for any concept to be unallied with others? Even in so primitive a situation as that to which Dr. Johnson referred, the ideas are complex. The dog knows his dinner-time, and is regular at meals. He accepts or rejects, as a whole, according to his taste for viands, what is given him. He sometimes discriminates, eating first what he likes best, in that respect differing from a child. When my present dog, for I always have a dog, leaves the parlor and appears in the library, standing with his head bowed over his bowl, which should contain water, awaiting (but only if any one be present), human recognition of the fact that it had not been replenished, he has had the idea, before coming upstairs, of finding a bowl of water at his service, and another, of finding it in a certain place. When he and others of whom I have known have waited at a window, or at the head of the main staircase of a house, for the coming of a certain person, the time of whose return, after hours' of absence, had been correctly estimated by them as closely as within five or ten minutes, I think it may be asserted

that they have complex ideas, chief among which, in these cases, is intimate knowledge of personality and of the lapse of time.

When I see, as I once saw for many months, three dogs, one of which was deformed, another maimed, protected by the third, a sound dog, frequenting, as a group, a certain neighborhood, living the life of gypsies, ignorant of the bonds of proprietorship, I cannot but grant to them the same attributes that would be accorded in like circumstances to human beings, of intelligence and of devotion entirely apart from sexual attraction. When I have seen, as I once saw, a man protected from the onslaught of a fierce, strange dog, by the interference of an equally strange canine companion of the aggressor, I cannot but think that the champion showed great intelligence and goodness of heart. I once knew a bird whose speaking powers were not so high as others of the parrot family; it was a cockatoo. It used to say to its owner, "I want to go out." It would, of course, have had the same idea, even if it had not had the language to convey it. The same bird is alleged to have said, when cocking its head towards a mouse running across the floor to its hole, "There you go!" I do not vouch for the truth of this story, as I do for that of the first, from the fact that the former occurrence was witnessed by myself. But the first alone shows the futility of making language a criterion of the intelligence of the lower animals. In the same circumstances a dog would have been obliged, as he habitually is, to scratch at a door to signify his wish to go out, because he cannot otherwise express himself to that effect. Yet dogs generally, I might safely say, all dogs, are far more intelligent than cockatoos.

Mr. Burroughs, in his "Way of Nature," tells a story of a dog, owned by his father, which attacked a man going by on horseback, whom he recognized as a person who had shot him. This action, however,

Mr. Burroughs construes as not being revenge. "It would have been," he says, "such in you or me"; but, in the case of the dog, "was probably simple anger at the sight of the man who had hurt him." Why is the sentiment to be construed one way in the case of a man, and in another way in that of a dog? When a man assaults another, for previous injury, he does not formulate the act to his own mind, in word or without it, as revenge, but acts simply from desire to retaliate by injury, and this constitutes revenge, whether in man or dog.

"Musical strains," says Mr. Burroughs, "seem to give them [animals] pain rather than pleasure, and it is quite evident that perfumes have no attraction for them." Whether or not dogs like certain kinds of music (no human being likes all) is not known. Their occasionally howling when they hear it may be caused by defect in singing voice, and bad ear for music and accompaniment. As to the statement, that they do not like perfumes, it is quite erroneous. If one limit the meaning of perfume to scent liked by the majority of human beings, then, indeed, Mr. Burroughs might seem at first blush able to make out a case, although it is not known that dogs do not like ordinary perfumes. But if, more properly speaking, we conclude that perfumes are whatever is pleasing to any olfactory nerves (there are unrefined ones among human beings), an observer of dogs must concede that they delight in as large a range of them as were produced by the wonderful keyed instrument for rythmical odors, described in the once well-known novel of "Kaloolah," of which the scene was laid in a mysterious and still unexplored region of South America. I have sometimes found my dogs with their noses so firmly rivetted to the ground, in sensuous enjoyment of an odor, that I have had trouble in disengaging them from the enchanting spot.

There is only one place in Mr. Burroughs's "Ways of Nature," where

he concedes to the intelligence of the dog his due. It is where he refers to the common incident in a master's walking abroad in the country with his dog, when the animal, entering cross-roads in advance, returns to their junction to await his master's decision as to which way to take. Of this he says: "If the dog does not at times think, reflect, he does something so like it, that I can find no other name for it." This, however, is so unlike all other statements in the book, that the admission seems wholly out of place. I have seen the incident that he mentions many times, and also hundreds of similar kinds showing equal connection of ideas.

Mr. Burroughs remarks: "I should be slow to ascribe to the animals any notion of the uses of punishment as we practise it, although the cat will box her kittens when they play too long with her tail, and the mother-hen will separate her chickens when they get into a fight. . . . The rooster will, in the same way, separate two hens when they are fighting. On the surface, this seems very like a human act, but can we say that it is punishment or discipline in the human sense, as having for its aim a betterment of the manners of the kittens or of the chickens? The cat aims to get rid of an annoyance, and the rooster and the mother-hen interfere to prevent an injury to members of their family; they exhibit the paternal and maternal instinct of protection. More than that would imply ethical considerations, of which the lower animals are not capable." Here we have a true picture of the physical aspect of such occurrences; but when Mr. Burroughs proceeds to interpret them with reference to contrast to human action, he is wholly unjudicial. That the human lord and mistress are not only annoyed, but always have in mind, when they stop familiarity and sparring in their household, the ethical considerations mentioned, is not a true assumption. Like the rooster, the mother-hen, and the cat, they are irritated by

certain proceedings and put a stop to them.

Dr. Morgan says in one place, in his "Animal Behavior": "A dog lies dozing upon the mat, and hears a step in the porch without. His behavior at once shows that this enters into the conscious situation. There is, moreover, a marked difference, according as the step has the familiar fall of the master's tread, the well-known shuffle of the irrepressible butcher's lad, or an unfamiliar sound. These several situations are, without question, nicely distinguished. Let us suppose the situation of the moment is introduced by a strange footfall. It seems to suggest man; but this cannot be any particular man, since he is as yet invisible and is a stranger. Does the dog, then, frame a general idea of man?"

Here Dr. Morgan abruptly breaks off his discourse, and introduces a most lame and impotent conclusion, remarking, among other things: "We have sought, so far, rather to avoid than to answer these questions. We seem to be on safe ground so long as we content ourselves with saying that the orange and black of the cinnabar caterpillar, the strange footfall, or the trail of the mountaineer [referring to the chamois scenting man], enter as effective elements into the immediate situation." The writer here alludes to previous remarks of his own, to the effect that certain things are noxious or innoxious, pleasant or unpleasant, or otherwise differentiated among some of the lower animals. Thus he thereby evades, at the critical point to which he has led, the conclusion inevitable from his own statement. The diversion which he introduces relates to actions wholly incongruous with the question under discussion, and applicable only to subconsciousness in the lower animals, gained through experience; whereas the question under discussion relates to action derived from full consciousness, or rather, "awareness," as it is more acceptably termed in modern psychological terminology.

Let us single out the bell-wether that stands breast-high above this flock of irrevelancies. The Doctor queries, "Does the dog, then, frame a general idea of man?" It would be impossible to refute one's own contention more thoroughly than by this question coupled with its preamble. By exclusion, the writer had finally supposed the dog to know that the step in the porch could be no other than that of a male stranger. The special dog referred to at that point of time had the idea, therefore, not of the master, the butcher's boy, nor of any other particular male human being, but must have had that of man in the abstract, and if so, the dog, as a species, must always be mentally equal to that conception.

Dogs of condition (I have already indicated that there are degrees among them) have even delicacy of feeling. They are embarrassed and sometimes abashed at being ridiculed by laughter. At liberties taken with them by strangers they are offended. I once made a Scotch terrier my enemy for his life by tantalizingly pointing my finger at him; dogs have great self-respect. They are very human in many other ways. They dream; they even see ghosts at times. They are "of imagination all compact." There are dogs as sedate and grave as the typical judge, some as brutal as the lowest among men, and some as comic as the barber of Seville. I once knew a dog that invariably spent at a neighboring stall, for his favorite cake, the coins that were given him by indulgent friends. I know one now, a great St. Bernard, which always insists upon relieving the postman of the household's mail, and upon carrying the letters and papers to its master and mistress. From the same interested motives, he lugs the largest and heaviest parcels upstairs, and if rewarded with inadequate caramel, takes them out of the room and presents them afresh until he obtains what he regards as a sufficient *douceur*. In early life, when unregenerate, he was a robber

too. To this day an afghan, which he must have looted from some baby's coach, while the affrighted nursemaid, no doubt, fled with her charge, remains an unclaimed treasure, because, although reformed, he has no means of restoring it to its unknown owner.

I have here discussed the most salient positions taken by writers on one side of this subject, choosing particularly the two most prominent at present—one in America, the other in England. I have not been able to mention a tithe of the matter to which exception might justly be taken with reference to the false reputation given dogs. Although I believe, with those whose views are opposed to mine, that much inaccuracy of observation and much sentimentality are indulged by writers on the subject, yet I must affirm, that they unjustly accuse many of reading into the minds of the lower animals mankind's psychical nature, while they themselves egregiously err in the direction of reading out of the actions of some of the lower animals what ought to be accepted as significant and conclusive.

In everyday life human beings do not proclaim to the world, nor even define to themselves, the motives

of their ordinary conduct. Yet their actions are accepted implicitly as significant of precise mental promptings, well understood. We cannot justly, in the present question, apply one criterion to mankind and another to the lower animals. What is conclusive in it for one is conclusive for the other. Of the only two forms of human mental manifestation to other human beings,—actions and words,—actions have always been justly regarded as the more significant. The actions of the lower animals, therefore, should be their test of psychical being, unless mankind be so illogical as to hold, which is incredible, that in their case a law of human life would be reversed, could they speak.

So far is it from being true, that mankind is anthropomorphically constituted, in the misapplied sense of the word already noted, they in fact generally arrogate to themselves pre-eminence in all attributes over the lower animals (except, in cases, by the concession of brute strength); and to themselves alone, for the great future beyond this life, what Byron speaks of with reference to the largely unrecognized relative faithfulness of the dog, "a sole, exclusive Heaven."

MISS HELEN KELLER AS A SPEAKER

AT the first annual meeting of the New York Association for the Blind, Mark Twain made his maiden effort as a presiding officer. By his side, as the principal speaker of the evening, sat Mr. Choate, a large part of whose life has been spent in presiding over meetings—political, professional, social, and philanthropic. The great humorist proved himself an excellent presiding officer, and confirmed his reputation as an admirable speaker also. Incidentally he read a letter addressed to him by Miss Helen Keller, who had been kept at home by illness, pronouncing it a performance unsurpassed by any woman since Joan of Arc faced her judges and accusers at Rouen, nearly five centuries ago. How well this human document deserved his praise, the readers of this magazine were enabled to judge for themselves by its publication in May, 1906.

The second meeting of the Association was held this year, on January 15th, in the same place—the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria. Associate-Bishop Greer presided, and Dr. Lyman Abbott and others spoke; yet, if the honors of the occasion were not again carried off by Miss Keller, it was only because of the defective delivery of an address which in matter and manner left nothing to be desired. The speaker's friend and *alter ego*, Mrs. Macy (*née* Sullivan), was too hoarse to repeat to the audience the words that fell from her former pupil's lips; so the task of acting as her interpreter was assumed by

no less eminent an expert than Alexander Graham Bell, who cancelled an engagement in Ohio in order to be present. As the broken sentences came faintly forth, Dr. Bell, holding one of the speaker's hands in his own, and with eyes fixed upon her lips in eager and anxious scrutiny, echoed them in tones easily audible throughout the hall. His fatherly, affectionate manner in encouraging an orator to whom the use of her voice, even in private, is still something of a novelty, was beautiful to see; and the picture was completed by Mrs. Macy's readiness in helping him out, when any phrase proved specially difficult to catch. Miss Keller's charming appearance, her graceful yet emphatic little gestures, and the sympathetic personality that found expression equally in face and bearing, went far to atone for the ineffectiveness of her elocution. Before her turn came to speak, she was kept informed by the fingers of her former teacher, seated beside her on the platform, of all that was done or said; only when some compliment was being paid her, the two hands drew apart.

It is against the custom of this magazine to advocate any particular cause, or plead for any special charity; and unless we believed very strongly in the excellence of the institution in whose behalf Miss Keller spoke, we should not make room for the speech that follows—eloquent, rational and interesting as it is.

J. B. G.

HOW THE BLIND MAY BE HELPED

By HELEN KELLER



It is a great pleasure to me to speak in New York about the Blind. For New York is great because of the open hand with which it responds to the needs of the weak and the poor. The men and women for whom I speak are poor and weak in that they lack one of the chief weapons with which the human being fights his battle. But they must not on that account be sent to the rear. Much less must they be pensioned like disabled soldiers. They must be kept in the fight for their own sake, and for the sake of the strong. It is a blessing to the strong to give help to the weak. Otherwise there would be no excuse for having the poor always with us.

The help we give the unfortunate must be intelligent. Charity may flow freely and yet fail to touch the deserts of human life. Disorganized charity is creditable to the heart, but not to the mind. Pity and tears make poetry; but they do not raise model tenement-houses, or save the manhood of blind men. The heaviest burden on the blind is not blindness, but idleness, and they can be relieved of this greater burden.

Our work for the blind is practical. The Massachusetts Commission, your Association, and the New York Commission are placing it on a sincere basis. The first task is to make a careful census of the blind, to find out how many there are, how old they are, what are their circumstances, when they lost their sight, and from what cause. Without such a census there can be no order in our work. In Massachusetts this task is nearly completed.

The next step is to awaken each town and city to a sense of its duty to the blind. For it is the community where the blind man lives that ultimately determines his success or his failure. The State can teach him to work, supply him with raw materials and capital to start his business; but his fellow-citizens must furnish the market for his products, and give him the encouragement without which no blind man can make headway. They must do more than this: they must meet him with a sympathy that conforms to the dignity of his manhood and his capacity for service. Indeed, the community should regard it as a disgrace for the blind to beg on the street corner, or receive unearned pensions.

It is not helpful—in the long run it is harmful—to buy worthless articles of the blind. For many years kind-hearted people have bought futile and childish things because the blind made them. Quantities of beadwork that can appeal to no eye save the eye of pity, have passed as specimens of the work of the blind. If beadwork had been studied in the schools for the blind and supervised by competent seeing persons, it could have been made a profitable industry for the sightless. I have examined beautiful beadwork in the shops—purses, bags, belts, lamp-shades, and dress-trimmings,—some of it very expensive,—imported from France and Germany. Under proper supervision this beadwork could be made by the blind. This is only one example of the sort of manufacture that the blind may profitably engage in.

One of the principal objects of the movement which we ask you to help is to promote good workmanship among the sightless. In Boston, in a fashionable shopping district, the Massachusetts Commission has opened a salesroom where the best handicraft of all the sightless in the State may be exhibited and sold. There are hand-woven curtains, table-covers, bedspreads, sofa-pillows, linen suits, rugs; and the articles are of good design and workmanship. People buy them not out of pity for the maker, but out of admiration for the thing. Orders have already come from Minnesota, from England, from Egypt. So the blind of the New World have sent light into Egyptian darkness!

This shop is under the same roof with the salesroom of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. The old school and the new commission are working side by side. I desire to see similar co-operation between the New York Institution for the Blind and the New York Association. The true value of a school for the sightless is not merely to enlighten intellectual darkness, but to lend a hand to every movement in the interests of the blind. It is not enough that our blind children receive a common-

school education. They should do something well enough to become wage-earners. When they are properly educated, they desire to work more than they desire ease or entertainment. If some of the blind are ambitionless and lazy, the fault lies partly with those who have directed their education, partly with our indolent progenitors in the garden of Eden. All over the land the blind are stretching forth eager hands to the new tasks which shall soon be within their reach. They embrace labor gladly because they know it is strength.

One of our critics has suggested that we who call the blind forth to toil are as one who should overload a disabled horse and compel him to earn his oats. In the little village where I live, there was a lady so mistakenly kind to a pet horse that she never broke him to harness, and fed him twelve quarts of oats a day. The horse had to be shot. I am not afraid that we shall kill our blind with kindness. I am still less afraid that we shall break their backs.

Nay, I can tell you of blind men who of their own accord enter the sharp competition of business and put their hands zealously to the tools of trade. It is our part to train them in business, to teach them to use their tools skilfully. Before this Association was thought of, blind men had given examples of energy and industry, and with such examples shining in the dark other blind men will not be content to be numbered among those who will not, or can not, carry burden on shoulder or tool in hand,—those who know not the honor of hard-won independence.

The new movement for the blind rests on a foundation of common-sense. It is not the baseless fabric of a sentimentalist's dream. We do not believe that the blind should be segregated from the seeing, gathered together in a sort of Zion City, as has been done in Roumania and attempted in Iowa. We have no queen to preside over such a city. America is a democracy, a multimonarchy, and

the city of the blind is everywhere. Each community should take care of its own blind, provide employment for them, and enable them to work side by side with the seeing. We do not expect to find among the blind a disproportionate number of geniuses. Education does not develop in them remarkable talent. Like the seeing man, the blind man may be a philosopher, a mathematician, a linguist, a seer, a poet, a prophet. But, believe me, if the light of genius burns within him, it will burn despite his infirmity, and not because of it. The lack of one sense—or two—never helped a human being. We should be glad of the sixth or the sixteenth sense with which our friends and the newspaper reporters, more generous than

nature, are wont to endow us. To paraphrase Mr. Kipling, we are not heroes, and we are not cowards too. We are ordinary folk limited by an extraordinary incapacity. If we do not always succeed in our undertakings, even with assistance from friends, we console ourselves with the thought that in the vast company of the world's failures is many a sound pair of eyes!

I appeal to you, give the blind man the assistance that shall secure for him complete or partial independence. He is blind and falters. Therefore go a little more than half-way to meet him. Remember, however brave and self-reliant he is, he will always need a guiding hand in his.

MADAME NAZIMOVA'S NORA AND HEDDA

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



CANNOT recall any character in literature—certainly not in the literature of the stage—more essentially human than Nora Helmer in Ibsen's revolutionizing drama "A Doll's House." Her mingled simplicity and cleverness, her petty faults and great virtues, her irresponsible play-acting and austere grasp of fundamental realities, her personal passions and prejudices, her deep-reaching logic, her hot affections and cool indifferences and cruelties, her unashamed mendacity and rich sincerity, are all clearly recognizable threads in the tissue of human nature, and combine in her temperament to make a pattern familiar to most of us, despite the abnormal circumstances by which it is brought out. Nevertheless, it is a commonplace of dramatic criticism to declare that Nora cannot be made a consistent character. We are apt to see her on the stage interpreted in one of two ways. She is either a

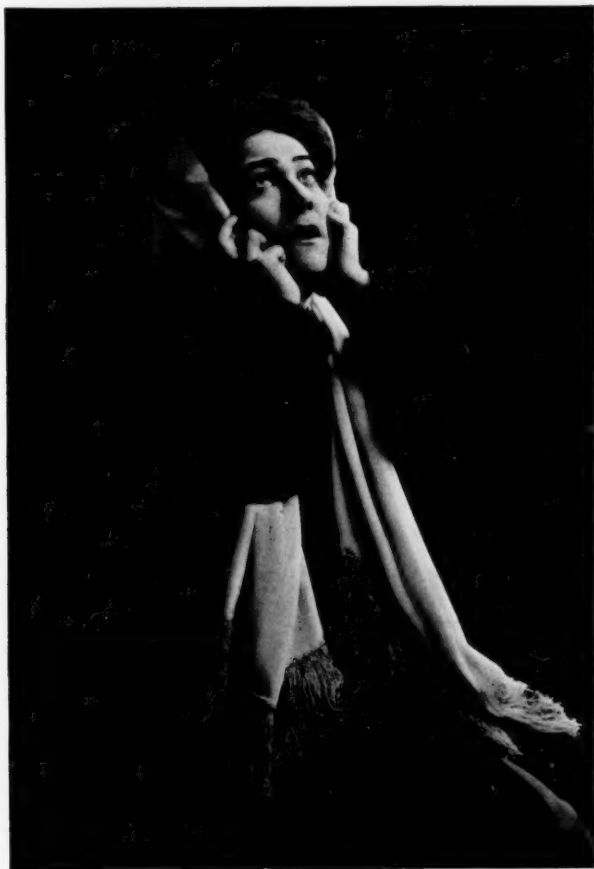
personality made up of disparate parts—first an empty-headed frivolous child, and next a ratiocinative, resolute woman with the great gulf of her disillusionment between her two selves, or she is a consummate actress capable of simulating childishness to an extreme degree but with the passions and reflections of maturity lying dormant beneath her disguise.

As I remember Sorma's interpretation of the part, this veiled energy of will and brain was conspicuous even in the earlier scenes to such an extent that her Nora could hardly be thought of as a "doll" in spite of her macabre rooms and her gay fooling. A Norwegian describing to me the Nora of Fru Wettergren, who was trained under Ibsen's direction, laid stress upon this same upspringing of fiery emotions, this darkening of the "doll's" bright heavens by moods of thought and suggestions of inner influences at work; and comparing the interpretation with the smoother and more polished performance of Fru Hennings, found it truer to her

experience of the Norwegian temperament with its smothered fires and recurrent glooms.

In the light of Madame Nazi-

Barrie's pretty little play of "Peter Pan," the young hero runs away from home when he is one day old, I believe, in order to escape the horrors



From a photograph by Falk

MME. NAZIMOVA AS NORA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE"

mov's Nora it is possible, however, to believe that she more than any other actress who has undertaken the rôle makes clear the central idea of the play—which unquestionably is that Nora's immaturity is the problem to be grappled with. The fact that it is not a natural but an imposed immaturity gives it the distinct significance of a moral problem. In Mr.

of growing up. The unfortunate Nora, on the contrary, finds it necessary to run away from home precisely for the purpose of growing up, the conditions of life for a wife and mother in her particular environment making it impossible for her to gain experience of the kind she needs. The problem of educating her children, she says in the closing scene

of the third act, is beyond her; there is another to be solved first: "I must try to educate myself." She tells her husband, "You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that is why I am leaving you."

Madame Nazimova's rendering of these words is infinitely delicate and appealing. Through the entire act she maintains the effect of simplicity and childishness by which her Nora is made integral. She is not a woman in rebellion, but a child aroused to recognition of her own immaturity and guided to her remedy as much by instinct as by reason. Even where she is upbraiding Helmer for having treated her like a doll, she is neither violent nor angry in her manner. She utters dynamic words with the naturalness of the unsophisticated mind. She has not learned that bitter and sad feelings induce to posing. She shrinks, as nice children do shrink, from excess or exaggeration in showing their deeper emotions. We feel that she has hidden them so long because she was such a child, and such a nice child, that she fell amiably and easily into the way of doing her tricks to please those who loved her and would not intrude her unimportant real self upon them. When she found that she was not loved, her real self clamored for its rights.

This extremely quiet and simple treatment of an act which has varied dramatic possibilities, makes credible and logical the treatment of the preceding scenes. Madame Nazimova's exuberance in the early portions of the play, her indeterminate fluttering about the place, her wild animal spirits, her chattering and laughter, have a touch of the factitious, of the mechanism rather than the heart of gayety, which comes near to being irritating until we remember Nora's answer to Helmer's query whether she had not been happy in her home. "No, never," she says; "I thought I was, but I never was." With this in mind, the feverish merri-ment and continuous gesture and

movement become a part of the character as Madame Nazimova conceives it, and as it forms itself in one's mind from the printed word.

In the passages of intercourse with Dr. Rank, she shows most strongly her temperate delicacy of delineation where opportunity is amply given for inappropriate flippancy. She is flippant enough from the point of view of the experienced adult who has faced both life and death, but it is made by apparently trifling changes of voice and expression the flippancy with which children protect themselves from entering into tragedies where they can play no real part. The scene after the masquerade in which Rank takes his final leave of the Helmers has a perfection of its own due to the rich suggestiveness of Madame Nazimova's acting. Her comprehension of Rank's satiric mood, her gentleness, her undemonstrative sympathetic play of feature, do more to prepare the onlooker for her own "transformation," as the critics are fond of calling it, than anything she does or says with relation to her personal tragedy.

And when the transformation or awakening does come after she discovers that her husband is incapable of the ideal conduct, she has imagined for him, or the self-sacrificing affection she has believed him capable of feeling, we find that she has made her difficult transit from the "lark" and the "squirrel" stage of her career to the human stage without leaving in our minds any sense of a changed individuality. She is Nora the child at the end as she is Nora the child at the beginning, however chastened, enlightened, inspired. The curtain falls as it should upon a play that is not ended; we see beyond Nora's exit from Helmer's house her entrance into womanhood, and a future in which it is still possible for miracles to happen.

This, of course, is to say that Madame Nazimova is an actress of the highest type, of the imaginative and creative type. Her Nora may very well attain to an artistic perfection in detail of which it now falls

somewhat short. With a greater command of English she doubtless will be able to achieve a mellowness of utterance which will modify the

struction of the play frequently are marked; but it is hardly probable that she can more completely persuade us of the human truth in the char-



From a photograph by Falk

MME. NAZIMOVA AS NORA, LEAVING THE "DOLL'S HOUSE"

effect of shrillness in Nora's high-pitched chatter—the "lark's" chatter has been a difficult problem for more than one accomplished actress. She will perhaps find it possible to place less insistent emphasis on the telling phrases by which the artificial antitheses noted by Mr. Archer in the con-

acter she impersonates. To re-read the play after seeing her performance is to realize that she has missed not a single intellectual triumph in the realm of organic construction.

In the character of Hedda she had an opportunity to display her extraordinary ability to depict mysterious

psychological forces, to treat a complex soul of the duskiest hue in a way to solicit our sympathy for its moral situation. In Nora the "note" is simplicity, and nothing shows more conclusively Madame Nazimova's quality as an actress than her unbroken absorption in each of these characters in turn, without in the slightest degree mixing up her points of view. She appears as a true "maker," modelling her images with impregnable fidelity to their individual forms.

In the case of Hedda there at least is no question of transformation or even development. She, obviously to even the most casual observer, is precisely the same from the beginning to the end—self-absorbed, revengeful, cowardly, empty. Madame Nazimova realizes her so perfectly that at moments she seems almost to realize her to excess, to make too unbearably plain, that is, the significance of her intensely significant words. This in part, of course, is the fault of Ibsen himself. He is so clear, he puts his points with such positive plainness that the least shade of emphasis is enough to make them leap out at you with a flash and bang such as Hedda's pistols give. When that sinister young woman remarks, for example, after hearing the name of the place where Mrs. Elvsted has made her home, "Tell me, Tesman—is n't it somewhere near there that he—that—Eilert Lövborg is living?" there is an explosive force in the words that needs to be kept down by main strength. There seems to be not quite power enough in Madame Nazimova's tones of voice to keep it down successfully. But there is always the chance, on the other hand, that Hedda, as she conceives her, considers nothing worth the trouble of suppression at that period of her career and with only her impervious husband to take account of as an audience.

And how amazingly she brings out each element of Hedda's character as she follows words with acts! It is not through reading the play that we comprehend how each fresh

pang of irritation is immediately capped by an indirect revenge! Her subtle byplay reveals her attitude of mind. It is after the episode of the slippers that she brings confusion upon Aunt Julia's bonnet; it is after Tesman's entreaty that she say *du* to the aunts, that she brings in her counter plea for a new piano; it is after Lövborg has praised Thea's courage that she offers him the poisonous punch. Her intonations, her emotions, and—most of all—the working of her eloquent hands model and define her characteristics as if she were manipulating plastic clay. Hedda's dread of what we may call superficial vulgarity—one of the most difficult traits to suggest without distortion—is given with the authority of true genius. Nothing, surely, could be more perfectly the right accent than that with which Madame Nazimova replies to Lövborg's request that he be permitted to say *du* to her—"You may think it; but you must n't say it."

In a hundred other ways, by a hundred minor gestures and accents, it is brought home to the observer that Hedda's cowardice is that of the born conventionalist; but it is also made equally apparent that her physical cowardice is considerable. If people "do not do such things" as kill themselves, and we must admit that as a rule they do not, it is clear that when a morally and physically cowardly woman does it, there is something horribly wrong in her individual case. And when she is an Ibsen character we may as well assume that the individual case is more or less typical, despite the abnormal outcome. Here is where Madame Nazimova's high intelligence best serves her. The casual reader of the play will gather from it that Hedda is bored and that she is pitiless in seeking relief by mixing up for good or ill with people's destinies. He will no doubt also gather that the reason of her consuming ennui lies in the necessity for her vaulting ambition to practise a gait suited to moderate means and tame pur-

suits. But at least one casual reader has failed through the written word to see in her environment the fatal element of incongruity with the fairest aspects of her intellectual horizon.

What does Madame Nazimova reveal? That beneath Hedda's cruelty and selfishness lies the possibility of a richer life developed not through her emotions, which are chiefly restrictive and disintegrating, but through the intellectual perceptions of a mind that could be tempered to fine uses. The revelation is made very simply, perhaps even without intention, if anything is ever successfully accomplished in art without intention; but it lights up the darkness of otherwise unfathomable morbidity. There is nothing in the text, for example, to indicate that Hedda smiles when Lövborg declares that, wanting praise, he has put into his book

nothing except what every one would agree with. But the smile with which Madame Nazimova greeted this light plash of repartee upon the dun sands of her humdrum conveyed a shock of realization of what that humdrum meant to a temperament needing all the help of wit to bear the burden of its innate melancholy.

Again, where Lövborg describes the tearing of the manuscript, a passage wonderful in its moving beauty, Madame Nazimova's lovely slimness bends under the storm of eloquence like a slender tree at the mercy of the elements, responding in terror to each word of concentrated poetry. But there is no need to multiply instances. In Hedda as in Nora Madame Nazimova has intensified our interest in a type requiring for its interpretation not merely art but that rarest of gifts, the intuitive vision.

IN AN OLD ROOM

WHEN the late April gladdens into May,
And the home birds come back from wandering;
When dandelions star each road side way,
And old hopes take new lease of life and wing,
I love to seek that low, brown-raftered room,
Where festooned cobwebs grace the bare walls' gloom,
By the west window, in the flag-seat chair,
To face the memories that inhabit there.

A dumping ground for worn-out, broken things,
You call this place,—but while the phebe sings,
And mortars here her neatly moulded nest
With mud and mosses to the brown beam pressed,
I hear again, beneath the sunken roof—
No longer rain- and snow- and tempest-proof,—
The merry laugh of children at their play,
The rhythmic sound of fireside-rocker's sway,
The housework clatter, and the song of praise,
The morning prayer that ushered in the days;
And, floating upward from the tangled bowers,
A fragrance comes of long-lost garden flowers.

Only a dumping place for ruins this,
Yet magic door to youth, to song, I wis;
The mouldering garments, books and letters cast
Aside—the sport of broken-window blast—
Still hold the power, in newly awakened spring,
When pear-trees bloom, and phebcs, building, sing,
To lure through this old home's forsaken door
The feet that else would tread earth's ways no more.

CORA A. MATSON DOLSON.



The Lounger



MR. R. NEWTON CRANE the well-known American barrister, who is now serving his country in London as United States Government Despatch Agent, contributed an interesting column to the London *Morning Leader* on the appointment of Mr. Bryce as Ambassador to this country. Mr. Crane speaks of the appointment of Mr. Bryce as being singularly fit, if for no other reason than the popularity of his great work on the American Constitution. There are, he says,

few, if any, Englishmen so well known in America as Mr. Bryce, and his entry into public life in the United States will be regarded by these friends as the return of an old confrère to a familiar field of mental activity. They have kept his name fresh in the minds of a newer generation, which has been taught to regard his great work as a text-book and an unerring guide to political life, with the interests of which they are being exhorted to identify themselves. . . .

But the one thing above all others which will cause Mr. Bryce to be received with a peculiar welcome by the "man in the street" in America, will be the fact that he is not a trained diplomatist. His selection will be regarded as the acknowledgment by the English Government of the success of a system of filling foreign embassies and legations with untried, but yet prominent, laymen, which has constantly prevailed in the United States.



I had my first glimpse of the House of Commons through the courtesy of Mr. Bryce. This was in 1894, and although I did not see Mr. Gladstone on the floor I saw so many faces made familiar by the cartoons of Tenniel and Carruthers Gould, that I felt as one feels on looking through a file of *Punch* or the *Westminster Gazette*. The next time that I gazed upon this august body, I was the guest of an Irish M. P. with whom I had worked in years gone by on the New York

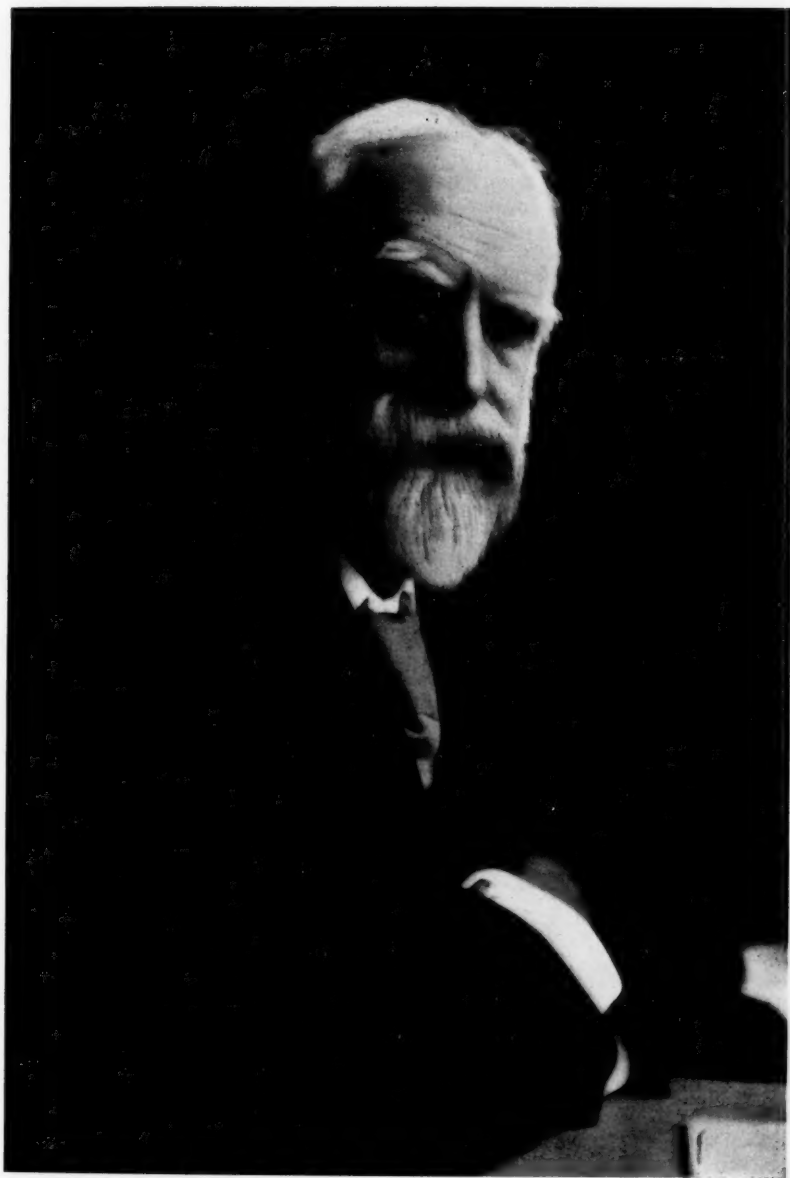
Herald. He was a fire-eating Fenian then, but when we met on the terrace during the intermission, his eating was confined to the peaceful strawberry. Time does much toward toning down the impetuosity of youth, and your firebrand of a Fenian may, as he increases in years and wisdom, become as gentle as a sucking dove.



"There are three distinguished authors to-day," writes J. B. G., "who may be grouped, not because of any resemblance between the work of any one of the trio and that of either of the other two, but merely because in the extent of their fame they stand apart from all others. They are Tolstoy, Kipling and Mark Twain. The one other living writer who comes nearest these three in renown is undoubtedly Maurice Maeterlinck. It will not be long before the Belgian will have to be classed with the Russian, the Englishman and the American as an author of world-wide repute. Having read his essay, 'The Social Revolution,' I am struck by the fact that two of the four men above named have ranged themselves with the disciples of Socialism. It is a fact not without significance, and one that is perhaps calculated to bear other than literary fruit."



A new Italian review, called *Cenobium*, is notable for its freedom of discussion and its numerous articles on religions. Dr. H. E. Neumann of Vienna, a noted Orientalist, contributes to the first number a paper on "L'Origine de Dio," and G. de Lorenzo, of the University of Naples, one on "Gautama Buddha"; there is also an article on "Feminism" as exemplified at Chautauqua. Two or three papers are printed in French.



From a photograph by Haines, London

THE RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE

I hear great things about *Uncle Remus's Magazine*. The very fact that it is to be edited by Joel Chandler Harris has aroused interest all over the country. Mr. Harris has plenty of money behind him and no end of good-will. Mr. Kipling has promised to write for him, and so have Jack London, Thomas Nelson Page, James Whitcomb Riley, and others equally well known. Not the least of the attractions of the magazine will be a new Uncle Remus series in the author's best vein. Mr. Harris will have associated with him a Southern journalist whose curious name is Don Marquis. Mr. Marquis is not only an editor, but he is a writer of whom more will be heard before he is many years older. This author's first story, "Behind the Curtain," appeared in the February number of this magazine. I am glad to hear that *Uncle Remus* has plenty of money behind him, and that—better still—subscriptions are pouring in.



From the *Westminster Gazette*

JOHN BULL PRESENTING MR. BRYCE
TO UNCLE SAM

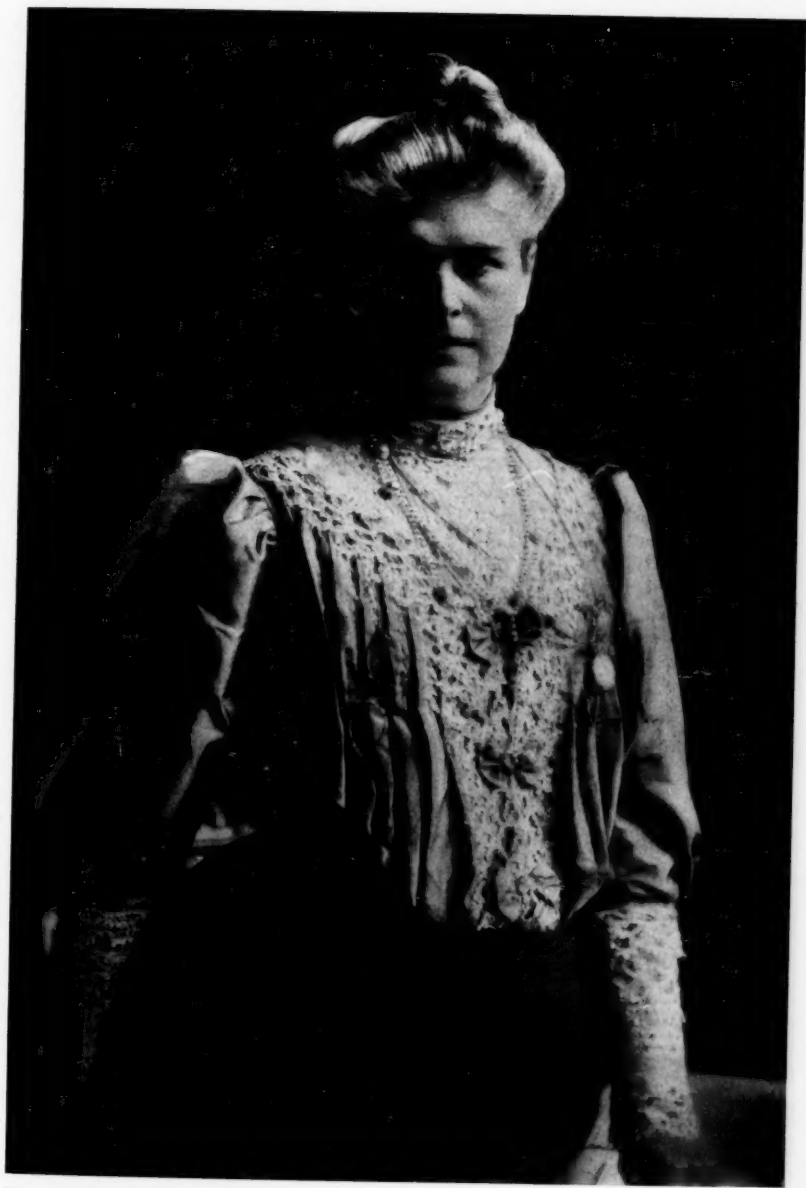
The late Archibald Clavering Gunter let twenty years elapse between his novel "Mr. Barnes of New York," and its sequel, "Mr. Barnes, American." Every time anything is said about Mr. Gunter's "Mr. Barnes of New York" it is always accompanied by a statement that the book was declined by all the publishers to whom it was offered, and that finally

Mr. Gunter, in a fit of pique, published it himself—with what success every one knows. I don't know how many publishers declined Mr. Gunter's book, but I know of one publisher who did not exactly decline it, though he did not print it.

His reader (as I was that reader, I know) said distinctly and emphatically that the book would have a commercial success and advised its publication, but suggested that certain unnecessary lines, which were not altogether refined, should be eliminated. This suggestion was made because the English and parent house had objected strenuously to certain passages in an American book that had been accepted by the New York house. Mr. Gunter declined to make the changes, and so the deal was off. This was before the days of international copyright, and, to the disgust of the reader and the New York branch of the London house, the latter published the story in full as a serial in one of its magazines. I say in full, but I am not quite sure whether the objectionable passages were eliminated. When, later, "The Heavenly Twins" was offered to this same house, the manager accepted and published the book, having registered a vow never again to consider the parent establishment.

"Friday, the Thirteenth" may be Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's first novel, but he is no novice at the trade, having long been a writer of fiction.

There are two conditions under which the "Flatiron" building is picturesque: one at night, when its thousand electric eyes flash and twinkle up the avenue and over Madison Square; the other, in a snow-storm. Through the snowflakes you see only its dim outline and then, with its ugliness softened and held down as under a mystic veil, you forgive it the sins for which you execrate it at other times. If wishes could wither the builders of that monster, that



From a photograph by Haines, London

MRS. JAMES BRYCE



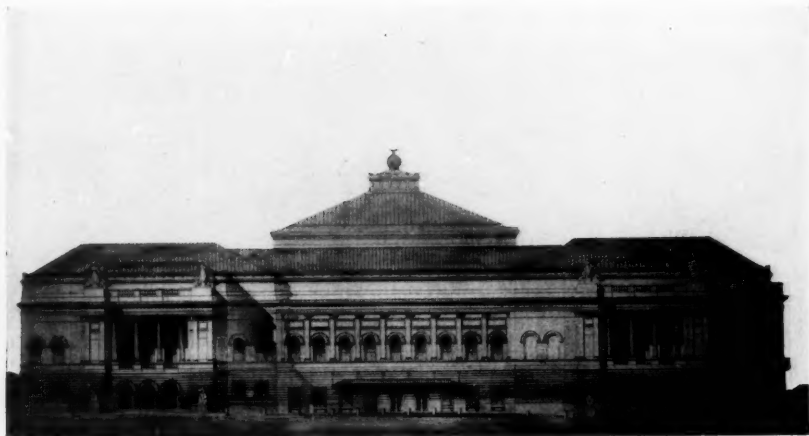
See page 80.

FLATIRON BUILDING IN A SNOWSTORM



See page 84.

MADISON SQUARE TOWER IN A SNOWSTORM



(Reproduced by the courtesy of the Department of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute)

FINE ARTS BUILDING OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG

monument to selfish greed, they would dry up and float down the gale they have created at Broadway and Twenty-third Street.

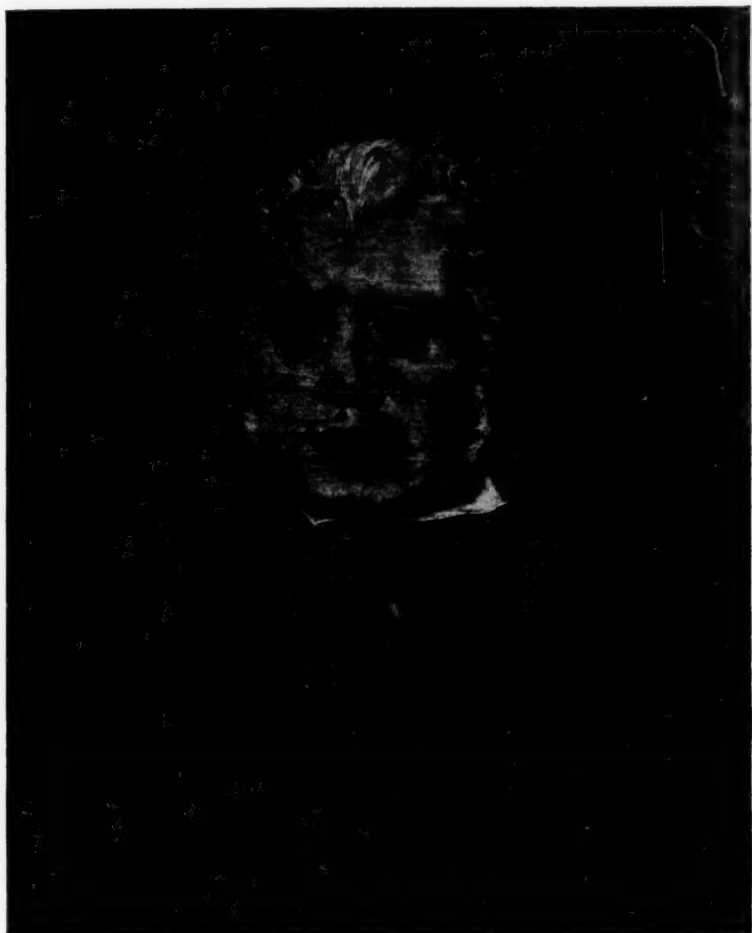
On the other hand, the Madison Square Garden, with its graceful tower topped by the golden Diana of St. Gaudens, is always a thing of beauty; and let us hope that it will be a joy forever. Dire rumors occasionally reach our ears that this most beautiful of all our public buildings is to be torn down and a commercial building erected upon its site. The Garden does not pay, they say, and nothing that does not pay can be tolerated in New York. It is owned by some of our richest citizens, to be sure; but that is nothing: they would not be rich if they had not made things pay. It is only we who are poor who would keep the beautiful at any cost. That is why we are poor. Our multi-millionaires lavish their "oil-gotten gains" upon practical things, but with one or two exceptions Beauty makes no appeal to them, or if she does she is frowned upon as a frivolous person.



On the eleventh of this month, the Carnegie Institute building, Pittsburgh, greatly enlarged, will be dedi-

cated. The event will be one of unusual interest and significance, and the most important in the history of the institution. A number of eminent men of many countries, representing art, science and literature, will be present. Among the more distinguished guests will be Messieurs Bénédict, Homolle and Enlart, Directors, respectively, of the Luxembourg, Louvre and Trocadéro museums, and the President of the International Society of Painters, Gravers and Sculptors, Monsieur Auguste Rodin. Besides these, many other eminent representatives of art institutes have been or will be invited. In view of the importance of the occasion, no less than because of the coming of many men representative of art in its various phases, it is the purpose to make the international exhibition of paintings one of the important features of the dedicatory occasion. Many eminent painters in America and Europe have entered works, advisory committees representing the Institute having met in London, Paris, Munich and The Hague on January thirtieth, for the consideration and acceptance of paintings for the exhibition.

The International Jury which has accepted paintings in America, and



From a painting by Sir Henry Raeburn, P. R. A.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

foreign works submitted from other cities than those in which advisory committees exist, and will award the honors, is elected by the votes of all the artists who have contributed to the Institute's exhibitions. The Jury is composed of two painters elected from Europe and eight from America, and the Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, who is its President and presides at the meetings.

* See page 87.

In the dark days of the Commune in Paris, Gustave Doré took refuge in Versailles, and the scenes that there met his eyes provided material for the caricatures here reproduced. Long files of prisoners passed down the solemn avenues of that memory-haunted town; he went to the sessions of the Assembly and saw the men who were trying to rule France, and many of those who had contributed to her ruin. All the mad passions,



*Noo biffing enure, messieurs, et Catiline est
une peste à Rome !!!!!!!*

From a drawing by Doré

"YOU CONTINUE TO DELIBERATE, GENTLEMEN,
WHILE CATILINE IS AT THE GATES OF ROME!"



M. Comte Galopier

From a drawing by Doré

COUNT GALOPIA

the rapacity, the presumptuous folly and *opera-bouffe* qualities that laid France low can be traced in the features of the men he caricatured: the dandyism of some of the officials, and the rage, the despair, the abject misery of the Communards and the soldiers found in him a keen and sympathetic observer. Sometimes the tragedy is so deep as to touch on comedy, but through it all Doré's optimism shines, and these pathetic and ironic figures are replete with humor. The sketches were left as a souvenir with Madame L. Bruyère, who received Gustave Doré and his

mother in her house at Versailles. They have only recently been published by Plon, Nourrit, & Co., under the title of "*Versailles et Paris en 1871*."



A certain New York editor has received the communication which follows from a "dead-broke" contributor. It tells its own story:

I pray thee, think me not importunate,

But I am faint and fain for actual food—

Yea, all the red corpuscles of my blood
Are turning pink; and next into a state

persuaded to have the picture valued by experts, who pronounced it to be an original Raeburn, painted in the same year as the death of the artist, and eight years before the death of Sir Walter Scott. Three replicas of the painting now exist, which are to be found in the collections respectively of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Raeburn family, and the Earl of Home. The difference between the original and the replicas is found in the watch-chain, which in the copies is represented as silver instead of silk. Art students will recognize in this Raeburn's invariable custom of changing in some slight degree the details of an original in executing replicas of his works. The picture is now in the hands of Mrs. Bishop's bankers, and she is asking for it the sum of twelve thousand guineas. If of unquestioned authenticity, even an American purchaser might perhaps be found for it at this high price.



Mrs. Jessamy Steele, Bret Harte's daughter, who is reported as being in the poorhouse of Portland, Me., must inherit a good deal of her father's temperament. It is said that Mrs. Steele has had a lot of money from time to time, but that she did not know how to keep it; that she was extravagant and let it slip through her fingers. Bret Harte, with all his cleverness as an author, had no idea of money values. If he had not had good friends in England, it would have been impossible for him to live on what he earned by his pen. He was luxurious in his tastes and extravagant in his habits. His daughter has apparently inherited the extravagance without the genius of her father. She should, however, be kept out of the poorhouse at any cost, for it would be a sad reflection upon the many who have enjoyed Bret Harte's stories and who made him little less than a god at the time that he published his first book, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," if such a fate were to befall his child.



From a drawing by Doré

M. THIERS *

When Bret Harte came to New York, just after his first great success, he brought his family with him. Besides Mrs. Harte there were three or four little children. The boy, named after his father, was the oldest, I believe; and the father seemed proud of them. It was not so many years later that Mrs. Harte was keeping a boarding-house and looking after the children alone. Her husband was earning plenty of money, but he had generally spent it before it reached his hands. With all his faults Bret Harte was a most delightful companion, and he had a charm that you seldom find in popular writers. He never talked of himself, never took the centre of the stage, and gave every appearance of being a gentle, kind and modest man. Popularity

*See page 85.

such as his would have been trying to many stronger men. Let us, however, forget his faults and be grateful to him for the creations he has given to American literature, for, as long as the English language is read, John Oakhurst, "Miggles," Yuba Bill,

M'liss, and—I suppose I must include him—the "Heathen Chinee," will be household names.



As a matter of more or less literary interest, I reproduce the following cartoon from a volume of political and other skits by Sir F. Carruthers Gould, issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.



A LITERARY PROVERB

MR. HALL CAINE: Ill-blows the wind that profits nobody.

LORD GOSCHEN AND THE WHITEFRIARS



THE Whitefriars Club of London, a dining club composed chiefly of journalists, men of letters and artists, had its origin, some forty years ago, in the restaurant of the Ludgate Hill railway station; for some time past it has inhabited a hotel in Fleet Street, situated very conveniently with reference to the newspaper offices that throng that thoroughfare. The resident membership is limited to one hundred, and there are besides about fifty "country" members and a dozen honorary ones. From the first, a weekly dinner has been the chief feature of the life of the club—"stags" all, save the Christmas festivities, and the annual Ladies Banquet in the spring.

The membership roll includes a sprinkling of American names; and among the Friars of native stock are many whose doings are familiar on this side of the water. Such, for instance, are Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, Mr. J. M. Dent, Mr. George Manville Fenn, Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. Robert Leighton, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P., Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, Lord Northcliffe (*né* Harmsworth), Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Clement K. Shorter, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Alfred Sutro, Mr. H. G. Wells and Sir William Treloar, Lord Mayor of London. The American contingent—some half-dozen men or more—comprises, to name but two names, Mr. Joseph Pennell and Mr. R. Newton Crane, barrister, of The Temple; and among the eleven honorary mem-

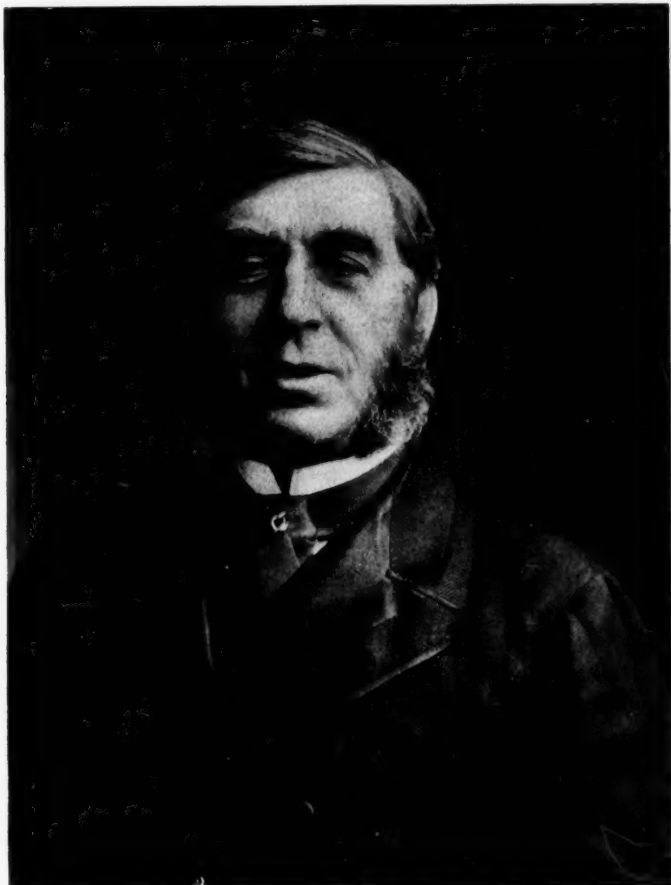
bers—with Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Richard Whiteing—is to be found our own Mark Twain, whose Whitefriarship dates back some three and thirty years.

Once a year, a band of Friars and their friends make a day's pilgrimage to some not too remote point of literary or historic interest—Warwick Castle, Dorking (where Meredith lives), Dickensland, Constable's country, or wherenot. But, as already mentioned, the weekly dinner is the thing—especially when it happens to be also the annual one.

To these affairs each Friar may bring one or more guests; and there is a Guest of the Club, upon whom devolves the burden of making the principal after-dinner speech. The Prior and the guest of the evening, and the subject to be discussed by guests and Friars alike, are selected months in advance. Literary, clerical, and political figures of the amplest dimensions have graced these symposia. The American Ambassador is pretty sure to be a club guest, during his term of office (Mr. Hay and Mr. Reid were among those to be thus honored). The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was the guest under the Priorship of Mr. Anthony Hope, at the annual dinner this year, which, as it happened, fell on Washington's Birthday. In 1906 the chief guest was General Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith; a year earlier, the choice fell upon Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Rosebery also being present as a private guest. In 1904 the burden of the day was borne by Sir G. O. Trevelyan, nephew and biographer of Lord Macaulay, and dispassionate historian of the American Revolution. Sir George especially regretted the absence, on an electioneering tour,

of Friar Winston Churchill, as he had known intimately and greatly admired his father, whom he proceeded

manship" the theme of the evening's symposium. Friar Leighton presided, his personal guest being Mr.



From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE JOACHIM, 1ST VISCOUNT GOSCHEN

to eulogize in eloquent terms before addressing himself to the toast of "Literature."

But the "banner" night of the Whitefriars, so far as the present scribe's memory carries him, was that of January 30, 1903, when, at the Trocadero Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, the Right Hon. George Joachim, Viscount Goschen was the Club's guest, and "Literature and States-

John Murray, who at the moment was bringing out an important book by Lord Goschen. This was none other than the writer's biography of his grandfather, a noted German publisher, whose name was identified with those of Goethe, Schiller and the other great German poets of his day,—as the name of John Murray, borne by the grandfather and great-grandfather of Lord Goschen's English

publisher and fellow-guest, was identified, at the same period, with the name and fame of Goethe's contemporaries, Byron, Scott, Moore, and Irving. (The authorized American edition of the work referred to was issued, by the way, by the house whose name and imprint appear upon this magazine.) Upon Friar Caine devolved the pleasant task of introducing the guest of the evening, and he discharged it in a very felicitous manner.

Immediately after its delivery, I spoke of Lord Goschen's response as the best after-dinner speech it had been my good fortune to hear; and Mr. John Morley, to whom a privately printed copy was sent, declared that he had never read a better one. Some two months ago, it occurred to me to ask permission to publish it in these pages; and on the very day of the speaker's death (February 7th) a letter, graciously consenting, subject to the Club's approval (which has since been secured, was received and acknowledged before intelligence of the writer's unexpected end had appeared in the afternoon papers.

From Mr. Hall Caine's remarks in proposing the speaker's health and coupling his name with the toast "Literature and Statesmanship," this brief passage referring to "statesmen-critics" is extracted:

The literary man is not always over-delighted by the incursion of the politician into the field of literature. I do not refer to the statesman-critic. That is a censori-

ous personage of whom the literary man stands in becoming awe. When he descends into the lower marshes of modern literature from the arid heights of Downing Street, or the somnolent alcoves of the House of Lords, and tells us of our sins and shortcomings, we sometimes think of the proverb about the cobbler and his last, and commend his industry over the Education Act. It is the statesman-author the literary man is more troubled about; and perhaps it is natural, if the author thinks that the statesman with so many and such enviable opportunities for serving his country, in the making of wars and a one-and-threepenny income-tax, might be content to leave to the humble brotherhood of the pen the privilege of besieging the circulating library. But the incursions of the politician into the field of literature are not so frequent that the man of letters has any serious cause for professional jealousy. Once in fifty years politics produce a novelist like Disraeli, and once in a hundred years a dramatist like Brinsley Sheridan; and then it matters nothing to any of us where he has come from, in our joy that a great genius has come. As for the other literary products of the political world, the occasional causeries of the House of Commons, the sibylline leaves of the House of Lords, we see that in general they are written, as the new book of Lord Goschen has been written, out of special knowledge and by special impulse, and are therefore to be welcomed by all. Whether the incursions of the literary man into the field of politics are equally welcome to the politician, we must leave it to our Guest to say.

LORD GOSCHEN'S SPEECH

THE "SLIPPERY SLOPE" OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

FRIAR HALL CAINE has cut out my work for me to-night. He has given me a difficult task. He has challenged me in many respects. I feel sure, however, that the members of the gracious order of the White Friars, who have extended so cordial a welcome to a rough politician, will

be kind enough to listen to me if I take up the challenge which the Friar has thrown down, though possibly I may be expressing views somewhat different from those of his eloquent speech. I am not so far prepared as he is to admit a divergence between the political and the literary careers.

STATIONS,
ETCHINGHAM & HAWKHURST,
TELEGRAPH, HAWKHURST.

Seacroft Heath,
Hawkhurst.

27 Jan

Dear Sir

My speech of 11 White Friars has not
been reprinted in any Magazine, except in the
Journal of the Club. You are quite welcome
to publish it in your Magazine. If the
Secretary of the Club has no objection, I
cannot think that he would have any.

I should like to have a proof of the
address. It probably requires a few
verbal corrections.

I shall be grateful for the copy of the
Magazine which you are sending me.
I will specially note for the article "The
Kingdom of Light." Thanking you
for your kind appreciation of my
speech.

Yours very truly,
Goschen

LORD GOSCHEN'S LETTER CONCERNING HIS WHITEFRIARS SPEECH

DEAR SIR:

My speech to the White Friars Club has not been reprinted in any magazine except in the Journal of the club. You are quite welcome to publish it in your magazine if the Secretary of the Club has no objection. I cannot think that he would have any.

I should like to have a proof of the address. It probably requires a few verbal corrections.

I shall be grateful for the copy of your Magazine which you are sending me, and will specially look for the article "The Kingdom of Light." Thanking you for your kind appreciation of my speech, I remain,
Yours very truly,
GOSCHEN.

I do not resent, but I welcome with all my heart, the incursion of literary men into our political life. I am not sure that I shall not be able to show that the incursion of politicians into literary life has also some advantages. Indeed, I think the more politicians and literary men can work together, the better it is for maintaining those ideals of life and those higher standards which none more than the members of this Club would wish to see upheld by the nation. Friar Hall Caine has rather tempted me to venture for a few moments upon the slippery slope of garrulous autobiography. If I stumble, give me your help, and do not let me slip down to the bottom.

I have to confess to you—and I do not wish to convey to you a sense of abnormal priggishness—that I was a literary boy. I was the poet of the family. I was the poet of a narrow circle—let me rather say poetaster, versifier; though, not to be too humble, I must admit that even in my earliest days I had a sense of rhythm, and could not bear a line that did not scan. Being in that way acclaimed by a narrow circle, when I went to Rugby it was quite natural that I should be fired with literary ambition, and as soon as it was competent for me to do so—when I had been a year in the sixth, and was seventeen—I had the temerity to enter the lists for the prizes for English verse, for English prose, and for the Queen's medal for an English essay on a historical subject.

LORD GOSCHEN'S PRIZE POEM

These ambitions of my literary period were, I must admit, rewarded, for I won the prize for English verse, I gained the prize for the English essay, and I was second for the historical medal, which I got the next year. The subject of my prize poem was "The Celts," and a certain rhetorical tendency which I possessed at that time enabled me to produce a poem which, many years later, after my conflicts with Irish members in

the House of Commons, I submitted to the judgment of Mr. Justin McCarthy, and I was much flattered by the statement that he would wish to keep it. I am not sure, if the Irish members had read that poem before, the violent antagonism with which I met would have been so pronounced.

From Rugby I went to Oxford, and, needless to say, I became a candidate for the Newdigate Prize. You know, gentlemen, the kind of thing—rhetoric in rhyme, grandiose, heroic, antithetical, alliterative. The subject was Belshazzar's Feast. It did not suit me. My powers were not descriptive, but heroic:

Ho! Bring the cups, the golden goblets
bring;
A godlike chalice for a godlike king!
Bring forth the cups! 'T would be a
draught divine—
In Hebrew vessels, Babylonian wine!

Rhetoric in rhyme did not succeed. The prize was not assigned to the composer of these heroic lines. On that occasion there entered into the lists against those who thought they possessed the power of verse, a man who was a real poet. The Newdigate Prize has often been won by great men. Keble was a Newdigate winner. In this year there was a poem sent in, gorgeous in its coloring, by a man who possessed a wonderful power of Asiatic gorgeousness. Its author was a man whom, probably, many of you know, the author of "The Light of Asia," Sir Edwin Arnold,—and when we heard him recite his beautiful poem, we felt there was no humiliation in surrendering the prize to one who had real poetic force.

STOLEN VISITS TO HELICON

After leaving Oxford I did not have many flirtations with the Muse. I entered upon a life of affairs and of business. If you ask me whether there were any more flirtations, I should say "Never." "What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever." Of course there are occasions when a stolen visit to the slopes of Helicon may be permitted, even to a man of affairs. Some time afterwards I produced a book—a real book—which has been alluded to by Mr. Hall Caine, with the forbidding title of "The Theory of the Foreign Exchanges." Well, the book was a great success. It has gone through many editions; but I don't know that it was literature. It was simply analysis—the application of an Oxford mind to City subjects. I was saturated with Mill, but he did not dominate me. I even analyzed his generalizations. At a later period I attempted another piece of analysis: I

analyzed those terrible problems connected with local taxation—and if any of you wish to drive yourselves almost to lunacy, undertake to tackle the mysteries of the incidence of taxation, local or imperial! I have acquired, whether I deserve it or not, a certain credit in that department; but here again what I did was to apply a rigid mental separator to all the facts which came before me.

It is not an uninteresting thing to ask oneself whether the same powers, the same qualities, the same methods which are employed by politicians and by political economists, are applied by literary men to other subjects. I should like to know whether the novelists who analyze the secrets of the heart and the soul employ the same methods of mental analysis. Differing, perhaps, to a certain extent from Mr. Hall Caine, I think the methods and the powers of politicians

might also be successful in the walks of literature, and, *vice versa*, that the processes of literary men might with great advantage be applied to the work of politicians. Mr. Hall Caine has resented in his good-humored way, the incursions of political men into the realms of literature. Well, there is one class of politicians who have been great offenders in that respect, and those are the Prime Ministers. And let me for a moment stop to analyze. There are politicians who have become literary, and literary men who have become politicians. There are also those who have started simultaneously on the literary and the political side.



LORD GOSCHEN ADDRESSING THE WHITE-FRIARS

(From a sketch made on the spot by Sir F. Carruthers Gould)

LITERARY PRIME MINISTERS

Now, take our Prime Ministers. Mr. Gladstone turned to his Homeric studies, and to many other literary topics. Disraeli, as Mr. Hall Caine reminded us, was a great novelist. Lord Rosebery has written admirable books upon Napoleon and Pitt, and I do not think that authors ought really to exclude him from their ranks. Another Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Balfour, has written in a literary spirit on philosophic doubts, also a book which has some literary merit. French Prime Ministers, like M. Waddington and the Duc de Broglie, have followed the same course. Ought these men to be rebuked for entering the field of letters? I think they have helped letters, and have shown the public that politicians and statesmen of the day have a wider

range than their political or party subjects; that they are able, like other members of the community, to enter the realms of imagination and of history, of study and of scholarship, to their own great advantage and that of others also. Lord Salisbury has not written books, but he is essentially literary in his mind, as has been shown in his great gift of coining phrases. Disraeli also had this gift in a great degree. I remember one of my first experiences in entering the House of Commons was to hear a fine phrase he used. I do not know whether it would strike the literary men of to-day as it struck me. He was replying to Mr. Roebuck, who was a man who held an isolated position. Mr. Roebuck attacked Mr. Disraeli for having deserted his camp, and Mr. Disraeli used this fine phrase in reply: "The honorable and learned member taunts me with having deserted his camp. I never knew he had a camp. I thought he was a solitary sentry keeping guard over a deserted fortress." I thought that very beautiful and literary. A little time afterwards I had the honor of sitting next to Mr. Disraeli at a dinner at Trinity House. He had a Bishop on one side whom he did not like; so he unbent to me, a young politician, and made three epigrams, each of which struck me as very good. I was deeply interested seven years later in finding all three, just as he had used them to me, introduced in "Lothair" and "Endymion." The fact is, he potted his epigrams. Let me tell you one of them. He told me, in a dramatic style I wish I could reproduce, that in 1848, or about that time, Count Bismarck, as he was then, had been summoned to Berlin to give Germany a constitution, and was instructed to take London on his way.

BISMARCK'S OR DISRAELI'S?

At London it was arranged that Bismarck and Disraeli should meet. "We met," said Disraeli. "I said to Count Bismarck, 'They have sum-

moned you to Berlin to give them a constitution?'" To which Count Bismarck replied: "They have summoned me to Berlin to give them a constitution; I intend to give them a country.'" On this I observed: "Mr. Disraeli, that sounds like one of your own epigrams across the table of the House of Commons." He replied, but in a very unconvincing voice, "Count Bismarck did say so." Well, gentlemen, I had an opportunity years afterwards, dining with Count Bismarck, to tell him the story, and I asked him, "Did you say that?" Count Bismarck said to me, but also in an unconvincing voice—"Yes, I said so." Mr. Disraeli was dead at that time. Well, I had against me two great men, both of whom said it was Count Bismarck who used the words, but for my part, I believe to this day that the phrase was coined in a British mint. Count Bismarck, however, was perfectly capable of splendid rhetorical phrases; he also was a manufacturer of fine and picturesque epigrams. One of them he used to me with reference to French aggressions in North Africa, which had been proceeding whilst I was Ambassador at Constantinople. "Since you passed through here last, Mr. Goschen," Count Bismarck said, "the fiery steed of French policy has been galloping on the sands of Tunis, and heavy galloping ground they found it." I think that a very good phrase. All his letters and his reminiscences show that, man of blood and iron as he was, there was the literary feeling in Count Bismarck. He apologized to me for not being acquainted with modern English literature. I am afraid he had not read the many able novels which have been published by authors now living. He said: "I know my Shakespeare, and I know my Sheridan, and I think one of the finest scenes in the English language is that in which Charles Surface sells his ancestors, but refuses to part with old Noll." It was characteristic of Count Bismarck that that should have been his favorite passage in English literature.

Now, having spoken of politicians who have done something in the way of literature, let me deal for a moment with literary men who have made incursions into politics.

LITERARY MEN IN THE HOUSE

One of my first experiences in the Parliament of 1864 or 1865 was to hear the last speech—oration, let me call it—from Bulwer, the great novelist. It was splendid, stately, *magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la politique*. He became a Secretary of State, he made a certain position in political life; but essentially he was not a politician. Then there was Kinglake, the great historian. In an earlier period he made, I believe, some impression, but when I heard him in the first years I was in the House, his fine political rhetoric was without effect. He did not succeed as a politician. Then there was John Stuart Mill, who went from literature into the House of Commons. I remember well the pathetic figure he made when he got up to speak,—listened to in a House as rowdy as the present—listened to on account of his great sincerity and absolute conviction, but still an absolute failure. He had not that robustness which seems to be one of the necessary qualities for political work. There was Professor Fawcett, who succeeded. He was a man of letters and a student, but he had a robustness and virility which told upon the House, and was essentially a success in his day. One other man let me cite, a graceful and polished poet, Richard Monckton Milnes—"Dicky" Milnes, as he was called by his friends. He was a failure in the House, and he was asked the cause. He honestly admitted he had been a failure. A friend said: "How is it, Dicky? You are a very clever fellow. How is it you do not get on in the House?" He said: "Well, to tell you the truth, I believe it is because when I am in the middle of my speech I say to myself, 'Well, Dicky, how are you getting on?'" Self-consciousness

will not do in political life. Self-consciousness is the snare of the exquisites of culture. Take Matthew Arnold, for instance. If he had brought his majestic sweetness and his incandescent light into the House of Commons, it is certain he would have been a failure, because he was not of that class of literary men who succeed in politics. You want more force, you want more go, and, above all, you want less self-consciousness and sensitiveness than some literary men possess.

SOME MODERN INSTANCES

Now, for one moment, let me speak of the present. Happily, there are now in the House of Commons literary men who have succeeded by the strength of their intellect, and by the possession of Parliamentary qualities. There are Lecky, Morley, Bryce, Anson, and others, who are not only able to catch the Speaker's eye, but able to catch the ear of the House of Commons, which is, perhaps, as difficult a task; and so history, scholarship, and law are acclaimed in the persons of these men, who are all a success. When Birrell was in the House, he represented humor. Morley had his vicissitudes. At the beginning it was a question how far he would succeed, but in the end he conquered his position, and now he is able at the same time to thunder forth party speeches on the platform and to prepare the "Life of Mr. Gladstone," which will be an epoch-making book when submitted to the public. I should like to hear from some of these gentlemen what they think of the comparative joys and sorrows of literary and political life. Perhaps Friar Gilbert Parker will some day tell us whether he considers the thrill of a successful novel falls short, or is surpassed by the rapture of a successful speech. The question as to which conveyed more happiness might be a very interesting psychological subject.

I received once some confidences from Mr. Morley on the subject. When

he had been some months in the House of Commons, he said, what he missed most was the immediate effect of his work. When he was a journalist, and edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he knew his articles would appear at once. When he was in the House of Commons as a private member, he might sit night after night, wondering if he would catch the Speaker's eye. He felt a waste of brain power, because, however elaborately he prepared his speeches, he might never get an opportunity of using them. Well, the journalist has the advantage in that respect, because he knows his work will be before the public next morning. The M. P. for Blank, who tries to catch the Speaker's eye, may suffer night after night the agonies of undelivered speeches. I have experienced it myself. It is a most intolerable pain. He endures this impeded parturition without any obstetric publisher who will deliver him—to use a phrase borrowed from your Chairman, which, without such sanction, I should have shrunk from employing. And what does this impeded parturition end in? Often in a miscarriage. The member for Blank at last catches the Speaker's eye. "Now," he says, "my hour has come." The House is not electrified. Member after member withdraws to the smoking-room. Still, he hopes for a time his oration will appear in the papers next morning. Then comes the awful and mortifying phrase, "After a few remarks from the member for Blank,"—

AGONIES OF AUTHORS

Do authors ever pass through any similar agonies; are there not similar difficulties and disappointments in their life? Do they ever find a difficulty in catching a publisher's eye? Or when they have caught it, do they sometimes find that the audience of readers—if that is not a bull—dis-

prove, and that they do not get what they expected? I am afraid that in both these walks of life there are periods of disappointment, of baffled expectations, though often, I trust, of hopes crowned after all. I must lay to heart the catechism applied to me by Mr. Hall Caine. A cold shiver runs through me when I think of my own picture of the disappointed expectations of authors, for I, too, am about to become an author, and my obstetric assistant is sitting at my right hand (Mr. Murray). But, notwithstanding all the warnings which have fallen from Mr. Hall Caine, I shall await the verdict with that patience and with that philosophy with which forty years of public life have necessarily endowed me. Politicians no less than authors are accustomed to disappointment, and, if I may say it in this audience, we are accustomed to criticism. How many critics are now sitting before me at this moment! I will not say I cast myself upon their indulgence—it would scarcely be becoming in me to say so. I cast myself on their impartial judgment.

Let me say, once more, that I believe politicians and literary men can work together for the ennobling of the ideals of life among the people at large. I associate myself with the eloquent words with which Friar Hall Caine finished his speech. He showed how noble was the profession of the author, how lofty the duties he puts before himself. We politicians, notwithstanding party strife, notwithstanding that it seems sometimes as if we diverged from the high ideals which we ought to pursue, often aspire to join with all the pioneers of civilization—with the literary battalions in their forward march—with all the men who are opening up new vistas of hope for our country. We aspire to associate ourselves with them for the benefit of our country, which literature and politics alike desire to serve.

AN ORDER FOR THE NEXT POET

DETAILS TO BE FILLED IN, PLEASE, BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

Author of "The Voice of the Machines"

IV



HERE is another kind of universe besides the Whitman one—the one with the paths of stars in it and crowds of faces flocking through the stars. It is a universe in which the faces come closer—Will Shakespeare's, for instance. The faces do not merely haunt us. They flock through hidden life in us. They take possession of us and make camps in our hearts. While they are with us we are new creatures. We are informed with new lives—the supreme form of information. The world still goes to Will Shakespeare for all moods and to Walt Whitman for but one.

There is no telling what Shakespeare would have done if he had had Walt Whitman's chance—his nineteenth-century, scientific chance; but the probabilities seem to be that Shakespeare would have painted his picture several stars farther out than Whitman did, and he would have put in Camden, near Philadelphia, and a few back counties in Pennsylvania besides. Even as the matter stands, there is still a sense in which William Shakespeare, three hundred years off, is nearer to us than Walt Whitman, whose hands were on our shoulders yesterday. Shakespeare may not be so near to a whole world as Whitman (Whitman hugs a planet better), but he is nearer to us, to each and all of us, dotted about in our separate places and our separate selves, loving and hating each other. For the truth is (and let it not be breathed to the Whitmanite, nor in

the house of the ungodly)—the final truth about Whitman is, that Walt Whitman (May the Lord have mercy on his soul!) could not laugh. He could not even cry.

He has easily the most profound vision that has yet appeared in modern life, but the profundity of Whitman, unlike Socrates' or Shakespeare's, is second-rate profundity—the profundity that never laughs. It is owing to this trait in Whitman, a certain supernatural lack of humor in him, that it is always going to be necessary to classify him in the world's second order of great men. It has made him the ground-plan for the world's great modern poet, instead of the poet himself.

A lack of humor can generally be accounted for in one of two ways. Some people have little humor because they are too small, their lives are narrow and safe—leave no margin for the unexpected. Others have no humor because they are too large. Their lives are all margin, made of nothing but the unexpected, the unexpected every day and as a matter of course, and there is nothing unexpected about it. Conveniences and inducements for laughing, in such circumstances (or for crying, which amounts to the same thing), are comparatively rare, and a man who has allowed himself the habit—the fixed habit—of being too large, of being everywhere at once, the way Whitman did,—so far as laughing or crying is concerned, is almost sure to be out of practice. Nothing made any difference to Whitman. It was all the same in a thousand years, and a thousand years were as yesterday. If he ever saw, or thought he saw, a difference in anything, he melted it

down with a thousand years. It disappeared. He walled his soul out from all our little, human, conventional definitions. His whole physical and spiritual being was shut in with comparisons. There was not a thing that Whitman ever liked that he did not like because it was so much like something else—generally, everything else. There was not a single thing that Whitman knew, in all the world, that seemed to him very different, on the whole, from anything else in the world—from the day he was born to the day he died. He did not even know when he died. There was nothing peculiar about it. It was not very different from looking at the stars, or going in swimming, or writing a poem. It was more like being born than anything else.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that a man who was going to be the poet of infinity, should have taken it seriously, should have made a business of infinity, and have somewhat confined himself to it. It certainly ought to be obvious, looking at the matter from the human or artistic point of view, that Walt Whitman—the first man who had ever tried it—could hardly have expected to make himself the poet of the infinite for nothing. A man who let himself as unshiveringly out as Whitman did, would have to take in somewhere. There is little reason to wonder that Walt Whitman, in becoming the august master of beauty, and learning the modern art of being infinite, should have lost, in a rare degree, the art of being finite. It is an art that is not suffering very much, and it is going to be kept up, thanks to the rest of us (and to almost anybody); but the fact remains, as the one limit in our poet of the limitless, that Walt Whitman, infinite lover of finite things, could not have been the poet of the finite sides of finite things, if he had tried. He was a mere fugue.

A concordance of the finite things that are actually invoked in Whitman's poetry would be larger, possibly, than that of any other poet; but if a concordance of the finite

things in Whitman were to be published according to Whitman, it would reveal a very important fact—namely, that one of the chief characteristics of finite things, the way they have of looking very different from each other, is entirely left out in Walt Whitman. If Whitman had had to be a Samuel Johnson in his early career, if he had been condemned for life to writing a dictionary, he would have made harder work of it, for himself and everybody else, than any man who ever lived. He would not have worked it through very far—would have had to publish the A's and B's by themselves, probably with his "Sands at Seventy." He could not have been the author of a dozen of Noah Webster's definitions. On the other hand (it is a poor criticism that does not work backwards and forwards), Noah Webster could never have read twelve pages of Whitman's poetry, or if he had, he never could have found words to say what he thought about it; and what Sam Johnson would have said had better be imagined than described.

In this connection, it seems to the point to say that if Walt Whitman is to be put forward as the representative poet of modern life, it is not going to be enough that he make his reckoning good with William Shakespeare. He must make his reckoning good with Sam Johnson—countless, immemorial Sam Johnson's—in the roll-call of the world.

Sam Johnson's most characteristic work was a Dictionary. A great many things made a great deal of difference to Sam Johnson. In this regard he is not unlike most of the rest of us. He was not Shakespeare, but he was an average man who knew what he thought. No man can be a great poet in this present world without reckoning with Sam Johnson.

If Whitman could have known what Sam Johnson thought about Whitman, or if he could have known it in time, it would have made him something more than the mere ground-plan of the great modern poet. If Whitman had even cared what Sam John-

son thought, it would have helped. Shakespeare would have cared; and in spite of his three hundred years' handicap, William Shakespeare comes nearer to being the poet of the modern man than Walt Whitman does, because he would have doted on Sam Johnson and Whitman both.

Inasmuch, however, as Walt Whitman did *not* care what Sam Johnson would have thought about him, it merely remains to be said that, if what is the matter with Walt Whitman is to be pointed out or summed up by any one, Sam Johnson is the man to do it. It would afford infinite relief, in present literary circles, and to a great many thousands of people, if he would. These people—people with Sam Johnson minds—constitute a very large proportion of the living, representative men, in this modern age; and Walt Whitman, whose main song in the world was about not leaving anybody out, has left out every single one of them. He does not recognize that Sam Johnson minds—discriminating and defining minds—exist; and so far as they are concerned, they are free to confess that if Walt Whitman has a mind, they cannot see it.

The fact that a great many people who have minds seem to think that Whitman's was one, makes them vaguely rebellious and miserable. It makes them worry about their own minds—discriminating and defining minds—some of them. It becomes a personal matter. Every man has to have it out, apparently, between his own mind and Whitman's, sooner or later, and there are very few men indeed—especially among the regular or practising Whitmanites—who seem able to help him. They try to help him by telling him (with inferences) that Whitman had a "cosmic mind."

Sam Johnson, however, is not the kind of man who can be put off by being told that Whitman has a cosmic mind. What is the object in having a cosmic mind? If having a cosmic mind puts a man into such a state that he does not know where he is, cannot tell what time it is,

cannot see any difference between one thing and another, cannot even tell himself from anybody else—"I would rather have a domestic mind!" Sam Johnson breaks out; "*my mind is all right!*"

As this is the real issue to a man—always, or nearly always,—in his first struggle with Whitman, it is of little use to argue the matter. The issue is purely personal. The best one can do, when one sees Whitman and a new man together, is to stand quietly by and wait while they call each other names. There is nothing for them, or for either of them, but to have it out—Sam Johnson and Whitman,—because both of them are right. Their having a hard time is right also. The harder time they have, the more they need each other.

Nothing could be truer, nothing could be more to the point, for Sam Johnson, than this instinctive stand he takes with Whitman. His mind *is* all right—that is, for Sam Johnson. It is the one that especially belongs to him, and for the time being, at least, it fits him. It may be hoped that it will not always fit him. In the meantime, there is no denying that a man who cannot hold on to his mind, in reading Whitman, or rather who cannot get it back again afterward, is in a very bad way. The trouble with Whitmanites has always been that they have lost their minds—the minds they had,—and have never got their other ones.

For all practical purposes it is still true, though Whitman has been born in the world and lived out his seventy years in it, that a man needs his domestic mind more, and needs it more times a day, than he needs his cosmic one. It is doubtless true, in a certain sense, that there is little difference between being born and dying. Perhaps, too, dying is more like being born than anything else; but the world has every reason to thank heaven that Sam Johnsons are still overflowing in it, and that a great many different people to whom a great many things make a great deal

of difference, are being born in it every day.

Whitman, after all, was a specialist. He was the poet of the sky, the sea, the numberlessness of leaves, streams of faces, the hordes of the generations,—the Poet of the Vast—human and divine—in everything. He was hypnotized day and night by the boundlessness of matter. He was most truly himself when he sat for hours, and watched his thoughts, like surf, beating around the edges of the world.

Being born and dying do not seem very different—around the edges of the world. It is true that Sam Johnson, if he had ever come to a paradox like this, would have said "Pooh!"—a remark which, while it has much truth in it, by no means sums up the matter. Writing a dictionary does not entitle a man to say "Pooh!" at the undefined, merely because it is undefined. Finite creature though he is, it is true of the commonest man that the best places to him—the places where he most loves to go,—are places where he does not carry his dictionary with him. Sam Johnson himself lunged out beyond dictionaries sometimes. And while, taken as a whole, Johnson was probably a man who saw more difference between more things than any other writer, and while he would have sent a man like Whitman—a man whose mind confused death and birth—to Bedlam for it, and would have called Whitman a dreamer and a visionary,—still the fact remains to be reckoned with, that Sam Johnson lived all his life crazed with terror because he was going to die, and Whitman sang about it. If Sam Johnson, the seer of difference in the universe, could once have got hold of Whitman, the seer of the sameness in it, he would have found Whitman very practical—the best convenience for living a life and living it every day, and the best convenience for dying, that either he or Jeremy Taylor or any other man had ever dreamed of—outside the New Testament.

We have never had a poet of more massive genius yet, who has not

seemed to other men a kind of splendid sleep-walker on the earth, groping about with his eyes open, staring at life instead of living it.

The way the greater poet seems willing to spend the little time he has in a universe like this, in merely looking around in it, and loving it—living, sometimes, as if he were trying to live in the whole of it,—is one of the stock astonishments of the world over every poet's life. The attribute of liking to live in the whole of a universe, of taking it for granted that, in its way at least, the whole of a universe is worth one's while, and worthy of being lived in—which is the distinguishing attribute of every greater poet,—is an attribute that finally accounts for his eventual and inevitable supremacy over the rest of us. He is the surrounder of all men whether they know it or not. If they do not know it, he surrounds them supremely in the end by surrounding all the things there are, that men can love. Either by what we are, or by what we have, a great poet rules us all at last. If he is a poet of nature, his song is the roof under which we wake and sleep and have our being. The morning is his coming out of the night to us. The wind moves the clouds for him. The rivers go down as songs flowing to the sea. Whatever we see or hear or feel in the drama of the day and the night, is the spectacle of the poet's soul to us. Whitman's supremacy is his identity with the universe. In so far as we want the universe, we want Whitman.

But the trouble with Whitman was not that he lived in a whole, single universe, but that he lived in the whole universe in a single mood. The modern man has other moods, and Whitman's one-mood poetry does not represent the reality—the biography—of poetry in the modern age. The modern man is not satisfied to love matter as Whitman does. He loves matter materially as well as spiritually. His mind craves matter because it is matter, because it has time and place in it. From Sam Johnson's point of view, from the

logical, pedestrian, or merely intellectual point of view, Whitman's mind, instead of being a cosmic mind, is a merely monstrous one, shambling through space—sprawling helplessly over the huge hollow of it. He loses all patience with it.

It is not proposed to yield one jot or one tittle to any one in the world, in delight in Walt Whitman; but there are times when our souls are Sam Johnson's with a rush. They go surging back to him—good, solid, sturdy, beef-eating, actual, flat-footed, both-footed Sam Johnson! (Please pass the olives.) This ceaseless standing on a planet—one's feet on a whole planet,—as if it were a dot in space; this staring God out of countenance in his own domain—well, there is still something left for us in this world, in this mortal, mercifully-bounded world, except seeing all sides of everything on it, at once, all the time. It is not respectable in a finite being, to be always reasonable—monotonously reasonable. I doubt if even a god would live such an exposed life—as exposed as Whitman's is. He must have shut-in places somewhere; and even if he has not, it comports better with the nature of man to stand on his dignity now and then as a finite being, a plain, finite being, and let the universe go round and round by itself awhile.

There are times in every man's life when a whole earth is worse than none at all. Days still come, to me at least, in what is left of life, when the only thing I want an earth for, is to have some special section on it, plainly marked off and quite by itself, where I can be unreasonably disagreeable to somebody for a minute—one blessed minute; or even unreasonably agreeable, perhaps—blissfully one-sided—anything—anything whatever,—if I may only be allowed to drop gently back from being a Whitman into being a nobody, or rather to get out of being everybody and be somebody in particular again—at all events to stop this ceaseless Whitman-round-and-round, everywhere emptying the finite into the

infinite. A moment while Pippa passes with Robert Browning, or for a bit of a scold from Carlyle, or even from Josiah Allen's Wife. Ah, dear brother Whitmaniac! libertad, camarado, have you never longed in all your life—one splendid, guilty moment, in your improved, infinite, Whitman-flooded soul—for a breathing hole of Dooley?—or to nestle down to a prejudice, with little faded-out Charles Lamb?

There is no denying that, in its cosmic exposure, at least, everything is very nearly like everything else—telegraphs through to everything else. Every powerful mind flashes the universe together with resemblances, now and then. But there is a limit. It does not do to burn one's fuses out every day. A normal man does not want to keep his mind in a state of spontaneous combustion all the time.

The Garden of Eden, if it is ever located, will probably be found half way out somewhere between Sam Johnson's Dictionary and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." But there is a great wilderness to go through to get to it—two wildernesses—one of monstrous long grass and planets, and the other of monstrous fences and definitions. The bones of countless victims—pilgrims between the Dictionary and the Stars—can be seen on every hand.

The reason Whitman is not going to be the poet of the modern man is that he could not help being cosmic. He could not be cosmic and domestic both. When the great poet comes he will have the power, not merely of being intoxicated with infinity (which is partly what it is for), but of thinking with it (which also is what it is for). He will know how to separate and discriminate as well as to compare. The poet of the modern man is going to live in the infinite, but he is going to do as he likes about it. He is going to be able to take turns at being a god and a man. He will not feel that he has to be a god all the time. He will have his off-hours,—his hours of enjoying things separately and laughing at them.

The main characteristic of the modern, machine-age is that it is a composite age. The poet of the machine age is going to be a composite.

As the matter stands now, the order for a great modern poet would seem to be:

For outline, Walt Whitman. Details to be filled in, please, by Samuel Johnson and William Shakespeare.

V

To say that Walt Whitman, nurse of a hundred thousand men, had lost the art of being finite, that he was not human enough to be the poet of the modern man, seems a bit preposterous. One is confronted with sickbeds—infinite rows of them,—and ferries, and omnibus drivers. But the fact that there was not an omnibus driver on the face of the earth that Whitman did not want to embrace, does not prove anything. What did Whitman want to embrace an omnibus driver for? Because he was finite?—or because he was infinite?

As nearly as one can judge from reading Walt Whitman's poems, he was a man who had regular daily habits of going about the world looking up infinity in everybody. The infinity in everybody was what he liked. He was always seeing trailing clouds of glory, and when he saw a trailing cloud of glory with an omnibus driver in it, he liked it as well as ever.

Whitman was interested in an omnibus driver because he saw him in a certain light, in his own infinite way. If he had to be interested in an omnibus driver in an ordinary way—the way other people are,—he would have made comparatively poor work of it. Whitman's democracy and humanity were both phases of his daily infinity. They were based on his All-men-are-infinite-and-any-man-will-do philosophy. If Whitman had been obliged, under penalty of the law, to get up on a front seat and look at a particular omnibus driver in a particular way—exactly as the omnibus driver looked at himself,—he would have been bored.

Browning would have been as happy as the day was long, and for days afterward. So would Shakespeare—if he had got to omnibuses, or had ever sat with an omnibus driver. Thomas Carlyle would have growled at him, loved or hated him, and rolled him into an adjective that would have made him last forever.

What Whitman saw in a man was the universal. He had never seen a man whose place could not be taken by some one else—in his most violently infinite moods, by almost any one else. He could not have written a novel to save his life. He could not even read one. He could not love men down into their differences—or rather, perhaps, he could not love men enough to live his way out to their differences. It was by loving Jean Valjean thoroughly and in detail that Victor Hugo became a great novelist. Whitman could not love men enough—particular men—to write a novel. If every one is like every one else, or is going to be when he is dead, there is no object in writing a novel. If Whitman had written one he would have had to drag his hero over three or four hundred years or more, in order to get room for him—in order to find any really individualized features for him worth noticing, features that would distinguish him from any other hero, in any other three or four hundred years. Considering the man by and large, the particular did not exist for Whitman. He did not have the daily habit of laughing or crying as a matter of course, the way other people do. He was apt to pass over a thing small enough to laugh or cry about. He did not love men enough to laugh with them. He could not even compliment them enough to laugh at them, or to criticize them. He no more had it in him to be a portrait-painter or a police detective, than the Rev. Ralph Waldo Emerson, or the Rev. Charles Ferguson, or the Rev. Lewis Carroll of "Alice in Wonderland"; and if he had had to be an actor he would have leased the whole globe for a theatre

for two or three hundred years, rolled all the parts into one, and played it all himself.

This is why there has never been a man yet, an individual man, who has been attracted to Whitman, or drawn into him, who has not been lost at first. There has never been a man who has once been received into the real Whitman embrace, who seems to have known, for a long while, what it was that happened to him. He does not even know how it felt. The last he knew, he felt himself being gently, cosmically, rolled out into Everybody. When this has once been done to a man, and done by Walt Whitman, he is never conscious of being anybody—anybody in particular—afterwards. Some of us, after a few years, by a supreme effort manage to swing off and right ourselves. We may be smaller and more ordinary, but we feel happy and useful and as we look back it seems to us that in spite of the marvellous sympathy that purred out of Whitman in the presence of average men—sympathy half cosmic and half physical,—Whitman never in all his life saw an average man as that man saw himself. He could not let himself be fenced up in an average man long enough. He loved him and, in a certain strange, mystic, enfolding way, he gave himself to him; and he made the man feel him, and he enjoyed the man's feeling him; but he could not have put himself in the man, he could not have been the man, for five minutes, to save his life, or to save the man's life. All that he could do was to put himself in the man's place—and be a Whitman in it. This is what he did with everybody. He went around everywhere with every one, shoving people out of themselves and putting in Whitmans. This was the way he lived his immeasurable life with a crowd of Whitmans, a long row of himself, following after him always from afar, which he called the United States. He was not a dramatist.

With most people this putting in of Whitmans was an improvement. But it was not an improvement for

Whitman. It resulted in his being the ground-plan of the great modern poet instead of the poet himself. The details of the great modern poet have yet to be filled out. The modern man loves the details, and while he lives he wants to be loved with the details himself. He wishes also to be loved for the things that he knows are really in himself—the things that are particularly his own. Being loved because he is like everybody else is very well; but he wants to be loved because he is different from everybody else. He clings to this difference. He respects the universe as a whole, but he has special engagements in it.

It has been said that man wants the earth. Even the universe is not enough. He not only wants the universe, but he wants some particular place in it that particularly belongs to him. He wants a poet who identifies himself with the place that particularly belongs to him. He wants, in some supreme sense, his own poet—his own, private, personal poet.

This is what Whitman could not be. A man may glory in Whitman, but he never can feel that Walt Whitman especially belongs to him. He is a street-poet. His soul is as public as sunlight. He was never a neighbor to any one in particular. He was never willing to be a neighbor to a man—one man at a time. No soul ever had a private audience with Walt Whitman, and he never in all his life communed with another man except in his own atmosphere, or outdoors, or where he had room enough. He could not coop himself up in another man's mind. With the exception of Columbus, who also, in his own day and generation, believed in a whole world and believed in it enough to want to go all around it, Walt Whitman has been the loneliest man in history. He never knew any one. He has written poems for us—hundreds of pages of poems,—but he never knew us. He never bent down in his heart. He never went in to a man. He makes a man come out to him.

But there is another kind of supreme poet. He is supreme over us, not by surrounding us and everything we know and see and have—by being a kind of horizon for our dreams and senses, a frame for sunsets and winters and summers around our lives. He is the poet who is supreme over us by entering into our lives—who lives our lives with us and loves them with us, not as he would live them, but as we live them, the poet of the inner drama, of the individual human struggle, of the working out of every man's life.

The supremacy of such a poet, instead of resting upon his passion for living his own life and making other men live it, rests upon his passion for living other men's lives, for having other men's lives poured into his life. He takes a turn at them all. He makes himself a world poet by losing his identity in the world for days and weeks at a time. He is made immortal by the number of men he has been besides himself.

Poets—like other men—may be divided into three classes as regards their ability of human experience. The man of the third class has his own individual experience with a thing and is confined to it. The man of the second class is capable of making what might be called the dramatic transfer in its simplest form. He has the power, by dint of sympathy or hard practice, or after many years, of putting himself in the place of another man—of being one more man besides himself, of having the other man's experience with a thing as well as his own experience with it. The man of the first and highest class is a man in whom the power of dramatic transfer is indefinitely, almost infinitely multiplied, with whom it is such a swift and unconscious daily habit of life—putting himself in the place of others,—that as time goes on he sees all things through the experiences of all men, and gazes upon everything that is, through the world's heart.

Everything that has been brought out in the face of the universe by the

poets of nature, and everything that has been brought out in the human face by the poets of man, has been brought out and accumulated in the common consciousness of the world, by poets who have lived dramatic lives with the things their poems have been about. Wordsworth, who could not tell one human face from another, presented the world with its mountains, because he was a dramatist in the presence of mountains. He moved himself over into mountains and moved mountains over into himself, until God and the Mountains and William Wordsworth sang together. Browning was dramatic with the faces of men and women. Out of a single look from a single face at a window, he built cities. Whitman was dramatic with the statistics of space, floated in cycles, projected himself into the crowds of the years upon the earth and the piling up of human lives upon it. Ralph Waldo Emerson—the playwright of the unseen, of the hearing that proceeds from another hearing, and the voice that proceeds from another voice (flocking through all of us)—even Emerson was a dramatist, a dramatist of the dreams of dreams. All men, in proportion as they have been poets, have been dramatists. They have become poets by identifying themselves with the inner nature and essence of the things that they are singing about. A great poet can hardly be said to sing about anything. To sing with a preposition, to sing about things or of them, or out of them, or with them, or to them, is beyond the power of the singer of the highest class. Except as a matter of form, perhaps, he cannot get far enough away from the things he sings to sing about them. If the voice of the poet of the locomotive, when we walk the track, is not heard singing in the rails when a train has passed, he is not yet the poet of the locomotive. Let him continue on nightingales.

The machine age is without its great poet because it is waiting for a great playwright—a poet who shall

be infinite enough to put himself in the place of an age, and finite enough to put himself in the place of individual men—inventors—the men who are making the age. We are waiting for a Whitman-Shakespeare. The thing the machines are saying is infinity, but the infinity in the machines is only going to be brought out by a dramatic poet—a poet who, out of the din of the machines, shall come to us through

the hearts of the men who make them.

The office of the poet of a machine age is going to be to love the typical man of the age, the man who invents machines—to live down through the man's soul to the man's machines, until the machines themselves at last, to him, to all of us, with the dumb and struggling glory in them of the inventor's heart, make the world sing again.

Mechanical things are spiritually discerned.

AS WE SEE OURSELVES

NEW BOOKS BY PROFESSOR WENDELL, DR. VAN DYKE,
AND PRESIDENT ELIOT

By HORATIO S. KRANS



THE three books—Professor Barrett Wendell's "Liberty, Union, and Democracy," * Dr. Henry van Dyke's "The Americanism of Washington," † and President Eliot's "Four American Leaders" ‡—are all of them by Americans—studies of ourselves by ourselves. The first-named is certainly the most careful and substantial. The opening chapter of this volume the author devotes, by way of introduction, to a consideration of certain historical and religious conditions which, to his mind, gave our nationality its most native and distinctive characteristics. And it was these characteristics, he asks the reader to remember, that produced our institutions. The reverse proposition, he reminds us, is false, and as evidence of its untruth he calls to witness five typical personages, John Cotton, Increase Mather, Cotton Mather, Franklin, and Washington, in all of whom—men whose

lives covered four generations—he finds that essentially American spirit which, becoming more and more potent, to-day works miracles by stamping with the indelible and unmistakable marks of our nationality the seemingly incompatible hordes of emigrants that pour upon us like a flood. And this national spirit, Professor Wendell maintains, despite the materialism that leaves its mark so clearly upon the surface of American life, finds its feeding roots in an idealism that has come to us from two sources—from the political temper of England as it was just before the great Revolution, and from the religious temper of the seventeenth-century Puritans. The founders of our country came to their maturity in the quarter of a century that preceded the Cromwellian wars, when great changes, radical or reactionary, were clearly imminent, and men were, willy-nilly, idealists, their minds and imagination busy with visions of a new dispensation, and eager, each of them, to shape it after the heart's desire.

To reinforce this secular idealism came the passionately precise religious idealism of the Calvinists, which

* Charles Scribner's Sons.

† Harper and Brothers.

‡ American Unitarian Association.

affected our character and institutions in far-reaching, unexpected, and various ways. The Calvinists, who held that, through the Fall, man's will was condemned to fundamental discord with the will of God, and who therefore made it the chief business of their lives to learn what the true will of God was, and, by some miracle of grace, to be drawn again into harmony with that will, were in very truth idealists of the most uncompromising and thorough-going breed. And from their beliefs concerning the relation of man to the divine will sprang a doctrine that the men whose wills had been brought into harmony with the will of God were better than other men, and should, therefore, be their rulers. Hence came the power of the ministers in our Puritan communities; hence the New England theocracy; and hence—and here is the point for emphasis—the solvent in which reverence and deference to secular dignities, to monarchy and aristocracy, to hereditary rank and privileged class, were dissolved, and transformed eventually into American democracy.

Having set forth his conception of the foundations of our national character, Professor Wendell proceeds to a study of the American ideals—liberty, union and democracy—from which his book takes its title. It was the ideal of liberty that the Stars and Stripes symbolized above everything else, an ideal distinctly American, be it understood, not without its points of difference from the conception of liberty cherished by the revolutionists of continental Europe, and symbolized in the frenzied goddess of streaming locks and the incendiary torch. The American ideal of liberty is embodied in a goddess more trim and sedate, who has submitted to the process of hair-dressing, and whose mien has a beautiful dignity to which every thought of violence and destruction is alien.

And the idea that underlay this symbolism, the idea that gave the American conception of liberty its distinctiveness, was not a vague and

shadowy thing, but a concrete assertion, not to be found in what Rufus Choate called "the glittering generalities of the Declaration," that a just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed, and that America would suffer no coercion or interferences from any power other than our American selves. With us liberty never meant license—did not involve the right of every one to go wherever he pleased, and to do whatever he liked. It did mean, beyond the basic idea that has just been stated, that we, at least we in the North, would tolerate no legally privileged class, that we would insist upon the right to trial by jury and the right to a writ of *habeas corpus*, and that we would insist, too, upon the right to vote, and to vote pretty often.

In the North, with the process of time, a new ideal came to be associated with the name of Liberty—the ideal of Union, the second of the three ideals with which Professor Wendell is chiefly concerned, and the growth of which he traces. The unit of Liberty at the time of the Declaration was local—the single, independent State. The thirteen States were but a confederacy, bound together in an offensive and defensive alliance such as might at any time bind together European nations. The United States *were* in fact then but a confederacy, as the United States now is a nation. But, during the first half of the nineteenth century, social, economic, and other forces were at work in the North which tended to shift the conception of local Liberty based on loyalty to the state to a conception of it based on loyalty to the Union; and as the idea of loyalty to the Union became more and more ardently cherished, there sprang up lustily beside it a strong and growing enthusiasm for the liberty of the individual. These two forces, the devotion to the Union and the enthusiasm for individual liberty, were destined to come into mortal conflict with the ideals of the South, which was ready to defend with the sword

its passionately held conviction of the local liberty of the State and its right to retain its black bondsmen, upon whose retention the existence of the old structure of Southern society depended. The conflict came, with the resultant victory for the North; and the ideal of Union, an ideal not unlike the orthodox conception of marriage, has been cherished with an ever-increasing love. Underlying it is the conviction that, for ever, and for better or worse, our States must remain united, and that the bond which binds them is indissoluble.

In his study of our conception of Liberty and Union, Prof. Wendell's fine and subtle analysis lifts into strong relief certain traits that are distinctively native. And the same may be said of his analysis of American democracy—a word that means for us, as for others, the rule of the people as distinguished from the rule of a monarch or a governing aristocratic class. But in our own case, the word connotes much besides that, and kindles in our breasts an emotion that is peculiar to ourselves. That it should leave us with this glow of enthusiasm is no more than natural in view of our history, which tells us that in all the colonies the greater part of our public officers were chosen by some form of majority vote, and leaves us, as the years pass, more firmly fixed in the belief in a wide suffrage as an institution that has "proved immemorably favorable to American prosperity and American righteousness."

Not the least interesting part of Prof. Wendell's book is given to a consideration of the democratic conception of equality, which finds a rough and ready expression in the declaration that all men are created equal. To his conclusions upon this head he leads up by the citation of historical and social facts of which it is here possible to allude only to such as serve to indicate the main drift of his argument. First, he reminds us that there has never been a moment in our history when "one or another

social class has not enjoyed a degree of personal consideration not popularly accorded to the others." In the early days the hegemony of the clergy—at least in New England—was generally acknowledged; and subsequently members of the other learned professions—lawyers, physicians and teachers—became their successful rivals. In a more general way, too, it has never been denied that most of us are living in a world where for one reason or another some of our fellows must be our betters; that our betters naturally constitute classes; and that the recognition of such classes is one of our deeply rooted traditions. Classes, then, we have, but no classes privileged in the eye of the law. Finally, to put all these considerations in a nutshell, according to the conception of this book, American Democracy holds that all men are equal in the sense of having an equal chance in life, and an equal right to register their consent to the established form of government. She insists upon *la carrière ouverte aux talents*: She does not believe that men must or should remain equal. And she recognizes, Professor Wendell contends, a certain social order, certain social classes, holding such a condition of things necessary as a stimulating goal or end to the race of life. This point of view has its weight, doubtless, but, if we are to regard life as a sporting event, it is proper to remember that many of the competitors are so heavily handicapped by social and economic disabilities as to make the race for a large part of them little more than a procession, dreary and disheartening alike to contestants and spectators.

A considerable portion of what Professor Wendell has to say of Democracy takes the form of a protest against certain doctrinarian ideas that go to form the conception of Democracy, in accordance with which it is held that the proletariat—the largest class, to be sure, but only a class still—should rule, and have its way, roughly regardless of other classes. Democracy of this kind,

the author of this book seems to fear, may gain ground, and the thought is clearly a cause for serious apprehension to him. Such a rule of the proletariat might involve, he urges, a practical application, not only of the theory that men are born equal, but that they must remain so; it might remove the incentives that impel a man to distinguish himself from the mass of his fellows, and lead to a democratic tyranny based on the whims of a mob—a tyranny which would be the most intolerable of all conceivable tyrannies, and more dangerous and destructive than many of the monarchies and oligarchies which have flourished and fallen in the changing course of history.

As he draws toward the close of his book, Professor Wendell turns his thoughts to the future, and as he does so his mind seems clouded with doubt. "If Democracy, which is everywhere assuming the control of the modern world, is to endure," he writes in one of his concluding paragraphs, "it must govern wisely, moderately, with generous self-restraint. Whether any consciously sovereign people can thus conduct itself is the deepest question which now confronts the modern world." It is thus with Janus's darker look that he peers into the years that are to come,—

With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way;

nor can the reader discern in his countenance a trace of that cheerier aspect of the double-faced god which old Cotton, in his poem, was so quick to note.

Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.

Plague on 't! the last was ill enough.
This cannot but make better proof;
Or at the worst, as we brushed through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good.

Danger ahead for us there may be,
but those who, on this question, are
convinced optimists find themselves

in good company. The most clear-eyed of our compatriots who have pondered our future in the quietness of thought have faced it with high hope and confidence, and have held fast at least to that measure of faith in the people which Matthew Arnold so well expressed in the first of his American discourses:

It is better that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class, possessing property and intelligence. Property and intelligence cannot be trusted to show a sound majority themselves; the exercise of power by the people tends to educate the people.

No national hero is more impreguably heroic than our Pater Patriæ, and the oftener we return to the contemplation of his character and career, the better. And so Dr. van Dyke's "The Americanism of Washington" should find a warm welcome. The author of this little volume begins by declaring that he is well aware of the difficulty of saying anything new of our first President, but is ready to hope that he can unsay some of the things that have been said, "which, though they were at one time new, have never at any time been strictly true." In pursuance of this hope, he proceeds to dissipate the vapors which have acted as "media of obscuracion," to disguise the real Washington. He protests against the figure we see, as it were through the mists of mythology—"the new St. George, serene, impeccable, moving through an orchard of ever-blooming cherry-trees, gracefully vanquishing dragons with a touch, and shedding fragrance and radiance around him." He would remove the "altitudinous figure that dominates the cloudy landscapes of the after-dinner orator." He seeks also to dispel the notion that Washington was a solitary phenomenon of greatness, and this by showing how closely he was bound in the bonds of companionship, comradeship, and friendship to a great com-

pany of statesmen and soldiers, and how deep he drew for counsel and support upon the trust he reposed in them. And he demolishes in a manner which must be highly satisfactory to all good American citizens that unauthentic portrait of our national hero, in which the artist persists in regarding him as "a decent English country gentleman," and nothing more.

In the course of his essay Dr. van Dyke is at pains to define at some length what he understands by Americanism; but the title of his book justifies us in expecting, beyond the definition, an exposition of the precise fashion in which Washington embodied the ideas and aspirations which that word connotes. From this point of view it is disappointing, for it cannot be regarded as in any full sense a study of his career and character as exemplifications of traits and ideals that are distinctively native. The preacher has not stuck to his text, but he has at least well succeeded in leaving his reader once more with a lively sense that Washington was a great soldier, a great statesman, and a good man. More than this, his book leaves us with something of the exaltation that comes to those who watch that finest of spectacles—the spectacle of a high-hearted gentleman who, with a splendid self-forgetfulness, stakes his all for a generous cause, and battles for it through good fortune and ill, through victory, discouragement, disaster, with a devotion that nothing can quench and an enthusiasm that never flags.

It need hardly be said that, in "The Americanism of Washington," Dr. van Dyke's practised and graceful pen has made a book by no means without literary charm. If, from the literary point of view, one were to criticise this volume, such criticism would surely involve a discounting of the effectiveness of the peroration, which is more smoke than flame, and never rises beyond the mere rhetoric of patriotism and moral enthusiasm. It would involve also a pro-

test against the frequent iteration of phrase—a mannerism at times effective enough in the pulpit, but too monotonous on the printed page.

The essays comprised in President Eliot's "Four American Leaders" are concerned respectively with Franklin, Washington, Channing and Emerson. A prefatory note to this volume warns the reader that he is not to expect comprehensive and proportionate studies. The author has aimed to portray each man only in certain of his aspects and qualities, and so has made a book of portraits which are, in fact, but partial. These papers are written—all of them—in the lucid, direct, and vigorous style which we have come to associate with their author, and will be sure of the careful and respectful attention to which everything that comes from his strong, well-disciplined, well-stored and independent mind are entitled.

In the case of Franklin, President Eliot occupies himself particularly with a consideration of the practical and very unimaginative virtues—frugality, industry, moderation, tranquillity, sincerity, justice, and resolution—which Franklin's moral philosophy so busily and effectively inculcated. He well knows how to value that philosophy as a guide to life, and "because it searches out virtues, and so provides the means of expelling vices." He recognizes, too, that it has had a prodigious influence for good upon Franklin's countrymen and upon mankind; that it stands for peace on earth and breathes good-will towards men. But he complains that "Franklin never seems to have perceived that the supreme tests of civilization are the tender and honorable treatment of women as equals, and the sanctity of home life." And he adds: "There was one primary virtue on his list which he did not always practise."

In speaking of Washington, President Eliot chooses to consider him, not as statesman and general, but as a man of homely virtues. He ob-

serves him as a private citizen, as a country gentleman, or in the routine of the soldier's life, and draws wholesome lessons from his conduct in the daily round and common task, and under the wear and tear of familiar, fretting circumstance. Most interesting and suggestive this essay is where it compares Washington, the planter and sportsman, in daily contact with the elemental forces of nature and mankind, and with his sense of responsibility towards the slaves and tenants of his large estates, with the modern type of rich American, busy with stocks, bonds, and mortgages—modern forms of property that "do not carry with them any inevitable responsibilities to the State, or involve their owner in personal risks and charges as a leader or commander of the people."

The essay on Channing emphasizes first the love of freedom, the faith in mankind and the serene and lucid reasonableness which were the great traits of the man who is the subject of it. It then proceeds to make plain the immense influence he has had upon the theological temper and the theological thought of New England and of the world. Channing is here regarded as a leader in the movement which is freeing, or has freed, a considerable part of the Christian world from the inhuman doctrines of the fall of man, the wrath of God, an everlasting hell for the majority, and miraculous salvation for the predestined few. He is especially praised for the tolerant spirit in which he advanced his ideas, a spirit that found memorable expression in the words: "We must send truth abroad, not forcing it on here and there a mind, and watching its progress anxiously, but trusting that it will light on a kindly soil, and yield its fruit."

In the last essay, attention is directed to the prophetic quality of Emerson in three fields of thought, —education, social organization, and religion. In a general way, it is shown how Emerson's ideas with regard to the supreme importance of

education have now found acceptance with practical men, as they have never done before.

More specifically these ideas have borne fruit in the insistence upon research work in our universities, and in the establishment and growth of training-schools for the arts and crafts. Sixty years ago, Emerson foresaw the dangerous absorption in things commercial and industrial which marks the present, and his criticisms of our social tendencies, taking their point of departure in his idea that "a man is a beggar who lives only to the useful," have gained, rather than lost, point since he wrote.

But nowhere, Professor Eliot believes, was Emerson so much the prophet as in the sphere of religious thought, where he taught that religion was not supernatural, but natural, or, as his own verse has it,

Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old.

He held that revelation was natural and continuous, and religious truth an unrolling picture, not a deposit made once and for all. And it is pointed out that his writings anticipate all the features of the contest which the "higher criticism" is now waging over the sacred books of Judaism and Christianity. In a word, for the author of this book it is an "indisputable fact" that in Emerson one "finds all the fruitful and progressive religious ideas which in our day have been finding a wider and wider acceptance."

The three books which have here been considered are concerned with the past and the men of the past—they are, so to say, backward-looking books. Now and again, however, the author of each of them lifts his eyes and regards the veiled figure of the future. Professor Wendell looks upon her with doubt and a something of dismay; Dr. van Dyke greets her with a rhetorical flight; President Eliot with a grave plea for goodwill between class and class, and an exhortation to plain living and high thinking.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

WITH DRAWINGS BY JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

II.

Crossing the Atlantic



THE most remarkable effect of a sea-trip is, to my mind its wonderful influence for amiability. I had n't passed Sandy Hook before I felt an affable suavity settling down upon me like a February fog. I am at all times of a contented and peaceful nature, but this lethargic urbanity was a new sensation, and as I opined it was but the beginning of a series of new sensations, I gave myself up to it with a satisfied feeling that my trip had really begun.

And yet I was haunted by a vague uneasiness that it had n't begun right. I had planned to be most methodical on this voyage. I had resolved that when I came aboard I would go first to my stateroom and unpack my steamer trunk, arrange my belongings neatly in their proper portholes and bunkers, find my reserved deck chair, and attach to it my carefully tagged rug and pillow. Then I meant to take off and pack away my pretty

travelling costume, and array myself in my "steamer clothes," these having been selected with much care and thought in accordance with numerous and conflicting advices.

Whereas, instead of all this, I had hurriedly looked into my stateroom, and only noted that it was a tiny white box, piled high with luggage, part of which I recognized as my own, and the rest I assumed belonged to my as yet unknown room-mate. Then I had drifted out on deck, dropped into some chair, I know not whose; and still in my trig tailor-made costume and feathered hat, I watched the coast line fade away and leave the sea and sky alone together.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I was receiving "first impressions." How I hated the term! Everyone I knew, who had ever crossed the ocean before I did, had said to me, "And you've never been over before? Oh, how I *envy* you your first impressions!"

As I realized that about seventy-

nine people were even then consumed with a burning envy of these first impressions of mine, I somehow felt it incumbent upon me to justify their attitude by achieving the most intensely enviable impressions extant.

And yet, so prosaic are my mental processes, or else so contrary-minded is my subconscious self, that the impression that obtruded itself to the exclusion of all others was the somewhat obvious one that the sea air would soon spoil my feathers. While making up my mind to go at once to my stateroom and save my lovely plumes from their impending fate, I fell to wondering what my room-mate would be like. I knew nothing of her save that her name was Jane Sterling. This, though, was surely an indication of her personality, for notwithstanding the usual inappropriateness of cognomens, anyone named Jane Sterling could not be otherwise than well-born, well-bred, and companionable, though a bit elderly.

I seemed to see Jane Sterling with a gaunt face, hooked nose, and grizzled hair, though I admitted to myself that she *might* be a fragile, porcelain-like little old maid.

This conflict of possibilities impelled me to go to my stateroom and make Jane Sterling's acquaintance, and, incidentally, put away my best hat.

So I started, and on my way received another of my "first impressions."

This was a remarkable feeling of at-homeness on the steamer. I had never been on an ocean liner before, yet I felt as though I had lived on one for years. The balancing of myself on the swaying stairs seemed to come naturally to me, and I felt that I should have missed the peculiar atmosphere of the dining-saloon had it not assailed my senses.

As I entered Stateroom *D*, I found Jane Sterling already there. But as the physical reality was so different from the lady of my imagination, I sat down on the edge of my white spread berth and stared at her.

Sitting on the edge of the opposite berth, and staring back at me, was a small child with big eyes. She wore a stiff little frock of white piqué, and her brown hair was "bobbed" and tied up with an enormous white bow. Her brown eyes had a solemn gaze, and her little hands were clasped in her lap.

It was quite needless to ask her name, for Jane Sterling was plainly and unmistakably written all over her, and I marvelled that the name had not told me at once what she looked like.

"How old are you, Jane?" I asked.

"Seven," she replied, with a little sigh, as of the weight of years.

Her voice satisfied me. She was one of those unusual children, whom some speak of as "queer," and others call "old-fashioned."

But they are neither. They are distinctly a modern variety, and their unusualness lies in the fact that they have a sense of humor.

"And is this your first trip abroad?"

I went on.

"No, my seventh," said Jane, with a delicious little matter-of-fact air.

"Indeed! Well, this is the first time I have crossed, so I trust you will take pity on my ignorance, and instruct me as to what I should do."

I said this with an intent to be sociable, and make the child feel at ease, but no such effort was necessary.

"There is nothing to do diffelunt,"

she said, with a bewitching smile.

"You just do what you would in your own house."

It was the first really good advice I had had concerning my steamer manners, and I put it away among my other first impressions for future use.

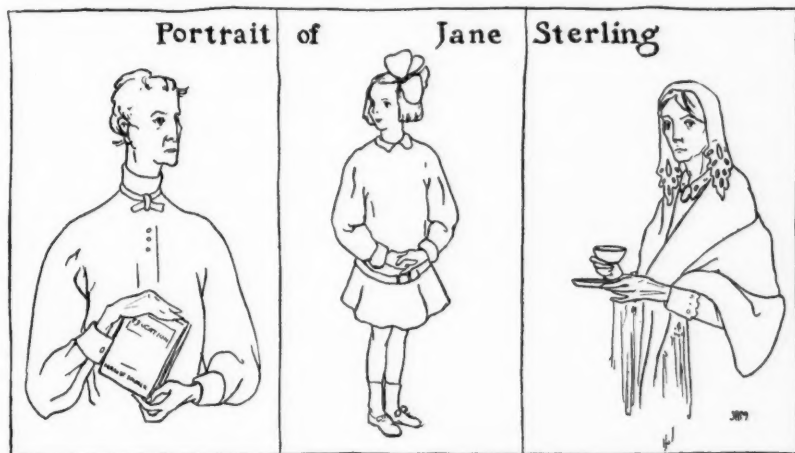
Then Jane's mother appeared, and I learned that she occupied the next stateroom, and that she hoped Jane would not annoy me, and that she was glad I liked children, and that she had three, and that they crossed every year, and that if I wanted anything at all, I was to ask her for it. Then she put a few polite questions to me, and duly envied me my first im-

pressions, and returned to her other babies.

Jane proved a most delightful roommate, and as she was never intru-

the matter of laying out my route.

Immediately after breakfast, therefore, arrayed in correct steamer costume, and carrying rug, pillow,



sive or troublesome, I felt that I had drawn a prize in the ship's lottery.

The morning of the second day I rose with a determination to get to work. I had no intention of dawdling, and, moreover, I had much to do. In the first place, I wanted to get settled in my deck chair, in that regulation bent-mummy position so often pictured in summer novels, and study my fellow-passengers. I had been told that nothing was so much fun as to study people on deck. Then I had many letters to write and many books to read. I wanted to learn how to compute the ship's log, and how to talk casually of "knots." After all these had been accomplished, I intended to plan out my itinerary for the summer. This I wanted to do after I was out of all danger of advice from friends at home and before I made the acquaintance of anyone on board who might attempt to advise me.

So determined was I to plan my own trip, that I would have been glad to get out on a desert island and wait there for the next steamer, rather than have any assistance in

paper-covered novel, veil, fur boa, and two magazines, I went to my deck chair and prepared to camp out for the morning. As the deck steward was not about, I tried to arrange my much desired mummy effect myself. Technique seemed lacking in my efforts, and slightly embarrassed at my inability to manage the refractory rug, I looked up to see Jane watching me.

"You must n't put the rug over you," she explained, in her kind little way. "You must put yourself over the rug."

At her advice I got out of the chair, and she spread the rug smoothly in it.

"Sit down," she said, briefly, and I obeyed.

Cleverly, then, she flung up the sides and tucked in the corners, until the rug swathed me in true seventeenth-trip fashion. Jane proceeded to arrange my pillow and the other odds and ends of comfort. She disapproved, however, of my reading matter.

"Magazines won't stay open," she observed, "and paper books won't, either."

Jane's few mispronunciations were among her chiefest charms.

"But it won't matter," she added cheerfully. "You won't read, anyhow."

This reminded me that I had no intention of reading, being there for the purpose of studying my fellow-passengers.

I was still obsessed by that strange sensation of inanition.

Although beatifically serene and abnormally good-natured, I felt an utter aversion to exertion of any kind, mental, moral, or physical. Even the thought of studying my fellow-travellers seemed a task too arduous to contemplate.

And so I sat there all the morning and not a fellow-traveller was studied.

"This won't do," I said to myself, severely, after luncheon. "Here you are, not a hint of seasickness, the day is perfect, you know how to adjust your rug, and all conditions are favorable. You *must* study your fellow-travellers."

But the afternoon showed little improvement on the morning. As a result of desperate effort, I scrutinized one lady and decided to call her the Lady with the Green Bag.

It was n't a very clever characterization, but it was, at least, founded on fact.

Another I conscientiously contemplated, and finally dubbed her the Lady Who Isn't an Actress. This was rather a negative description, but I based it on the neatness of her vanity-bag and the carelessness of her belt, and I am sure it was true.

The Clucking Mother was easily recognized, and a pink-cheeked and white-handed young man who attempted to talk to me, I snubbed, and then to myself I designated him as Simple Simon.

I was n't really rude to him, and I fully intended to make acquaintances among the passengers later on; but I am methodical, and after I had all my other tasks attended to, I hoped to have two or three days left for social intercourse.

But after a time the chair next

mine was left vacant, and then a laughing young girl seated herself in it.

Apparently it did n't belong to her, and she sat down there with the express purpose of talking to me. My arduous study of my fellow-travellers had somewhat wearied me, and her sudden and uninvited appearance disturbed that serene calm which I had supposed unassailable, and so I angrily characterized her in my mind as a Bold-Faced Jig.

This name was so apt that it really pleased me, and I involuntarily smiled in appreciation of my appreciation of her.

So sympathetic was she (as I afterward discovered) that she smiled too, and then I could n't, in common decency, be rude to her. She chatted away, and before I knew it, I was charmed with her. I did n't change the name I had mentally bestowed on her, but, instead, I told her of it, and it delighted her beyond measure. I told her, too, how I intended to devote the next two days to planning my summer trip, then a day for writing letters, and after that I hoped to play Bridge, or otherwise hobnob socially with certain people whom I had mentally selected for that purpose.

The Bold-Faced Jig laughed heartily at this.

"Have n't you any idea where you're going to travel?" she asked.

"Not the slightest."

"Well, let me advise you——"

"Oh, please don't!" I cried. "I left my planning until now in order to get away from all advisers. I *must* decide for myself. I know just what I want, and I can't bear to be interfered with."

The B.-F. J. looked amazed at first, and then she laughed.

"All right," she said. "Now listen, Miss Emmins. I think you're delightful, and I'm going to help you all I can by *not* advising you. But if you've not finished your itinerary plans in two days, may n't I tell you then what I was going to advise?"

"Yes," I said, with dignity and

decision, "if you will keep away from me for two days, and do all you can to keep others away."

She promised, and it was more of a task than it might seem, for as I sat in my deck chair, or, oftener, at a table in the library, surrounded by Baedekers, time-tables, maps, guide-books, and Hare's "Walks in London," many of the socially inclined or curious-minded paused to make a tentative remark. My replies were so coolly polite that they rarely ventured on a second observation, but I soon discovered that my laughing friend had told her comrades what I was doing, and they awaited the result.

It is strange what trivialities will interest the idle minds of those who dawdle about in the library of an ocean steamer.

Jane would occasionally come and stand by me, saying wisely: "Are you still making your itinnery?"

When I said yes, she sighed and smiled and ran away, being desirous not to bother.

The first morning I engaged in this work, I read interestedly of picture-galleries and architectural specialties. That afternoon, my interest waned, and I studied time-tables and statistical information. The next morning, I grew sick of the whole performance, and bundling the books and maps away, I went out to my deck chair and idled away the hours in waking dreams that never were on sea or land.

That afternoon the Bold-Faced Jig approached me.

"It's all over," I said. "I've capitulated. I make no plans while I'm on this blessed ocean. It's wicked to do anything at all but to do nothing."

"And don't you want my advice?" she asked, laughing still.

"I don't care," I answered. "You can voice your advice if you choose. I sha' n't listen to it, much less follow it."

Her girlish laughter rang out again. "That was my advice," she said. "I was going to tell you not to plan any trip while you are at sea. Just enjoy the days as they come and go; don't count them; don't do anything at all but just be."

"I'm not through yet," she went on. "Don't write any letters or read any books. Don't study human nature, and of all things don't voluntarily make acquaintances. If they happen along, as I did, chat a bit if you choose, and when they pass on, forget

them."

And so I took advice after all. I made no plans, I made no abstruse diagnoses of human character, I made no acquaintances save such as casually happened of themselves. And the days passed in a sort of rose-colored haze, as indefinite as a foggy sunrise, and as satisfying as a painted nocturne of Whistler's. And so, my first impressions of my first ocean crossing are indeed enviable.



SIMPLE SIMON





Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



"THE CELTIC RENAISSANCE" is a good, round, mouth-filling phrase.

**Mr. Yeats and
the Celtic
Quest**

It covers much vagueness with an imposing mantle. I confess to having used it loosely myself as a synonym for "Fiona McLeod, and that sort of thing."

Confronted with Vol. I. of the collected "Poetical Works" of W. B. Yeats, self-respect demands that one be more definite. In this new edition are brought together, the author says, "all of my poems I have any liking for." Mr. Yeats in his preface admits that he is not always intelligible to the reader, even when the reader belongs to Young Ireland, but suggests no more practical remedy than that the reader come to see his plays acted, as there his meaning may be clearer, "because one has much more room in plays than in songs."

This remedy is unhappily inoperative for most of us at present. But Mr. Yeats's lyrics are not really so hard to understand as he thinks. He, as well as the other young writers of his school, is upon the immemorial quest of the Celt after the Beauty at the Heart of Things. (You see it is impossible to criticise these ardent young poets without, oneself, breaking into undue capitalization. I do not know why capitals seem more soulful than small letters, but so it is, even to me.)

This Beauty is ineffable, ideal, indefinite. It is in everything, and in nothing. You cannot put it directly into words, but you can find words that will lure it to the mind. Men have sought it

in the Holy Sepulchre

Or in the wine vat.

But for all their seeking, its fulness eludes them, and so the quest endures eternally, and the generations of the poets come and go.

Doubtless this is true of all poets, but the Irish Followers of the Gleam

**The Pull on
the Heart**

go about it with a difference. They have a surer faith in the magic of words, and their faith is often rewarded. But they are sometimes, also, self-conscious and mannered where their tradition demands that they should be naive and impressioned.

For Mr. Yeats's poetry I have more respectful sympathy than liking. I wish I liked it better. I feel quite sure it deserves affection. Often in phrases and occasionally in whole lyrics it is exquisite. And it is always admirable in intention, but, somehow, it lacks something. It does not give the thrill. It is wanting in the pull on the heart.

One of the commonest of human emotions is the feeling that perhaps everything is in league to harm our beloved ones when they are out of our sight. No man is so heart-poor as not to have felt the sharp assault of that irrational terror. Did any one ever fail to understand "The Rain-drop Prelude," which embodies that unrest in music? Mr. Yeats calls the feeling "The Pity of Love," and expresses it thus:

A pity beyond all telling

Is hid in the heart of love.

The folk who are buying and selling;

The clouds on their journey above;

The cold wet winds ever blowing;

And the shadowy hazel-grove

Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,

Threaten the head that I love.

This is a pretty little poem, but it does not bring back that anguished, if absurd, thrill. It leaves the reader cold and unremembering. So I find it with most of Mr. Yeats's poems, carefully beautiful as they are; and those that embody the spirit of Ireland are no more compelling than the rest.

In the matter of making the reader feel as Ireland itself makes him feel, some of Moira O'Neil's lyrics are marvellously successful. Do you remember "Corrymeela in the Rain"? And an American woman, Miss Guiney, has written a brief Irish peasant-song which is compact of the sweet, melancholy stir, the haunting disquiet, that is Ireland's very atmosphere.

I knead and I spin, but my life is low the while,

*Oh I long to be alone and walk abroad a mile,
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,*

Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,

They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,

And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle-wall,

It pulls on my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,

And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;

But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call

The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall.

Is it because my nearest Celtic ancestor is five generations back that this seems to me better poetry than that of Mr. Yeats?

The West is always being discovered by Easterners who size it

up according to their intelligence and celebrate
"Aliment for Patriotism" according to their ability. They all seem

to like it, but most of them find it "different." One notes with pleasure that Montgomery Schuyler, in "Westward the Course of Empire," firmly declines this sectional point of view. It is all God's Country, and it all looks good to him. If anything, it looks better than the effete

East. The homes of Pasadena, with their ample grounds, are superior in distinction to "that absurd and vulgar huddle on the cliffs of Newport"; the women of San Francisco, "outlook and out-dress" the New York product, and the sight of what American Man has wrought in the West when turned loose and left to follow his own sense of his own interest, distinctly increases Mr. Schuyler's respect for American Man. It is all, as he happily says, aliment for patriotism.

Miss Lilian Whiting expresses it less cogently in "The Land of Enchantment," but she is quite as enthusiastic. However, even the politest and most convinced Easterner cannot say the things about the West that the Westerner feels. Take Will Irwin's tribute to San Francisco, "The City That Was." It is only a pamphlet and it deals with facts as well as feelings, but he wrote from the heart, and every word shows it. He caught and expressed something of the spirit of a light-hearted city whose charm even the most casual visitor never failed to feel.

The word "aesthetical" excites my ire. It arouses the same impatient feeling one has when one sees a woman riding a bicycle in a trailing skirt. Why say "aesthetical" when it is perfectly possible to say "aesthetic"? Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft has lacerated my feelings by using this ungainly word three times in his essay "Some Cities and San Francisco," which is a charmingly bound little volume showing the phoenix and the rising sun in its cover-design.

Barring the abhorred adjective, there is no fault to be found with what Mr. Bancroft has to say about the lamented capital of the Pacific States. He, too, is one of San Francisco's lovers, perhaps less impassioned and more sentimental than Will Irwin, but no less in earnest. He is positive that there is no spot on earth "where life and property are

safer, where men are more enterprising and women more intelligent and refined, where business is better, or fortunes more safely or surely made." This is a large order. Mr. Bancroft certainly believes wholeheartedly where he loves. He is even convinced that the new city ought to be beautified at national expense, as Washington is beautified, for the national enjoyment.

If the reader could ever talk back satisfactorily to the author, I should have a number of things to say to Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee. He has written a book with a great purpose—to wit, to prove that—since everything in our modern age is bound up with machinery—there is poetry and religion in machinery, a beautiful and glorious interpretation of it for our modern life. He argues that if this be not so, then our machine-age has no poetry and no hope. At first this argument seemed a just one. Then I began to wonder if men have ever found their poetry and their religion in the interpretation of the most obvious material phenomena of their daily lives? It would take a long while to thresh this question out, and I have no mind to attempt it. I am just wondering.

Mr. Lee goes on to argue that machines are beautiful: the substance of a beautiful thing is its idea; a thing is beautiful in proportion as it conveys its idea; machinery conveys immeasurable ideas consummately well; the ideas it expresses are the poetic ones of infinity, the liberty and the unity of man.

This sounds well; but, on the other hand, is not the beauty of a machine the beauty of the idea of power? And is not power as often malign as beneficent?—deadly and devilish as often as life-giving and godlike? To be infinite is not necessarily to be excellent. Hell is extensive, as well as Heaven. But these reflections, both Mr.

Lee's and my own, are they not aside from the point? The real test of an age must surely be in the number of people it puts in the way of blessedness. The blessedness of life does not depend on its marvels any more than on its comforts. Mr. Lee insists strongly on the fact that engineers and inventors are blessed. I admit it. But there is only one inventor to thousands and thousands of operatives, one engineer to train-load after train-load of folk. I notice Mr. Lee says nothing about the blessedness of the operatives.

These are merely considerations by the way. I do not think Mr. Lee is right, though I wish he were. But at least he is as eloquent about machinery as the author of Job about Leviathan, and it is impossible not to approve his eloquence, whatever reservations one may have about his philosophy.

The wayfaring man though a fool will find Haldane MacFall's volume on Ibsen a straight path to his feet. It deals with the man, his career and his significance, in a clear-cut, if opinionated fashion. The author knows what every play means. You may not agree with him, but you will respect the crystalline clearness of his ideas. He sees Ibsen more as iconoclast than as artist—but that seems to have been the way Ibsen saw himself. By the way, is it a failing of Scandinavians to be conceited about their ability to destroy rather than about their ability to create? It is noticeable in Brandes's Reminiscences that he fancied himself more as destructive philosopher than as constructive critic.

Mr. MacFall is something of an iconoclast himself, and wants you to know it, but it is perfectly possible to read his book and ignore his ideas about "the stilted and mean path of the convention-ridden world," as he calls it. He is far too fond of rotund phrases. But then if he tells you on one page that Ibsen "thinks in continents, and clothes

The
Argument
of
Eloquence

his thoughts in suburbs," on another he remarks that he was formal with "a stilted, suburban formality,"—which is better. On the whole, though doubtless Mr. MacFall would resent it, his book is a good one for beginners.

At heart we are all minor poets in the spring! No one is so old or so unhappy that he forgets what a definite promise there once was for him in the slim crescent of the April moon, what a thrill of expectation in the peeper's call, what a summons to coming joy in the dim rose of the alder-stems and the deepening gold of the budding willows. Thank Heaven we have all been young in the youth of the year! For this reason have I lingered contentedly over Clinton Scollard's

Pussy-
Willow
Poetry

slender little book of "Easter Song." It is gentle-April verse, not riotous nor riant, though the author tells us

I lean sunward. In my veins
Ichor runs and ardor reigns.

It is minor verse, yes, but full of delicate perception and expression. Perhaps the most satisfying of all the poems is the prefatory call to out-of-doors, beginning:

Let us take leave of haste awhile,
And loiter well content
With little pleasure to beguile
And small habiliment;
Just a wide sweep of rain-washed sky,
A flower, a bird-note sweet;
Some easy trappings worn awry;
Loose latches for our feet;
A wheaten loaf within our scrip;
For drink the hill-side spring,
And for true heart-companionship
The love of loitering.

ART AND IDEAS

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON



STEP by step, throughout the ages, art has kept pace with the gradual unfolding of the human spirit. Although often deemed remote and sufficient unto itself, it has ever been the helpmate of mankind. To the brooding savage or the sophisticated product of civilization it fulfils much the same function and ministers unto many of the same perennial needs. Emotional in essence, it is merely the eternal desire for self-expression made visible. It is but longing and aspiration clad in the changing vesture of outward things.

In its early phases there was no confusion regarding the part art was supposed to play in the service of the race. It was at once the solace of the primitive mind and its most

subtle and refined partner in the struggle for existence. Viewed in its wider sense it is impossible to think of art as other than a social activity. Yet slowly and by easy stages it acquired a certain detachment, an element of disinterestedness, and it is precisely this quality which has for centuries obscured the true significance of art. The man who began to do a simple thing for his own sake, or the sake of his fellows, ended by doing it from sheer creative zest—a fact which has given rise to endless misunderstanding. Around this supple, vital faculty was thus erected a clumsy citadel of words which has only just commenced to crumble.

Unmindful of its naïve beginnings, countless dialecticians, metaphysicians, and philosophers have held art to be a species of esoteric abstraction subject to laws, in no way related to the normal facts of life.

One system of esthetics was followed by another, one criterion of beauty has been succeeded by another, all equally arid and misleading. The same situation has obtained since the days of Aristotle and even before, each man striving to define an entity which was born of the brain and had no existence outside the brain. Within the past few decades, however, has come the wholesome realization that there can be no fixed, universal standards of taste as of truth. The weary seeker has at last emerged from a dark and vicious circle into the invigorating dawn of a new day. It is through the substitution of historical and psychological conceptions of art for a conception which was purely intellectual, that this change has been effected. The mental chrysalis in which so many earnest spirits languished has been broken by a frank survey of the origin and successive development of the esthetic sense. It is the ethnologist, the student of race history and racial characteristics, who is winning most of the laurels in this new field, for it is only by observing the artistic activities of primitive peoples that a just comprehension of the situation can be attained. A comparatively brief period of investigation along the right path has sufficed to sweep aside the accumulated conjectures of centuries. Observation has finally dethroned mere speculation.

Looked upon in a broad, rational way, art thus regains her position as the handmaiden of life, assuming at will the precise complexion of man's desires, reflecting by turns his fears and his fortitude, his awe in the presence of the world about him and his eager vision of realms beyond. There is hardly a single decisive phase in the upward struggle of humanity which does not find place in the varied treasure-house of artistic achievement. Every important movement, religious, political, reactionary or revolutionary, which has led man onward or held him in check, somehow finds its faithful image in

outline, in form, or in color. It is only necessary to recall the profound spiritual and intellectual crises of any given epoch, or those less austere periods of liberty and license which have at times beguiled sensibility, in order to perceive with what unity art and effort have moved hand in hand down the long perspective of the ages. In each instance it will be seen that not only is art the esthetic, but that it is primarily the psychic expression of its particular time. Despite a seeming capriciousness it is the infallible index of those forces which silently mould human destiny. It is, in fact, partially because of this greater freedom of choice and utterance that it has come to be so clear a mirror of mortal progress or mortal fatuity.

As it is to art that one must turn in order to appreciate the serenity of Hellenic days, the wan asceticism of the Christian era, the splendor of Venice, or the haughty absolutism of Spain, so it is in current painting, sculpture and architecture that the lesson of modern life can best be read. Nowhere save in our art can be found so just an epitome of that quickening of the social consciousness, that relentless onrush of industrialism, or that nervous restlessness which are so typical of the present day and hour. Nevertheless it must not be inferred that art is a mere record, a mere reflection. Even in its most exclusive and exalted moments it has been definitely placed at the service of ideas and of ambitions. From its crude and obscure beginnings onward it has indeed seldom been wholly divorced from utility. The most astute rulers of the world spiritual and the world temporal have never failed to enlist its support. And moreover it has invariably proved their most effective, because their least obvious, weapon.

The specific legacy of what might be called a comparative study of the art-impulse has been the bringing into relief of those qualities which distinguish the productions of separate racial groups. Since they have

their rise in similar states of feeling there is of course a general emotional unity in all forms of art, and yet concrete manifestations will be found to differ widely with different nations. Here, too, abstractions must be abolished, since almost any given formula will be found to apply with less and less validity the further one proceeds.

Far deeper and more absorbing than the actual psychology of art, though closely allied to its psychology, are those problems presented by geographical distribution and the persistence of certain special race characteristics. Not only the psychologist and the ethnologist but the biologist also, here finds rare opportunities for research. Although the way has barely been opened it is already possible, even from the slender mass of material on hand, to detail a few firmly established facts, not the least important among which is the fact that nationality is the artist's richest possession. Elusive yet unmistakable, sensitive to external circumstances yet innately unchangeable, it is the one factor which should never, and perhaps can never, be obliterated.

Certain races are endowed with a keen national consciousness, in others it is less evident, but none is wholly without this priceless patrimony. There are countless ways in which its presence can be detected, and once you know what particular qualities to look for and where to seek them, the matter is comparatively simple. If based upon the principle of nationality the laws of esthetics will be found to work as inexorably as the laws of chemistry or of mathematics. Give this boy paper and pencil and he will instinctively describe various formal, ornamental designs; turn to another lad and he will carefully copy some definite object near at hand or fresh in the mind's eye. Wherever he may wander, the artist from the basin of the Mediterranean, for example, will paint with a traditionally synthetic breadth of conception, whereas his

brother from the lowlands about the delta of the Rhine will produce a faithful study of physiognomy or transcribe with patient reverence some outward aspect of nature. These are not ingenious fancies but well authenticated facts, and no survey of art which declines to give them due consideration can claim to be complete or comprehensive.

It may be argued that such questions more explicitly concern the scientist than the student of esthetic forms, yet such an attitude is both shortsighted and sterile. Moreover, the whole trend of modern thought and effort tends to intensify rather than to efface racial distinctions. Glance at the map of Europe and you will be greeted by the inspiring spectacle of numerous small states that are jealously guarding not only their frontiers but their language, literature and art against possible obliteration. Now that intercommunication has become so general and all barriers are in a sense down, it is deemed the more necessary to cherish a heritage which becomes increasingly precious as sympathies widen as well as deepen, and thus, once again, are the most delicate emanations of the human spirit being used as instruments of protection and of defence.

There being scant room for questioning the intimate connection between the ethnic and the esthetic elements in art, the next point for consideration is the part played by individual effort. The whole tendency of the past hundred years has been toward the liberation of personality from the claims of tradition and precedent. Alike in painting and in literature, the unifying effect of classicism was followed by the fervid dreams of the romantic school, the ever widening horizon of the realist and the naturalist, and the subjective independence so sacred to the impressionist. Variety and diversity now became the rule. There are at present no august canons of choice or of treatment. All avenues are open, all themes are welcome, and

everything that the eye can see or the hands transcribe is admitted to the temple of art. Instead of obeying another's laws, each man is henceforth permitted to be a law unto himself. That which we demand to-day is not so much truth to nature as fidelity to our feelings in the translation of nature. The inevitable outcome of this declaration of rights has been the strengthening of individual vision, the increasing reliance placed upon instinct and upon temperament. It is not difficult to see that the collective result thus attained must infallibly fortify the principle of nationality, for the more individual an artist becomes, the more national and racial he is bound to become. By freely expressing himself he cannot fail to express that larger heritage of which he shares but a slender portion.

There is no greater fallacy than the pretension that art should strive to be international or cosmopolitan. In point of fact the only men who have succeeded in becoming so are those whose work has unmistakably borne the stamp of their particular age and country. The determinative factor in any artistic production must always be the racial factor, conditioned as it may be by the dominant ideas and influences of its given period. It is obviously possible to enjoy a work of art without giving a thought to such considerations, since the artistic impulse is itself often strongly autotelic. It is impossible, however, to appreciate the importance or the social significance of any painting or bit of statuary without first looking deep into the human brain and heart or letting the mind travel backward across a dim but not undecipherable past.

It will be interesting to observe how these particular principles are being applied to current art history and criticism—if, indeed, they are being applied at all. Among the works here under consideration there is but a single one which can be said to be in the least degree abreast of modern thought, or to offer either

an extended or an illuminative conception of artistic endeavor. Already well known to English readers through his admirable "History of Modern Painting," Dr. Muther may confidently expect to find a sympathetic audience for his newly published "History of Painting from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century."* The method employed in both instances by the distinguished Professor of Art History at the University of Breslau is a frankly psychological method. Totally avoiding technical discussions, his aim has been to interpret painting as a continuous series of human documents characterizing the chief feelings and tendencies of each successive epoch treated. Written in a brilliant narrative vein, and translated with uncommon spirit and precision, the later work, as, indeed, the former, is more of a natural history of ideas than what is usually deemed a history of art. One after another the great central thoughts which have moulded and modified social and esthetic feeling during the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the reign of Aristocracy and the rise of Rationalism are brought into salient relief. In covering so extended a field it has of course been possible for Dr. Muther to choose only the really typical figures, and this he has done with unerring judgment, passing deftly from one period to another and from one country to another and always following the precise line of logical development. It would be difficult for art history to show anything more intellectually stimulating than this system or anything more penetrating and picturesque than its application in detail, as, for example, in the chapters devoted to the "School of Cologne" or the "Spirit of Rococo." Before all else Dr. Muther is a master of style. You will be greeted everywhere throughout these pages with the graceful and charming touch of

* The History of Painting, from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century. By Richard Muther, Translated and Edited by George Kriehn, 2 vols., illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the accomplished man of letters as well as the searching analysis of the trained student of esthetic manifestations. It is quite useless to compare Dr. Muther with any of his colleagues such as Dr. Bode, Dr. Thade or Dr. Wölfflin, for in his particular province he stands alone. Problems of connoisseurship only remotely concern this interpreter of the human spirit in things visible. That which he distils for us is the finer essence of art and of life, not mere unrelieved facts. From a strictly scientific standpoint the work as a whole is somewhat lacking in a due appreciation of the racial element in art, for the author is manifestly more of a psychologist than an ethnologist. And yet so grateful is one for these fresh, vital and inspirational volumes that criticism is almost disarmed.

It would neither be gallant nor would it be possible to apply to "The Life, Letters and Work of Frederick, Baron Leighton of Stretton"* any of the higher rules of modern criticism. Himself one of the superbly flawless prigs of British art, Leighton has found in Mrs. Russell Barrington an extraordinarily rambling and inchoate chronicler. This estimable lady's lifelong friendship with her subject has doubtless made her not only unduly reminiscent, but perhaps also unduly charitable, though the latter may have been unconscious. While there was a day when Leighton practically dominated British art, it is to the credit of British taste that his influence is rapidly waning. Even the dear public has at last begun to feel that there is something amiss about the impeccable perfection of these carefully adjusted draperies and discreetly exposed ladies. It is a sad fact, but these serenely classic processionalists no longer seem to proceed, nor "Flaming June" really to flame. This resourceful stage manager can never again give us the slightest illusion of reality. We decline to believe that even the Greeks

were so statuesque or that the world was ever so static and so soulless. No hint of such inexorable truths appears to have reached Mrs. Barrington, nor is her adoration of Leighton in the least disturbed by any suspicion that he was a man who persistently and impeccably lived quite outside the rigorous forward movement of art. It is true that he amassed worldly honors and distinctions, and is herewith memorialised in two bulky volumes, yet all seems now in inverse ratio to his ability or importance. Despite—possibly because of—the vast amount of material at her disposal, Mrs. Barrington has been utterly unable to draw a clear picture of her hero or to offer a convincing estimate of his productions. Small points and insignificant matters are grossly inflated, but the real issue is never faced. The flawless, impeccable Leighton remains so to the last, though we are not told why he was, or, what is rather more important, why he was really not so.

Although neither of them can be said to exemplify progressive standards of interpretation, there are two recent books which, because of the compelling personality of their subjects, claim detailed attention—namely, "The Works of James McNeill Whistler," by Elisabeth Luther Cary,* and "The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin," by Frederick Lawton, N.A.† While they are, to be sure, the most copiously written-about artists of the day, it is an interesting coincidence that volumes devoted respectively to the late President and to the actual President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, should appear simultaneously. It is, however, manifest at the outset that neither the subtle apostle of spiritism in paint nor the great emotionalist in marble is here treated with anything approaching finality.

* The Life, Letters and Work of Frederick Baron Leighton of Stretton. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols., illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

* The Works of James McNeill Whistler: A Study. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. Illustrated. Moffat, Yard & Co.

† The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin. By Frederick Lawton, N.A. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Miss Cary writes with modesty and circumspection, dealing in pleasantly intelligent chapters with "Whistler's Beginnings," his "French Environment," his "English Environment," the "Entrance of Japan," "Characterizations" and, lastly, the "Etchings," the "Lithographs" and "Whistler's Theory of Art." The work is further supplemented by useful lists of the artist's paintings, lithographs and etchings. Taken in its entirety, the book is cautious rather than stirring. Certain nice points, such as the priority of Whistler's "Blue Wave" over Courbet "La Vague," are well brought out; yet nowhere, save in the closing pages dedicated to Whistler's theory of art, does Miss Cary trust herself to enter those fascinating bypaths of speculative analysis which the art of Whistler inevitably suggests. There are a few minor errors, notably the speaking of Lady Haden as Whistler's sister, instead of his half-sister, and the use of Monet for Manet on page 139; but similar slips are uncommonly rare. It is indeed a patient, accurate literalness which chiefly distinguishes this book. We get the facts, it is true, but in the end feel somewhat deprived of that spirit which animates and transcends mere fact—a spirit which Whistler himself possessed in so abounding a degree and which he would seem to demand of others. Before leaving the subject, it may not be amiss to mention another, though a much slighter, contribution to the ever increasing bulk of Whistleriana, in the shape of "Whistler, Notes and Footnotes," by A. E. G.* There is little to be said of A. E. G.'s volume save that it is beautifully printed and bound and that, as may be inferred, it is mainly composed of "Notes and Footnotes."

No inconsiderable task confronted Mr. Frederick Lawton when he undertook to write of "The Life and Works of Auguste Rodin." With such a theme, and such predecessors as

Roger Marx, Léon Maillard and the ever stimulating Camille Mauclair, the problem was both an easy and an enormously difficult one. It was also by placing his chief reliance upon facts that Mr. Lawton may be said to have achieved his not unqualified success. Though possessing neither psychological penetration nor literary distinction, the book, because of its size and general sincerity of purpose, ranks as one of the most important studies yet published on the solitary plastic titan of the day, around whom the last darkness is rapidly gathering. From first-hand sources and with infinite pains Mr. Lawton has compiled a connected account of Rodin's career which is vastly more valuable as a document than as an interpretation. It is obvious that Rodin himself has been of great assistance to the author, for many hitherto unpublished items give significance to these pages and numerous obscure points are clarified. And perhaps, after all, Mr. Lawton was wiser in leaving to brilliant, ingenious Frenchmen the realms of divination or of rhapsody. The philanthropic author who scrupulously translates on each occasion in numbered footnotes such terms as "La Danse" and the "Société Nationale des Beaux Arts," might not move with becoming freedom in the rarefied atmosphere of subjective impressionism.

Merely pausing to select from "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag"* the note of warning that a painter must resolutely withstand the temptations of success and over-facility, let us enter, by way of Mr. Arthur Symons's "Studies in Seven Arts,"† the very province which Mr. Lawton so wisely avoids in his treatment of Rodin. Here is subjective impressionism in its finest flower. As a matter of record few Frenchmen, even, can excel Mr. Symons in subtlety or penetration. A poet first and last, his attitude is always

* Whistler, Notes and Footnotes. And Other Memoranda. By A. E. G. Illustrated. The Collector and Art Critic Co.

* Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-Bag. Edited by George Somes Layard. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co.

† Studies in Seven Arts. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co.

imperiously personal. A master of phrase, he gives us more in a single short essay on Whistler or on Rodin than the average writer can compress into a respectable volume. Possessing neither the pugnacious irreverence of Shaw nor the pernicious paradox habit of Chesterton, Mr. Symons stands to-day clearly at the head of English esthetic interpretation. There is decidedly no one whose sympathies are more refined or whose sensibilities are more deli-

cately adjusted. Read at random any of these seven "Studies" and you will feel that here is a man who lives on intimate terms with beauty each of the seven days of the week. There lurk, of course, certain elements of danger in a viewpoint so personal and so exclusive. And yet, as long as Mr. Symons adds sufficient vitality to his exquisite perceptions and the perfection of his phraseology, he cannot fail to contribute signally to the cause of art and ideas.



The Editor's Clearing-House



FREETHINKERS AND FREETHINKING

OF all the names bestowed upon those persons who have differed from the majority in matters of opinion, particularly of religious opinion, that of "freethinker" has been most complacently accepted, as conveying no reproach. Neither "atheist," nor "deist" is sufficiently descriptive, and "infidel" savors too much of the *odium theologicum*. It was at the end of the seventeenth century that the English people first began to talk of freethinkers; nor do they seem to have borrowed the idea from the *esprit fort* or the *libertin* of the French essayists. The comparatively recent origin of the word does not, however, imply an equally recent origin of the thing. If we use it in a largely inclusive sense, we may go back even to primitive peoples and find it. In the two substantial volumes* which Mr. John M. Robertson has devoted to the history of freethought he has surveyed mankind from China to Peru and has dealt with his subject in both its ancient and its modern aspects. These volumes, expanded from one published several years ago, make practically the only work of the sort available to English readers; and the author's knowledge of the literature of thought of every kind, to say nothing of his own scholarship, may be accepted with implicit confidence. As much cannot be said for his conclusions. His prejudice

against Christian dogma is active, and it vitiates his arguments on more than one occasion. Indeed, the freedom which Mr. Robertson apotheosizes seems sometimes a slavery to a preconceived notion. It should be borne in mind that the tenets of Christianity have their roots in reason and experience, and that the Church cannot be truly understood save in the light of history.

Examples of Mr. Robertson's bias may be found wholesale in his pages. A few will suffice for citation here. It comes perilously near to burlesque of the doctrine of the forgiveness of sins to say that "no man need throw away any faith, least of all Christianity, on the ground of its hampering his conduct," or that "repentance at the last moment will outweigh all his sins." An elementary manual on penance would have taught him better than this. Again, admitting the hypothesis that Christianity is natural in origin, it does not follow that "priestcraft" is necessarily conscious fraud. There is no irreconcilable conflict between faith and reason. The scientific dogmatist may be quite as prejudiced as the theological dogmatist. In his chapter on freethought in Israel Mr. Robertson accepts without question the conclusions of those higher critics who have held, in effect, that the Jews knew nothing about their own literature, that their religion was a mere development from primitive polytheism, that all the documents are forgeries, and that modern scholars can say with confidence that a

* A Short History of Freethought: Ancient and Modern. By John M. Robertson. 2 vols. Putnam.

given book of the Bible was the work of a score of writers and assign to each the particular chapter and verse of which he is the author. Almost any conclusion is possible if you may thus choose your premise. Mr. Robertson says that "Judaism played in the world's thought the great reactionary and obscurantist part by erecting into a dogma the irrational conception that its deity made the universe 'out of nothing.'" Is this a fair statement of the contribution of Israel to the religious thought of the world? Were not the Jewish people as supreme here as the Greeks were in art or the Romans in government? Candor is supposed to be the very essence of freethinking, but it seems to be lacking in this case.

It is easy, of course, to discover freethought in Greece and Rome; the religious systems of those peoples were calculated to stimulate a profound scepticism. Mr. Robertson's summary of this matter is brief but comprehensive. The more important and valuable part of his work begins with the consideration of "Christendom in the Middle Ages" where his wide reading stands him in good stead. He has assembled here a considerable number of freethinkers, applying the word without too much discrimination. There are abundant cases of heresy and schism in this period, but it does not follow that unbelief was general. Many historians have made the mistake of judging the popular faith in the mass by sporadic examples of animosity to the clergy. But it should be remembered that it was the devout Catholic who was most scandalized by priestly ignorance and immorality, most disgusted with papal simony and extortion. Perhaps the lack of the historical imagination is responsible for much wrong reasoning on such points as this. It is a fallacy of the purely materialistic view of human events

to assume that spiritual forces do not rule the world, that the economic cause will account for everything. Mr. Robertson finds in the Inquisition itself only an economic movement, which is something like a *reductio ad absurdum* of his theory.

In thus pointing out the serious defects in Mr. Robertson's method of dealing with those whose views he does not share, there is no intention of minimizing the value of such a summary of the history of freethought as is contained in his first volume. It is desirable to caution the unwary reader against accepting too confidently his conclusions; but the skill with which he marshals the luminous points in a difficult subject is worthy of all praise. In his second volume, he takes up the more important part of his theme, the history of modern freethought. The chapters upon British freethought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and upon European freethought from Descartes to the French Revolution, cover ground more familiar to many readers; but such a comprehensive view was needed, and it could hardly have been put more clearly before the lay reader. Here, too, the dogmatism of which the "scientific spirit" boasts itself to be free, but which it usually has in large proportions, must be reckoned with. The accuracy of calling Pitt an agnostic and Washington a deist is open to question. So with other conclusions which there is no space to comment upon or analyze. Still, as a history of freethought was certain to be written by a freethinker, it is hardly fair to quarrel with Mr. Robertson for his convictions, however unfortunately they may sometimes be expressed. The essential fact remains that he has done in these two volumes a fine piece of work, which thinkers of every shade of belief should not overlook.

EDWARD FULLER.

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